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Argentine gaucho

R.K. 1931

A Yankee in Patagonia

Edward Chace

BY
ROBERT & KATHARINE BARRETT

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND INTRODUCTION BY
ROCKWELL KENT



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Acknowledgment

WE should never have been able to penetrate far enough into Patagonia with our pack outfit to meet the Yankee—never have been able to set out, even, in that delightful way, had it not been for the generous help of Mr. Greer of the Explotadora Company and of Señor Campos of the Menendez-Behety Company.

We owe much to our Chilean-Argentine headman Hidalgo and to the men and women of various origins who gave us aid and comfort at intervals along our way: English, Dalmatian, Russian, German, Scotch, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Polish, Welsh, Dutch, Swiss, Irish and Canadian.

ROBERT and KATHARINE BARRETT.

Introduction

IN Patagonia are Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Austrians, New-Zealanders, Australians — orderly, hard-working men, sheep-ranchers for the most part who own and operate their land or run the ranches of the Argentine ranch-owning corporations. They've turned the pampa grass to golden fleece.

"There were some other Yankees down here a few years ago," they told me pleasantly in Punta Arenas, "three of them. They drove into Gallegos, held up the bank, cleaned it out, and got away again."

When Roosevelt sent our fleet to show the world good will and peace, our "boys" smashed up the plate-glass windows of Punta Arenas and threw the chairs and tables of the Grand Hotel into the street. In Valparaiso the officers got so drunk at the official banquet that the Chilean ladies fled; while in the streets the drunken sailors held their carnival. They commandeered cab horses, mounted them, and held a horse-race round the public square. One fell, was killed; and Chile cheered. You wonder why a Yankee isn't shot at sight.

They're true, these stories; and their lawlessness is the inevitable flower of all that's cheap and cowardly in our spread-eagleism when that poor thing, the "he man," is turned loose upon a peaceful, trusting folk.

It is unfair to us that we release such envoys to the world; and many a decent Yankee traveller in far parts must have been disconcerted and chagrined at the astonishment his ordinary, common, human decentness from time to time evoked. Yet it is not to wonder at. We are a rich, young race. We've cleared our continent and built our homes. Our best men stay, for, with Candide, they know that they should cultivate their gardens. So, while good men

of crowded Europe go as colonizers to new lands, our worst, too often, leak abroad, wearing — it pays to advertise — the Stars and Stripes.

Chace, of this book, is one of the few Yankees who've ever gone to Patagonia to stay. He stayed because he had the will and industry and nerve to make or take and hold his own. If any English, Scotch, Irish, Australian, New Zealand, Austrian, or native citizens of southern Patagonia respect or love or, maybe, if they've need to, fear our race, it must be those who've judged the North American by Chace.

The book is Chace; and Chace reveals to us his personality and life; and through his own innumerable and varied adventures, from foremast hand to rancher, his life becomes a vivid, shining picture of one of the last, still primitive frontiers of a perhaps too tamed and cultivated world.

ROCKWELL KENT

AUSABLE FORKS

NEW YORK

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Table of Contents

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	ANOTHER NORTH AMERICAN - -	1
II.	SHIP'S CARPENTER ASHORE - -	10
III.	A PAMPA JOURNEY - - - -	34
IV.	ON VIRGIN RANGE - - - -	56
V.	INDIANS - - - - -	77
VI.	AN EARLY ESTANCIA - - -	100
VII.	TRYING ALL TRADES - - -	139
VIII.	EXPLORING BACK COUNTRY - -	165
IX.	OSTRICHES - - - - -	192
X.	HUNTING WILD CATTLE - - -	201
XI.	PUMAS IN CAVES - - - -	229
XII.	51° 30' SOUTH - - - -	247
XIII.	GUANACOS - - - - -	270
XIV.	BIG BEND AND ANITA - - -	281
XV.	SHEEP DRIVES AND SHEEP DOGS -	310

Maps

THE YANKEE'S PATAGONIA—*Front end paper.*

THE SETTING OF THE YANKEE'S PATAGONIA—
Back end paper.

CHAPTER I

ANOTHER NORTH AMERICAN

WE first heard of Chace from an Argentine border police sergeant. He had clucked my wife and our girl, Marjorie, across a foaming stream hopping from stone to stone, crying, "Cuidado! Cuidado! Take care! Take care!" And while our boy, David, and I were pitching the tents in a sleety drizzle, he was giving them tea over a dip drum stove in his little iron shanty, the chill of the iron mitigated by sheepskins piled on the bunks and hanging about. "You are North Americans?" he said to them. "There is another one, el señor Cha-ce, skilful with the pistol. He built this shanty before the Government took the land away from the big Company he works for. You will meet him down by the lake."

We were North Americans. We had borrowed and brought out a boy and a girl, just ready for college, ostensibly that they might learn a little of the ways of the world and study the Earth a bit, but actually in the hope that we might follow their lead into an adventure or two, riding northward along the foot of the Patagonian Cordillera with a pack outfit.

We had crossed the border into Argentina that afternoon, from a habitable corner of Atlantic Chile, a green inviting corner, though there was no one in it then but a single shepherd, and we had missed him in passing. The only sheep we had seen for days was a red half-wether hanging in the sun by the door of his shanty.

The last of the hospitable manors of the Explotadora Company, which had set for us "Food in the eating-place, Drink in the drinking-place, Music in the listening-place," with unforgettable grace, lay two or three of our short marches behind us. That company grazed two million sheep on both sides of the Straits, on the narrow end

of Patagonia that Chile has bitten off, and on Tierra del Fuego. Crossing the border had involved crossing a pass in the continental watershed—not in the Cordillera, oddly enough, but like most of the passes between the Atlantic and the Pacific, well outside. This independence of mountain crest and watershed kept the two governments at odds until the discrepancy was recognized and the boundary arbitrated.

Those Andean ranges that people living near them call the Cordillera, crowd the Chileans into narrow quarters further north. Down here they crowd them off the continent on the Pacific side, and in their limited Atlantic holdings shelter them somewhat, along with those two million sheep and other millions, from the wet raging fifties. The mountains are not so high by half down here as in the north, but they are formidable, and buried in snow and ice, and UNEXPLORED.

Our Ibis Pass lies some leagues clear of all this, sunk in black basalt, high and rugged. Our horses had trod on jasper and chalcedony, crossing it. The wind had howled about us in the jagged rocks and through the struts and stays of the boundary beacon. We had looked into the Argentine, over black-capped mesas and tall black thumbs and barren ridges and, well over toward the Cordillera, a deep valley, wide and wet and desolate without a sign of a tree or a bush or of grass in it. We had had just a glimpse of the lake the sergeant spoke of—silver blue a long way off. A bleak setting, all this, for the other North American. The spruce sergeant seemed out of place there, even in a grassy valley.

We had tracked our caravan down that valley overflowing with yellow grass though as empty as the other valley of trees and bushes. We had passed our pack horses turned out to graze, and brought up behind a smoking tarpaulin stretched across the wind. Our headman, Hidalgo, was camping there because the sergeant had given him a stick or two of wood, packed in from forest about that distant lakehead—hauled by oxen the first stage or two.

In the sergeant's shanty there was talk of the capital and of literature. There were apologies for the weather—"It always snows here because this is the border." We had crossed the pass in a squall of snow driving level behind us. Weather had much to do with the placing of that beacon.

Two or three of our short marches brought us through the rough country out into the lake basin, very wide there, the pale lake set in a russet bezel. They brought us out into the west wind, too, and we rode up into a pebbly blast, bent over pommels, muffled to goggled eyes. It was a wide sheaf of sheep trails we followed, that hurdled stumpy spurs from the basin side, keeping company with an endless smooth wire fence, hung here and there with a dried guanaco carcass.

We met him on a spur-crest, the other North American, his black neckerchief and gray pony's mane and tail blown forward. There was no mistaking the hat or the saddle. We saw no other such in all our four months' riding up that east front of the Cordillera—just an ordinary cowboy hat and stock saddle. The man sat splendidly erect. Handsome weatherbeaten face, gray moustache, horny hands, blue eyes attentive.

"Good mornin'," he said, "I hear you're from the States." "There's no doubt that you are," said we. The New England accent had persisted through thirty years of British and Spanish dialects without the hearing of a single sentence of New England's. He claimed citizenship for his father in our State, a volunteer for Lincoln from New Hampshire. He proffered us the *New Bedford Standard* when we should call on him in his bachelor quarters.

Then we parted, he riding on down the wind and we up into it to estancia headquarters. The great house befitted a sheep "camp" of a hundred leagues, with a hundred and twenty thousand sheep, and in spite of the recent lopping-off of eighty odd leagues of its

camp still gave epicurean entertainment to bearers of Menendez-Behety introductions.

We heard of Chace now and again, after that, on our slow journey northward—of his pistol-shooting and his verse-making. We had one letter from him, a month in transit, saying, "In thirty years down here the only Americans I ever see, before you come, was from the West, and you know they ain't the same stuff as us New Englanders." And we were stark impostors, mere immigrants into New Hampshire from the Middle West.

It was a year before we saw him again, on his sister's farm in Massachusetts that time. He had suddenly taken it into his head to come home.

It was my wife and David, primed with questions about Patagonia, who found him there. They came back aglow with what they had heard, but their tale suffered in the telling, for they had been to a play, in which the dialogue was subordinated to the acting—Chace taking all the parts, even indicating the setting with gesture. The matter was good, however, and just what we wanted. We were working up our reconnaissance notes, preparatory to going back and really seeing the country. And here at our door was the fruit of thirty years of seeing and hearing and tasting and smelling and touching—all sensations had come back as vividly in the telling of a tale as in experiencing the matter of it.

We had Chace up to town weekly all winter after that discovery, making him homesick for Patagonia. He was beginning to feel cramped in this close-fenced motor-ridden land. "I'd give anythin' to throw my leg over the old picazo's back these spring mornin's and strike out over the pampa."

His vocabulary had been half Spanish when he arrived, and to the true New England ear there was a taint of Irish and Welsh and Scotch and Berkshire, "an' the like o' that," in the English half. "Ain't it

sad," a country boy said to us, "that nice Mr. Chace can't talk his own language!"

His tales had fallen on friendly ears, but untravelled. People, except for an ardent niece, had not liked his Patagonia. When he came into our presence, a simpática presence where he could let himself go, he poured forth the wealth of his experience. There seemed to be no limit to it. He was astonished at it himself. He had kept no notes, written few letters, never considered what he was laying up.

It was no orderly stream of memory, but a flood over which neither he nor we had any control. One stenographer after another broke loose from his moorings in it, went adrift and presently sank—Spanish or English-speaking alike, they all sank. What bits of wreckage of theirs we salvaged were of little value, but my wife contrived a shorthand of her own with which she snatched pertinent phrases from Chace's rapid talk as they came, linking them from memory later. Place names and people's names had meaning for us. When the stream slackened we would say, "Yes, we've been there—we know him," and it would come surging on again, full head. To question the meaning of a word or try to get back to the question that had started the flow—flow wholly unrelated to the source, as far as we could see—would check the stream. To ask a date or a number might dry it up for that day. Direct answers to direct questions were brief and dull. Often Chace would blankly deny any knowledge of a subject, and the next week, apropos of nothing, apparently unaware that the matter had ever been up, would present it in full detail. He talks fast. He cannot talk sitting in a chair that he cannot easily leap up from. He frightened and fascinated the stenographers so that they could not attend to their work. His talk with rough men is loaded with profanity, of a not very piquant sort, but in other company he uses few oaths and with women, none. He is averse to the recording of any of it.

After a while we began inviting an occasional friend to

listen, in our living room whose wide uncurtained windows directly overlooked the Charles, walls piled about with camping gear. If people entered, no matter how many, when he was in Patagonia, Chace would immediately forget their presence and get back there, fixing with his eye my eye that had actually seen the pampa, the foothills, the lakes—it usually had to be mine, as my wife was always scratching away with her pencil.

The mental pictures that he saw would move his muscles for him—whisk his puma tail in the sand, plant his ram feet stubbornly, open his ostrich wing in a quick dodge, lay back his guanaco ears, lift his dog paw pricked by tuna thorns. We could feel the pampa wind and when a lull came the weight of silence on his chest. A conventional comment, "That must have been thrilling, Mr. Chace!" and Chace would reply, "Eh?" like a sleep walker waking.

Whenever Chace has touched on ground that we know well, we have found him accurate in everything but number. Number has no color value in those pictures that come up before his inner eye, but we have found him as likely to understate as to overstate, and by averaging reluctant estimates made at different times on the same subject we think we have numbers close enough. Our friends who have heard him talk on matters in their special fields pronounce him accurate whenever he touches on details that they are familiar with. An F.R.S. tells me he thinks the man would have made a good scientist. We have found him a stickler for precision in all matters that seem to him important, consistently refusing to enter a trap set to lead him astray, always more apt to say "I don't know" than "I do."

We had always to be ready with our pencils, never knowing when some new personality or setting would open up a new spring. Yale boys in a frat house brought out details of hunting and shooting that he had not vouchsafed to us. Harvard boys at the Agassiz got some of our best fox stories. To one handsome girl

at sight he began giving a poetic account of Patagonian flowers. Another, perching in a scarlet silk smock, on one end of a wide brass fender, while he sat on the other, struck him dumb. He watched her as if she were a bird strayed from the tropics to his shanty door. She had come to etch him. My wife, wanting to break the spell, brought out a poncho and asked Chace to show how a gaucho carries a chip on his shoulder. He trailed it so, from his shoulder to the floor, strutting provocatively ready to meet the taker of his challenge. He must have acted the fellow who stepped on it, too, for we saw the flash of two knives in the air. Said Isabel, "It's like an Irish song I've heard, 'Tread on the tail of me coat.'" "Eh?" said Chace. Next morning at breakfast sitting opposite each other again they suddenly began chanting antiphonally:

C. "It was there I learned radin' and writin',
At Billy Bocket's where I went to school—"

I. "'Twas there I learned howlin' and fightin',
Wid me school master, Mister O'Toole."

C. "Him and me had many's the scrimmage,
And divil a copy I wrote—"

I. "But ne'er a gossoon in the village
Dare tread on the tail of me coat."

And so on till they had back the whole song. After that he taught her to take mate and she danced the tango for him, and new stories flowed.

We had him up to Cornish that summer to run a Patagonian fence about our hill, to hold our pack donkeys: fence such as they run on new range in their wooded border country, weaving smooth wire among the tree trunks nearest the line. The work, the pack animals, the hill-country air, camp fires on bare hilltops, Patagonian roasts, all set him remembering. At one of those roasts where a company of country boys and men who had been working with him had come together in a dripping pine wood. we saw him gather ten thousand sheep in the

fire light in such fashion that we thought we had not begun to know his possibilities.

We laid aside our own notes after that, and launched on Chace's book. That meant going back to town and trying for a stenographer who could keep his head above water. We never found one who could do much more than give a serviceable outline, but in the course of the winter we gathered more than a thousand pages of notes so varied in content that one page sometimes yielded a dozen entries to my wife's index, and a single index sub-head often ran to twenty entries.

We kept on applying new stimuli. After an evening sitting on the floor before an open fire singing "Father O'Flynn" and "The City of Baltimore" and "Blow the Man Down," with girls and boys instead of shanty mates, breakfast would be a lively meal—somebody had to go hungry for the sake of note-taking.

La Argentina's dancing all but set him shouting, "Así me gusta!" in Symphony Hall, and unlocked several sealed memory chambers for the book.

We sent to Buenos Aires for really good yerba mate for him. When he had the kettle ritually held in one hand and had drawn the first infusion through the tube, he turned "crabbed" and told us with vehemence of his thirty-year-old resentment against his schooner captain.

A surgeon, questioning an account of a sinew apparently peculiar to the guanaco, brought out an hour-long detailed description, crooked fingers aiding a dozen words used and re-used, with precise gesture and rude drawing, conveying the mental picture at last as truly as the surgeon's specialized language and delicate fingers, interpreting him.

A school carpenter shop and tools produced a Patagonian table and benches, and cleared clogged memory-springs.

An Argentine instructor from Harvard, come with his guitar to cheer Chace up when he had said, "I'd go a hundred miles to talk Spanish with an Argentino puro," sang us plaintive gaucho songs. Suddenly Chace retold

in Spanish the legend of St. John and the kidneys as he had heard it behind a windbreak of bushes up in the Angostura. We had asked him formally, before a stenographer, if he had ever heard any legends told down there, and he had answered "None."

IN the dismal New England winter under cloud our spirits sank and the work dragged. We brought it to a finish above the clouds in bright sunshine, perched on the rim of the old caldera wall on Tenerife—Chace camped an hour's rough climb below us, on the seaward slope, with a young typist working all day long. Juan and his donkey brought us food and water from the village of Vilaflor beneath the cloud, another two hours down, and carried typescript and manuscript between the camps. All four of us got together when a chapter was roughed out and Chace cleared up misconceptions and added vivifying touches.

CHAPTER II

SHIP'S CARPENTER ASHORE.

CHACE had no idea of going to Patagonia when he shipped before the mast in the autumn of '97. He went as ship's carpenter on a little schooner that R. T. Green and Company of Boston had fitted out, to look over abandoned whaling grounds in the South Shetlands and take seal and whalebone. He had no idea of staying, when the venture fizzled out and he found himself ashore in Patagonia, ten months later. But it was thirty-one years before he saw his country again, coming up, as he said, because talking with us had made him homesick.

The schooner's crew was made up mostly of young men like Chace and his cousin Rounsville, whose ears were full of tales of a recent venture to the south for bone and ambergris—five thousand dollars for the cabin boy's three-hundredth on the lay. But it was not the carpenter's hundredth that drew Chace. It was the promise of a wider field to go observing in than the towns and woods and swamps about afforded.

The skipper had been a formidable little mate in his younger days in the Arctic, and a plucky one. When he mashed his arm in the running gear up in Hudson's Bay he let his old whaling captain saw it off with a meat saw and cauterize the end with a red-hot harpoon, and when the new wound gangrened let him have at it again with the saw and the harpoon. The ship carried no anæsthetics. Now, many years later, when he took command of Green and Company's seventy-four ton schooner, drink had begun to tell on him. The mate was a big sober fellow who knew the North too, and a little of the South. The young men liked him enormously from first to last. They liked the skipper less, from the start, in spite of all they had heard about his prowess, hanging about his cigar store. Later on, off in the Falklands, when his reputation needed bolstering,

Rounsville heard him brag of the little shop as his "big department store."

It took an interminable time to get away from Boston after the crew signed on. They lost three men before they started. The old man wasted a month after that in the Cape Verdes, drinking ashore. Three or four of the crew got away there, and the mate had to ship green Portuguese. The mate took the schooner out eventually, but the skipper made such a nuisance of himself, when he was not completely paralyzed, that the mate had to empty all the Brava demijohns overboard. That was just before they crossed the equator. All went well for a long time after that, until they found the bilge pump putting fresh water overboard. They plugged the leak in time to save a little, and stood in toward the coast of South America to replenish.

THEY sighted barren cliffs at last, off what Chace thinks must have been Deseado on the Patagonian coast. An old chart showed fresh water further south, marked at the head of the estuary of the Río Santa Cruz, alongside an abandoned convict settlement. Recent charts show a missionary settlement there. The skipper knew nothing of that coast but tales of savages he had heard. The mate knew nothing more. Chace and Rounsville knew, from a picture in their geographies, that naked Patagonians, mounted bareback, hunt ostriches, with long lazos that carry balls instead of loops.

Now, at twenty-four, it was ten years since they had made spitballs behind those geography books. Neither had had any schooling since. Rounsville's mother had raised her heavy-jowled giant as a non-combatant, and all the other boys, even the most fragile, had gone about picking on him, until one day, as Rounsville told us, his little chum said, "Stand up to 'em, Horace. If you can't lick 'em, I can." Rounsville is much the biggest and most formidable of the mates on the Fall River Line now.

Chace is a close-knit fellow, not so big, well set-up, strong hands with fingers crooked a bit by this and that mishap, a free lance still. In those days he had red hair and a red moustache. Those "Patagonian savages" when they got acquainted with him used to call him "Norte Alazán" for that coloring—The Sorrel Northerner. He had something of a temper to go with it. When he was seventeen, sitting in his father's pew, reading the hymn-book during a dreary sermon, the parson pointed him out and reproved him, and he got up, slammed down the hymn-book and marched out. When he was forty-seven, coming back to his shanty, seeing a shrike he had tamed, lying dead at the feet of an Argentine passer-by, who sat sucking mate, Chace asked, "Did you kill that bird?" and when the fellow answered, "Yes," the sorrel temper flared. "I says, 'Get up here and see if you can kill me.' And I banged his head on the rocks. That shrike trusted me."

His hair is gray now. He thought his eyes were brown when he set sail, but when he came to go back home, after thirty years under the Patagonian sky, the consul told him they were blue. They are as sharp as ever, but they are turning dark again in filtered sunshine. His upright carriage is deliberate. When he was working in a machine shop, pale and stooped, his grandmother told him she hoped he'd enjoy his Christmas deer hunt that year, because he'd never have another: he would go the galloping consumption way that some of his forebears and neighbors had gone before him. Chace took the hint, quit the machine shop and stood up.

He carries himself erect still, in spite of a broken back which a Boston surgeon told him of, the other day, diagnosing a pain in his leg. That pain had taxed Chace's wits for some eleven years, finding postures that would ease it while he stood at the gates parting sheep, or crouched waiting at the bolthole of a puma's cave. But he was at a loss to account for any such hurt to his back until the doctor touched a spring that released a

harrowing tale of a certain two or three weeks' drive of rams which he had had to do alone, a completely explanatory accident to his back happening in the middle of it. The four hundred rams were not Chace's, and it did not occur to him at the time, or when he was telling the tale, that he might have sacrificed them to the back.

He had some experience in taking care of himself while he was still at sea. He was hauling in on a sheet with four or five of the green Portuguese behind him, when all of them suddenly let go and he was shot out to the end of the boom and hung there by his fingers in the block. He had some pretty bad-looking fingers when they got him back, and they wanted to cut them off before gangrene should set in, but he held on to them, and got them healed and limbered up after a fashion.

He had them in fairly good working order when one afternoon, Washington's birthday, to be precise, 1898, the little schooner came abreast a headland where a tall sea cliff from the south comes to an end. There was a low bluff opposite: the cliffs they had watched from Deseado down had fallen off to that. Here, by the chart, was the inlet they were looking for.

At their approach sea lions went splashing off. Years later, Chace lay on his stomach, on that headland, watching the entrance when there was no disturbing vessel in the offing, and saw some hundreds of the big fellows swimming, ranged in a crescent across it, like a net, and hundreds more plunging between the horns, coming up with big fish waving in their mouths, and more and more still, as far out as he could see. And all the sea was rippled with big and little fish, come swimming up on the tide. After that fishing, you would find fish on the beach with big chunks bitten out of them.

There is a rookery of those sea lions ten leagues down the coast. Chace has lain on his stomach there, looking over the edge, all day long, and watched big bulls that

would weigh a ton, come in on the thirty-foot tide—the spring tide is forty—and let it leave them on convenient shelves on the cliff face, to lie there till the next tide. He has watched them pick up big pebbles in their mouths and “slat” each other with them. He would hear the thump and hear the hit lion bellow, and see him “slat” the next one. They would keep that up for hours. He has watched cows teaching their calves to swim, off those shelves. The calves were as timid as babies—had to be held up by their mothers’ flippers. At the ebb, there would be two miles of beach all gleaming dark with sea lions. Judging by a point of sheep, there might be five thousand, all live ones. “I never see a dead carcass, only what had been shot, along the beach. When they’re goin’ to die, they start marchin’ up inland. An old one, crippled or dyin’, you’ll see him maybe a mile from the seashore, marchin’ right up into the hills to die away from the sea. They get along over the ground pretty good, helpin’ themselves with their tail.”

He saw “el gaucho de los gauchos,” Dick Pedraluca, rope a bull sea lion once, where the cliff fell away and a horse could be got down to the beach. Dick tried to hold him till some one could club him. But the lion got into water, and that meant cut the rope or go in with him.

The lions were protected, but Chace killed one now and then for his skin, and always found rocks as big as a man’s fist in his belly. Old sealers think they take these on for ballast. The museum men Chace has talked with since he came home have smiled at that theory but offered no substitute. “The she-ones’ skins make wonderful lazos, elastic as rubber. They never get hard, and they stretch! Why, you tie a colt with one, and he’ll like enough run back and it’ll stretch, but when he eases up, it’ll turn him over like anythin’, or break his neck.” There are so many sea lions on that stretch of coast now that fishermen make but poor hauls.

THE schooner stood in on the flood tide, rippled with fish but clear of sea lions, just about sunset, in mid-channel. An old navy man they had with them heaved the lead, and he did it pretty often. They got up four or five miles and anchored off an island, where the bay was rather wide. They could not see the shores distinctly in that light, and no one felt easy in his mind. Chace and Rounsville were the best shots on board and they stood guard till morning. The crew got fairly jumpy, what with the powwow going on ashore all night in a rookery of jackass penguins, and the noisy passage now and then of a big sea lion "slappin' alongside," which Chace and Rounsville took for a war canoe and levelled their guns at.

Daylight showed no signs of savages, or fresh water, only a wreck ashore up the bay. The mate said, "There's some ship's crew that the Indians killed when she went ashore." It was not a pleasant prospect, but fresh water had to be found and got aboard somehow. The skipper got together a boat's crew to go exploring before he should take the schooner any further up. He took his two marksmen along, armed with ship's Winchesters—he had given Chace's to a liquor-dealing friend of his in the Cape Verdes. He strapped on Rounsville's Colt himself. The cartridge belt was twice too long for the little one-armed man that he was.

They rowed over to the wreck, climbed up on the old hulk and made out, well up the bay, across a three or four mile stretch of dirty yellow water, low roofs. The roofs lay in the mouth of a canyon that breached a tall sea cliff there was on that west side. Cliff edge or brow of steep slope made the sky line all the way to the entrance. The schooner was ill placed to judge the height of that sky line by, but when they came to climb up to it later, they thought it might be four mast-lengths. The boat's crew put off again on the yellow water, heading for the roofs, and soon discovered dark figures moving about—abandoned convicts, perhaps, certainly not naked Patagonians. They turned out to be men in natty uniforms,

an Argentine officer with half a dozen sailors in charge of the harbor. The skipper got what information he wanted with bad Portuguese and started back. They rowed along the edge of a low shelf about a mile wide, and found a couple of iron shanties on the beach, high pebble beach, "steep as a horse's hoof," that hid a whole village from the boat. They turned up a Hungarian behind the bar in one of the shanties who could talk a little broken English. The fellow said his neighbor was an Austrian and the people in the 'dobe village they could see through his back window were Spaniards and Argentines. There was a Falkland Islander down the bay on that side, whose native tongue was English.

It was long after dark when they got down aboard the schooner among their anxious shipmates, and heard how the mate had climbed the shrouds again and again, and come down swearing that that damfool captain had taken his men ashore to get them scalped.

THERE was no wind next day, and they got out the two whaleboats and towed the schooner up abreast the village, and Chace and Rounsville got leave to cruise about a bit ashore, to see if there was any game in the country. The crew was pretty hungry for fresh meat.

An empty dusty way led back between two rows of little 'dobe houses, and disappeared up a dusty canyon. They climbed up over the sky line to where they could look off across the Pampa Triste—that's what the Hungarian called the high country. "It looked sad, right enough," but there was no plummy pampa about it—not one of those tall feathery clumps, like the gilt-stemmed grasses that would reach from the floor to the ceiling in Chace's grandmother's parlor.

The dusty trail that led up from the village led on westward among sparse squat black bushes and sparse yellow bunch grass, big, but pigmy alongside Grandmother's bunch. These grew in sandy clay and pebbles, so hard-packed that the big wheels of five-ton bullock

carts in later years did not sink in, and Chace has worked hours with his crowbar at a single fence post hole in the stuff, a little farther south. Here and there the tops of bigger bushes peeped from arroyos (in the North American sense of the word). Those dry cuts made the trail tack a bit, but it held on its course toward a high scarp along a remoter sky line than the brow behind them. It was an empty country. There was no sign of house or tent or water anywhere. There were no Patagón tracks—those big tracks that scared Magellan's men were made by tall Indians clumsily shod, but no Indians have walked since the Spanish horses drifted down their way. There were no ordinary man tracks. They found barefoot horse tracks, however, and what looked like baby camel tracks, and three-toed tracks, much bigger than any bird's they were familiar with. And there was something too blunt for a deer's track that might be a wild sheep's.

They got down aboard empty-handed, but with both their scalps intact. The mate was beginning to feel easy. He would have been less so, had Chace and Rounsville chanced to go a little further north on the Pampa Triste that day to where neatly cleaned skulls of murdered men stuck out of shallow graves in an arroyo. There are plenty of beaks and teeth to pick skulls in that country, but one of those still wore a little blue Chilean hat tied behind with a leather thong, after the manner of our cowboys'.

Not knowing of this very thorough scalping, the mate took off a boat next day to try the east side for game. They found a forty-foot bluff a little back from the beach on that side. Chace sneaked up a gully in it, came out close to a band of those baby camels grazing and got two of them. But they were too red and white for camels. They had no humps and their necks were much too slender and they held them too straight up. The tallest held his head higher than the mate's. They really are a primitive camel, those elegant little guanacos with waists like greyhounds. There were no Indians in sight

at that killing, but the boat's crew wasted no time taking notes on their strange game. They got the carcasses down to the beach as quickly as they could and cleared away.

The mate was bolder next day. They had ventured back nearly a league from the edge before they found anything, and then, just before the country took a big step up, they saw wild sheep. Chace stalked them very carefully and got six, but when the mate came up and found they had earmarks and were wethers, he was for bolting while his men still had their scalps. There were no Indians in sight, however, and they wanted the meat. Chace stood guard while the gutting was going on. Then they made for the boats as fast as they could go. The mate went so fast that he got "split off" from the others, and had the fright of his life in a gully just before he got down to the beach. He saw an Indian run out of a branch gully into his, and try to get between him and the boat. It was really an ostrich trying to get away, unobserved, running with his head held low, and his wings cupped, as Chace was to see him do, "often and often and often," in the years to come.

They got the mutton aboard and cleared away, but the tide was against them, and so was a stiff wind. They failed to make the schooner, were swept down between the island and the west shore, and beached the boat in an inlet in sight of that Falkland Islander's house. Mr. Betts was a proper British subject or, as old Dick Pedraluca used to say of himself when he was drunk, "British object." But Betts' English was not much easier for the Yankees to understand than the Hungarian's had been. They made out that those wild sheep tracks on the Pampa Triste were made by his sheep, brought over from the Falklands in the *Rippling Wave* of Boston register, and that there were two settlers on the east side where they had shot those Indian wethers. Betts gave the thirsty men all the water they could drink and filled their bucket. Chace said, "This is too much." Betts said, "Throw some out then." Chace stared at him, and then remembered where he was.

THAT man Betts was one of twenty-two, all born in the Falklands, of one big powerful woman and one weazen little man. Chace had it from the seal pirate, Captain Poole, who used to poach on the Patagonian coast and carry liquor to the Falklands, that once, when he had put that man ashore after a long drinking bout on his schooner, and left him paralyzed on the beach, the woman had come down and gathered him up in her apron, only his muddy boots and shaggy head showing. Poole said, "What have you there?" and she, "A better man than what you be, Captain Poole." Poole's own crew shot him in the water with the seal gun, when he had fallen overboard in a drunken rage. They were afraid there might be a rope trailing.

Everybody kept mum about the mutton that was brought aboard the Yankee schooner that night, but the settlers might not have taken it ill that a hungry boat's crew helped themselves so freely. Not more than three or four vessels would put in there in a year, all little ones: a coasting boat from Punta Arenas, or the *Phantom*, that a British missionary society sent out to Tierra del Fuego every two years. It is still the unwritten law of the land that a man who is out of meat may kill and eat if he can catch his supper. The sheep run wild as deer. Chace has much to say about punishing lions for their sheep killings, but never a word about punishing men for theirs. For that matter, the punishment for killing a man would not be above seven years, if it was anything. Chace has heard a man say before a killing, "I hate you seven years' worth!"

As for less questionable game than sheep, there was plenty of wild fowl about, geese and ducks. Rounsville kept the galley supplied with these, and now and then they harpooned a porpoise for meat balls and fried liver—a black and white fresh water porpoise which came in on the tide with the sea lions.

Of course they took on water soon after they got in. They launched the whaleboats, and towed casks up around Weddell Point to where the Río Santa Cruz

runs fresh into the estuary's head, knocked out the bungs there, filled the casks and then towed them back, full.

One afternoon strange flotsam came sweeping by them on the outgoing tide: long necks like little masts from bodies foundering with the weight of sodden ostrich plumes. Chace heard that Indians had come hunting up on the Pampa Triste and had tried to draw a circle around a flock (or "point," as the English translate the South American "punta"), and failing to close it, forced the birds out on to a high headland up the bay, where they could ball all those that did not jump. Chace saw a pair of balls, the avestrucero, as they say. There were two right enough, but not on the end of a lazo, as the geography book had it. They were at either end of a braided leather cord, about eight feet long. "I don't never forget it if a person tells me wrong," said Chace, showing us that geography book one day at his sister's farmhouse.

Ostriches are good eating, and the schooner lay at anchor months and months, and much meat had to be got for the men. But ostriches are not meat for men on foot—shooting seems to be ruled out. Chace got a discouraging glimpse of one, just after the schooner finally sailed without him for the Falklands in June. The skipper had made a practice of lending men to friends of his ashore who might help keep him in liquor—one less easily to be accounted for, he had lent to that sheep man, Betts, as cook. And being pretty drunk when he sailed, he forgot this man, Ransome. Ransome had shipped rather hastily before the mast. His father, who was a member of the New York Stock Exchange, had resented having his checks signed by his son. The boy could sprint, and one day matched his legs against an ostrich's, while Chace was by. It was midwinter, when all the birds were poor and slow, and the quarry was a young hen, such as we should call a pullet among barnyard fowls. An old cock of those rheas stands as high as a man, and can outrun a horse, but this was a very little one and very feeble. Ransome pulled off his

big sea boots and ran in his bare feet. The hen was keeping just clear of his hands. She ran wobbling as if her next step must be her last. He grabbed, but got empty air. She had made her quick swerve and there she stood, resting, behind him. He chased her again and again, and gave it up at last. And then he began to feel the thorns that had pricked through the tar and callus on his feet, and the stone bruises. It was a pebbly course.

BUT we're getting months ahead of our position on the chart. The schooner had been in port but a few days when a Scotch brig, the *Crossowen* of Glasgow, came in on her annual voyage and anchored alongside. Her crew were all British, but there was only one man among them whom Chace could clearly understand. That man had to act as interpreter for both English-speaking crews. Chace may have needed an interpreter in those early months to convey his meaning to one who could not understand his New England dialect, but now a Fiji Islander who could see his pantomime could get it all without the help of any words.

The *Crossowen* carried general cargo, and so much liquor that Chace remembers her to this day as "the rum ship."

Liquor was for sale in almost every one of the 'dobe houses. The Chilean firm of Braun and Blanchard sold a great deal in one. They had a general store there. That firm has come to have immense holdings in ships and merchandise and sheep, and small men's farms. The little farms all gravitate sooner or later into the hands of the banks or of men with capital enough to tide them over the recurring seven lean years.

The brig's owners, Tom and Cameron, had built a liquor warehouse, the year before, some leagues up the river at Piscatores. Their captain turned his vessel over to his mate that trip, and went ashore to stock the warehouse and take charge of it, and later on, got Chace to

enlarge it for him. He sold wholesale and retail—good liquor to the whites cheap, bad to the Indians dear. Chace once heard someone say to him, "The Government ought to pay you a bounty on the Indians you've killed off," and heard him reply, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The brig's crew lightered her cargo in her own barges and piled it on the beach above high water. Some of that cargo lay there months until the remotest settler came down to claim the share he had been waiting all the year for. The handful of settlers that there were in those days were all sheepmen, widely scattered along the coast, all except the bolicheros who sold liquor to the whites, and the traders who peddled the bad stuff up country to the Indians, and a man or two back from the coast who ran mares or cattle.

THERE was sawed Norwegian pine, and corrugated iron in the *Crossowen's* cargo, and "tin" houses like Valentino's on the beach began going up in Santa Cruz. Hatcher of the Princeton Paleontological Expedition counted thirty when he came down that year.

Miserable little 'dobe village, that Santa Cruz, half sunk in pebbly flat between barren slope and dirty yellow bay. Only sparse bush and yellow bunch grass about it and pebbles and blowing sand and dust—a restless saddle horse or two tied in the dusty street. There was no sign of any garden in those early days. "One cannot sing in Santa Cruz," a lovely Roman lady told us, who was marooned there years later, when the town had grown from a double line of houses to a solid square of them.

The priest had his chapel in one of the dusty gray houses, where Chace saw swarthy men kneeling at mass, with long knives at their backs. The fine old justice, Don Juan Williams, held his court and lived with his family in another. Don Juan's wife, people thought, was a colonel's sister from Buenos Aires, and they had a family of little girls to bring up there in that rude and

dreary place. The judge wore a long white beard and looked exactly like an Englishman, but did not know a word of English. He probably pronounced his surname "Oo-izhams." Chace saw him settle a dispute between two gamblers fallen out in Valentino's boliche. One Bilchi, an old hunter of Indians in "Tierra del" at a pound a nose, had slapped the other's face and the slapped one had wet his finger, drawn a cross in the dust on the door, crossed two fingers, kissed them and sworn that he'd kill Bilchi—and got for a reply: "You! You couldn't pull the tail out of a canary!" That is what Chace had made out of the affair up to that point with the smattering of Spanish he had then. In the meantime, some one had gone running for Don Juan. The two men were haled before him, and the crowd followed, Chace along with them. The old man listened patiently, slowly stroking that long white beard of his, said, "Bueno, bueno," and soon had the quarrel made up. Had it been a case of going to law, he would have spared them that. Had the thing happened at the Paso or out in the camp, the aggressor would have whipped out his knife with one hand while he slapped with the other, and there would have been a killing there and then. Killing was out of order during Don Juan's tenure. He kept the peace single-handed. The authority of the sub-prefect, the harbor master, did not extend beyond high-water mark. The blood of a line of English J.P.'s must have run in Don Juan's veins. Immediately after he left, killings began in Santa Cruz in earnest.

There were a number of women in the village. One of the townsmen kept three of them at a time as wives, and had a swarm of children, all probably duly acknowledged before Don Juan and thus simply made legitimate. There was a man up in the Río Negro country who was reputed to have seventy-five legitimate children. In looking back over his first few years in the country Chace remembers the Spanish and Argentine women as delicate, inclined to sit indoors and make lace. He heard of many deaths in childbirth. It might take three

such women to raise even a moderate family. They used to say of the Chilean women that one of them could bear a child in the morning and go to work in the afternoon just like a Tehuelche squaw.

You never heard of the gringo women in the sheep camps having any trouble. There were very few women of any sort, outside the village. What there were in the early years were mostly British, rough as they were hardy. An old Nova Scotian Bluenose friend of Chace's learned new oaths from one, "when she got her mouth clear of the mud he spilled himself and her into," on the wet carry up from his boat. One kept her man-of-war's man cowed with fists and rocks and flatirons. They were hard to hold on those lonely camps, and many is the man that has followed, sobbing, after his, until she shook him off, and has welcomed her back without reproach, if ever she chose to come. There was one fellow who took to wearing his wife's clothes when she died, shoes, underwear and all, and let his hair grow long—"used to leave off his gun and his knife and wear them clothes whenever he was in the house."

There was no brothel in Santa Cruz while the Yankee crew was knocking around there, but one of the first of the new houses was built for that purpose, and stocked with women who had grown old in the trade in Punta Arenas.

As to the landsmen who came and went about Santa Cruz, the gauchos who looked after the mares and the bullocks and did the taming, the peons who did the odd jobs, the shepherds—everybody more or less, of whatever race or calling, who rode down into the village, seemed to Chace to come there to drink or gamble or carry off some other fellow's wife, but presumably some of them had other business.

Chace saw a very different unloading from the *Cross-owen's*, later in the year. A flat-bottomed steamer came in just before he left in September. She anchored well in toward that steep gravel beach, and when the tide wetn out and left her stranded, dumped her cargo on the muddy

sand. That big tide uncovers a lot of bottom in the shallow bay and leaves it silvery with sardines that escape the big fish, only to be killed by the fresh water at the bay's head, Chace thinks. The bare feet of the crew carrying up the cargo slipped on sardines. Gulls settled down by thousands to feed on them and on a big fish something like a cod that hunted them, and got turned over, too, by the fresh water, and delivered up sardines to the gulls by bellyfuls. "There's a big black bird, different from a gull, that the Falkland Islanders call a mollymawk," that used to join the gulls, but they were not so numerous there. The birds must have had to change their diet a few years later when the sardines disappeared.

THE aguardiente of the Cape Verdes had only held the Yankee skipper a month in St. Vincent and Brava, after he had got his torn sails mended and a new topmast, but here, with a British rumship anchored alongside and a bar in every house, there was no budging him for four months. His Portuguese were indifferent, but the English-speaking members of the crew growled more and more, and one day struck work. The captain got word to the harbor master, and he and his force of sailors and the brig's captain came aboard and called it mutiny. There was talk of irons, but nothing more than talk. And things went on as before, except that the mate demanded his discharge and passage money, and got them.

The amount was turned up in the brig's chest, in gold sovereigns. The *Crossowen* had to bring out a lot of those. The currency in those days was a very little Argentine and Chilean silver, checks on London banks at thirty or ninety days' sight, checks on Punta Arenas or Buenos Aires banks, and sovereigns—all reckoned in pesos. Now and then you would find a gold coin from Tierra del, minted by the Belgian, Papa, with his likeness stamped on it. One estanciero, Gondille, a Frenchman,

used to pay his men in gold, six sovereigns to each shepherd. He would ride out alone on the twenty-eighth and dig, or pretend to dig, by various bushes. He used to say that anyone who was clever enough to find his gold was welcome to it. "There was plenty that thought the pampa was the safest bank."

The other estancieros paid in checks. Braun and Blanchard would cash big ones partly in sovereigns, partly in tattered little checks of all imaginable odd sums, partly in goods. The bolicheros never had change for gauchos or shepherds. They would take a man's check for a thousand pesos, sometimes, and when the fellow had drunk himself into the horrors, or woke sufficiently bewildered, would tell him his check had been drunk up, and he would go back to earn another. The bolichero might take in eight thousand pesos with a stock not worth five hundred, and have plenty of liquor left. Chace has counted ninety empty champagne bottles placed on the floor about one of those sleeping guests, to greet him when he woke. In later days those men would start regularly from some remote estancia after shearing, for "B. A." or "home," and never get beyond the first boliche.

But it was little Chace had to do with checks or sovereigns, or pesos. He was to learn the difference between the Chilean and the Argentine peso to his cost when he left those parts with a meagre hundred of the former in his hand, and a tool or two.

The skipper seems to have drawn on the slop chest to moderate his liquor drafts on the Company's letter of credit, and to have got credit and some cash here and there by that lending of his men that he practised. Chace had got almost desperate idling on the schooner but his turn came at last. The skipper lent his ship's carpenter to Valentino, the Hungarian bolichero on the beach. Valentino wanted a new mast for his cutter. And when Chace had a tall one from the wrecked bark trimmed down for her, the skipper lent Rounsville and a man or two to run her, fetching wool from the Paso

Ibañez, where the ferry was, eight leagues up the Santa Cruz, and cases of liquor from Piscatores a league or two below the ferry, and firewood from the mouth of the Chico, where calafate and incensio bushes grew big. The Chico is another big river that empties into the head of the estuary, but does not bring down half the water the Santa Cruz does, in spite of its imposing appearance on the map.

Chace was no sooner through with Valentino's mast than he was off to liquor headquarters on another job. The Santa Cruz flows clear there at Piscatores between wide clay and gravel terraces, like those along the sides of the estuary. If you rode your pingo back far enough, you came up onto that pebbly bushy Pampa Triste, but Chace hardly knew what a pingo was in those days. He got about on his own legs and in the captain's boat.

The liquor warehouse stood on the lowest terrace, and the captain's dwelling right beside it. The captain wanted Chace to build a lean-to kitchen. He had brought his wife, an ex-barmaid, out with him that trip, and they were keeping Jock, their little cabin boy, for scullery lad. That lad grew up to do a rather unpleasant killing. A young gentleman friend of the barmaid's returning to Glasgow from Patagonia, had given her a league of land along the river and she had come out with her captain to till it. There was a garden the next year, with posies in it, such as used to grow outside the country pubs at home, and carrots and a first sowing of alfalfa.

Again Chace got no money for his work, but he had the use of the boss' Winchester. When the Yankee skipper sent for him, he got word back that he would have to send more men than there were cartridges in that gun. The British captain used to say that the crew of that Yankee schooner was the most insubordinate he had ever seen. He and his lady had a taste of the crew's temper the very first time the skipper took his whaleboat up to Piscatores to pay his respects. Chace was along. The two captains went inside the house and

shut the door. The men huddled under one of the windows outside, trying to keep out of the wind, and listened to them laughing and joking over their meat and drink by the fire inside, as long as they could stand it. And then Chace went up and knocked on the door and snarled, "How about somethin' for us?" The Scotchman brought out a shoulder of raw mutton. Chace said to him, "What do you think we are? Dogs? To eat our meat raw?" The captain said, "There's plenty of wood out there. Roast it. It's good that way." Chace's roasts are famous now, but then he had never even tried to cook meat. He got a square oil tin, cut out the ends, made fire inside, and fried the meat in slices. He still gets angry thinking of that incident, although he knew better than to expect a captain's wife to cook for a boat's crew that had neglected to bring its provisions for the day. He saw much of the Scotch captain afterwards, but never liked him, and publicly refused his hand one day in a boliche a year or two later. Chace seems mild in his mature judgments, but an early experience coming to the surface of his memory is apt to bring a hasty youthful judgment along with it.

CHACE picked up some Spanish from a friendly fellow who ran a couple of thousand sheep near Piscatores. He used to row up river weekly to get a wether from that man. Don Pedro Richmond's father was an Englishman, but Don Pedro knew no more English than Justice Oo-izhams did. It was a rude sort of Spanish they talked, a blend of various tongues, further modified by Chace himself. The Spaniards and Argentines resented the talking of any other tongue than Spanish in their hearing. You would hear them muttering, "Por qué no hablan cristiano, esos gringos? Why don't those outlanders speak Christian?"

What there was to learn from Don Pedro, of the country and its ways, Chace learned. But he had more

from an old Indian he got acquainted with, near the village, Rodríguez, the only Indian he found in those parts. Rodríguez told him, too, much about the Indians, ancient and modern. He was such a dried-up withered little man, and looked so old about the eyes that Chace thought he might be a hundred, but he had good teeth, and he could leap into the saddle as lightly and ride as hard as any young domador, as they call the tamers. "He was livin' alone catchin' ostrich. He had a couple or three old horses and a pair of galgos."

He had lived with an early trader, Clark, on an island just above the ferry. Clark was a young Salem mate, whose ship had been chased by the *Alabama*, off the Cape. Musters, a British traveller, stayed with Clark in 1869, when Clark was agent for Captain Pedro Buena, who had a wide concession reaching all the way from the river to the coast, and the right to take seal. Nowadays there are none but hair-seal thereabout, as Chace calls the sea lions.

Clark kept a five-pounder mounted in his brick store, "por las dudas—just in case." His patrons, the Indians, were peaceable enough, sober, but bought and sold more generously drunk, and when drunk enough could even be robbed of skins and blankets. In Chace's day the venom in the traders' liquor made guns superfluous. That liquor would lay an Indian out in short order—plump him down beside a peddler's cart, harmless, after a little flurry. There is no trace left now of Clark's old brick store or his gun, but people still go to the island to pick red cherries he planted there.

Chace thinks his Indian must have had some Argentine blood in him, or been a captive from some northern tribe, for he was not moon-faced, blunt-featured, Mongol-eyed, like the Tehuelche men he fell in with later in the year. Their old men are heavy and lethargic, quite unlike old Argentines, who in Chace's memory all seem to be as light and agile as Rodríguez, however old they may be.

Rodríguez told him over and over again of long blue lakes in the back country. They had monsters in them,

he said, and awful peaks about their heads. A bullock had been seen being dragged down, struggling, under water. A friend of his had followed a track like that of a wooden shoe with two cleats across the sole, until he caught sight of what he took for a hairy pig as big as a bull. Just a glimpse he had. Once or twice, long afterwards, on a still night in a forest, beside a glacier, Chace himself heard a trumpeting, something like a steamboat whistle. That was long before there was a whistle on any Cordilleran lake. He kept his secret until Prichard came out from England hunting for a live mylodon, after a find of the bony skin and a fresh-looking skeleton of a giant sloth that the paleontologists had mourned for fifty thousand years. Chace heard a legend in Tierra del of a monster to whom youths and maidens were sacrificed. His dungballs presumably were not grassy like the mylodon's.

THE glaciers and the peaks and the lakes and much more, Norwegians who came riding down from the mountains with one of the boundary commissions, told him of. Chace had the nursing of one of those Norwegians at Piscatores for the better part of a month. A lion, as Chace calls the puma, too old to keep himself in meat on the fast game of the country, had had recourse to an engineer, and crushed the fellow's lower jaw between his blunt-toothed old ones.

Chace says simply, "The Norwegians told me about the back country." Presumably the talk ran something like this: The water that flowed by the captain's house at Piscatores, they said, came all the way from the blue lakes, and ran in a wide canyon without a single branch. Their barefoot horses had got footsore, carrying them the hundred desolate pebbly leagues they had to travel down, and the west wind had given them no peace day or night. Further back, things were different. There was a great snowy barrier, all spiked with peaks, ice-girdled peaks.

Everything was rock and snow and ice, snow and ice mostly, as far as you could see up under the mist.

Arms of those long blue lakes reached back into the Cordillera, deep as Norwegian fjords. A peak they called Fitzroy at one of the lakeheads they estimated at about eleven thousand and the level of the lake at only seven or eight hundred. The upper half of that peak was sheer rock, and a big ice claw gripped it from behind. Glaciers, miles wide, crept down out of the mist between other peaks to the lakeheads, and calved there. And the west wind swept down smooth snow slopes, and roared and whistled through seracs on the ice below, and herded icebergs down the lakes. Close in toward the barrier, in low quiet lees, between those ice cataracts that the wind ran down so fast, dense forest grew—grew most luxuriant close to the ice.

And there was much richer pasture "inside," as they call that country now, than the best "outside." There was no reckoning the game back there, or the wild cattle, or the gold there might be on one very wonderful lake, all arms, that they called San Martín.

Between all this and the coast intervened that desolate pebbly pampa, that had worn their horses' hoofs so tender. It rose gently from the coast, higher and higher and less continuous westward, until it got to be three or four thousand feet where the long blue lakes were sunk in it—sunk in wide basins, wider than the lakes, with all that forest and rich pasture at their upper ends, and sides almost precipitous.

The Norwegians may have told Chace something of the weather too, how the west winds of the Antarctic drive wet off the Pacific, across the spongy island fringe of Chile, up the dense sodden jungle skirts of that barrier, that Cordillera, and get well squeezed of their moisture in the vaulting of it. How they fall on the long lakes, and on rough basalt table-lands between lakes, still a bit rainy, and sweep off across the pebbly pampa to the Atlantic, almost dry. How there is fine weather when big gray Zeppelin clouds, that always seem hove to in

clear air above a cloud-capped Cordillera, head north; but when they swing and head east, there is rain for the forest and grassland at the lakeheads. How, after such a swinging of the Zeps, rough wet gusts drive halfway down the lakes, to where a low-hung cloud edge frays out under blue sky. How the wind drives on, empty, under that thirsty sky.

We are not familiar with those stormy Zeps elsewhere on any such scale. The clouded snow fields below them are marked INESPLORADO on the old boundary maps and on the new Millionth Map the American Geographical Society of New York has just compiled. The map-camera eye of Plüschow's *Silber Condor* may have narrowed down that INESPLORADO by now. That weather is summer and spring and autumn weather. The winter is quieter "inside." It is quieter "outside," too, when the cold south wind or the east or the north wind is not blowing.

Out on the pampa the wind blows everywhere so hard and so incessantly, except in winter, that sometimes after years of it when Chace had made his bed behind a bush, and picketed his horse near by, and a brief lull came, he would feel a great weight on his chest, and listen anxiously to his horse, tearing the grass, and shift to move the weight.

The reader has probably outrun Chace at twenty-four, in his knowledge of the back country, and the weather. Still Chace picked up enough from the Norwegians whose jaws were in working order, and from Hatcher, with whom he had a chat, and from Rodríguez, to whet his appetite tremendously, before he got well started on his travels inland.

THE skipper of the Yankee schooner actually sailed at last, still not for the South Shetlands, but for the Falklands, with a makeshift mate from the *Crossowen's* crew—decent enough fellow while the schooner was under way, but drunken as his chief while she lay at anchor. The

skipper had gone up himself to Piscatores after Chace, a day or two before, and had come back without him, very angry, Rounsville says, saying Chace was a bad fellow and he'd never have him on a ship of his. "And I knew they'd locked horns, and Ned had come out on top." Rounsville himself got away in the Falklands, and shortly after that, the skipper was put on the beach by the authorities at Punta Arenas. He had such a way with him ashore that he was trusted by everyone almost to the last. The guileless Iowa consul in the Falklands even reinstated him when he had been temporarily removed from command.

He had had to take his schooner out from Santa Cruz without her carpenter, and Chace and Rounsville were parted for thirty years. They had seen very little of each other after Chace went ashore to work. The old man had kept Rounsville busy on board, or running Valentino's cutter, and went about wearing his gold watch and chain, as surety for him, perhaps, though in fact better surety was Rounsville's vast size and the impossibility of getting big enough pants at Braun and Blanchard's. He was reluctant to run away and leave his sailor's bag behind. Chace himself, in the years to come, often had to make his own pants, or set great pieces into ready-made ones. There was always the *chiripá*, that blanket diaper the gauchos use to keep their legs warm in cold weather. You take a blanket by one end, wrap that round your waist, straddling what is left lying on the ground, pick up the other end, wrap that round your waist, and strap on the two ends so that the middle just clears the ground between your feet. Gauchos dance around lighted candles on the floor in those things to the guitar accompanied by fellows beating time with their big knives between pairs of spoon bowls. If the blanket is wide enough it will keep the wind off your legs and feet while you are in the saddle. Very effective, but not attractive to Rounsville—so he stuck by the ship.

CHAPTER III

A PAMPA JOURNEY

CHACE had not a centavo to his name when the schooner sailed. He knocked about for a while, helping his old mate Johnson run Valentino's cutter for his keep. Then he got a job with the British captain, enlarging the liquor warehouse and running his whale-boat. The canny old Scot paid him a hundred and twenty pesos Chilean when he left—called them "dollars," as they do down there. It would take about four of them to make an Argentine dollar and eight of them to make a Massachusetts dollar. There was plenty of carpentry work to be done in Santa Cruz, but Chace hated that place. He was not at all sure that the old man would not come back, as he had threatened to, and seize him. He was suspicious of the subprefect, and of the Spaniards in the village, most of whom were Catalans, unfriendly just then.

News of the war between Spain and the United States had reached Punta Arenas, by vessels passing through the Straits of Magellan, and come up overland by mounted carrier. The story grew as it travelled north. When Hatcher got it, Spain and Germany and Russia had joined forces against England and the United States. The Catalans always had threatening looks and gestures for Chace after that news came up—would point him out and say, "Americanos malos."

Killings were pretty common outside Santa Cruz. There were those skulls in the arroyo in the Pampa Triste above the village, and there were skulls and bony toes above ground north of the Paso, people said. It was rumored that fourteen men had been killed at the Paso that year. Everyone went armed—everyone still does. The dark men wore big knives stuck through their belts behind—"you might as well ask 'em to go naked as to go without their knives." The light men

wore pistols on their hips. The Italians, who have come down since, carry knives slung under their armpits and wear their coats to cover them—assassin's habit, the Argentines call that.

Of course Chace wore his own gun faithfully. He did a little practice in public once to awe the Catalans—set up a half dozen bottles and broke their necks and then their middles and then knocked off their bottoms. One might judge his awe of them by this emptying of so many of his handful of cartridges. The *Crossowen's*, though they were the right caliber, were poor stuff and there were no others. He carried a .44 Colt, using rifle cartridges, which often could be had when no other could, and practised up to the limit of his resources. Later on, he got Remington cartridges up from Punta Arenas by the thousand, and practised every day. He used to shoot quickly without catching the sights, laying his index finger along the barrel, or rather the two remaining joints of it which were all he had brought down with him. He says you don't need to squint your eye and look along your arm to point your finger at an object, and he never could see the difference. We heard praise of his skill wherever we went.

Only the Catalans were hostile. The Argentines were as friendly as the Britons or any of the other neutrals, but Chace was itching to get started north into country where there were no Spaniards and no police.

When did he get up north he found himself among friendly Scotchmen, no one of whom had any murders to his credit. Nearly every *padrón* was Scotch, but his shepherds were Indians and Chileans and his *gauchos* Argentines, and most of the Chileans and Argentines were there because they had done murder somewhere else. When building started at San Julián the next year, and the single *boliche*, the only house in the place, was supplemented by others, it began to look to Chace as if all the outlaws from Chile and the Argentine were collecting there. He heard men brag of many killings and smiled up his sleeve at hearing such braggarts dubbed

"Matasiete, Killer of Seven." But he came to believe that these fellows were no Falstaffs, tending rather to lose count and underestimate—that "Mataveinte" would have been preciser. Everybody called these "killings" rather than "murders," and after Chace had seen a few done in hot blood he adopted the terminology.

None of those men had anything against Chace, and he found them friendly, sociable, even helpful, in San Julián and out in the "camp," as they call the country down there. If you had a *chúcaro* in your *trupilla* that you could not handle, some murderous gaucho happening by your shanty would "give him a ride" for you.

There were no police in the San Julián district, and few in the whole region. There was that officer in charge of the harbor at Santa Cruz, and Justice Oo-izhams, and there was another officer at Gallegos, close to the east-west boundary between Argentina and Chile. The governor of the territory lived in Gallegos. And there was soldiery on the Straits in Chile—had been for many years. The artillery had mutinied in Musters' day and fled north across the border, fighting amongst themselves until there were hardly any left, but there was good discipline down there in Chace's day. Chace saw nothing of the Argentine soldiery until the big strike in '22.

The north-south boundary between Argentina and Chile had been in dispute for a long time, and none but outlaws had ventured to settle near it. The dispute had finally been put into the hands of the British to arbitrate, and it was with their commission that those Norwegians had come down, along with the Argentine and Chilean commissions.

CHACE had had nothing to do with Argentine horses up to the time he started for San Julián—had got about in a boat or on his feet, thinking nothing of twenty or thirty miles, or eight or ten leagues rather, as they reckon in Patagonia. He had been used to tramp as

far as that and back to see a negro camp-meeting on Cape Cod. But the day came at last when he needed a horse. He had agreed to go to work for a Dane, Heysen, who had taken out virgin sheep camp west of San Julián, and it was time to start. He had to be economical for he had only that hundred and twenty pesos Chilean. He would wait until he got across the river before he bought. So he set out on foot with a heavy overcoat and a blanket and the ship's tools which he had appropriated as his share of the lay. It was hard work tramping up steep clay slopes out of the dry gullies the track crossed, and when he had done the league or two to the Paso, his load was lighter by all but one of the heavy tools and most of the light ones. He had only a square, a saw, a chisel, a plane and a chopper—"enough to build anything there might be to build in that country." The new houses in Santa Cruz were rough framework, covered with corrugated iron—dirt floor, a window frame or two made to fit panes of glass as they happened to come by boat. "Further back you can't get glass and you have to use cowbelly scraped thin, a little yellow and a bit dim, but a good enough light." And lumber is so hard to get that you build flimsily. Those shanties could never stand, Chace says, if that vaulting wind off the Pacific did not literally blow down, and jam the roofs on. "If you throw a feather up in that wind, it comes down at your feet."

Chace got to the Paso at last, and lit a black bush to make a smoke, and yelled until they came across with the boat, from the old 'dobe boliche of the widow Doña Gregoria, La Salina. Gauchos and Chilenos used to come down there for big drunks, and the widow's men would get drunk with them. There would be no getting the little boat at such times until someone sobered down.

Once across, he made for the new boliche, La Gaviota, the Sea Gull, shining with new iron from the *Crossowen's* cargo—sides and roof all iron. He had not seen the building of it but had helped his old mate Johnson stock

it from Valentino's cutter. They never had time to more than dump their cargo on the beach and take on the wool, piled there by bullock carters from up country sheep camps, and clear away, before the tide turned and let the backed-up river water out. The river backs up until it is fifteen feet deeper than at low tide, and six or seven hundred yards wide, he says, and had they overstayed the tide's turning, they would have been left high and dry. He had not been inside the boliche, but he had struck up acquaintance at those loadings and unloadings with the young Argentine who ran the place. The fellow looked just like an Englishman, a big fair-haired, red-faced man, something like Rounsville.

"I can see that crowd in La Gaviota," said Chace, "as plain as can be—first really tough-lookin' gang I ever see, just the way they come in from ridin', not fixed up the way they would be to go down to the village. There was a big Scotchman, six foot tall, great big Hielan' fellow; coat sleeves comin' just a little below his elbows, great big hams of hands stickin' out; breeches like a boy that's outgrown his about two years, probably the biggest he could get down there. I didn't talk to him. He'd been drinkin' and he was blusterin' and I left him alone. There was two or three Indians with their capas on layin' round—they'd come tradin' ostrich feathers—and there was a big tall Spaniard, thin as a rake—Flemingo, they had him nicknamed—and one or two Argentines with long black beards and them big wide belts on outside—tiradors, they call 'em—big silverhandled knives stuck in 'em behind, and revolvers, too. I looked the crowd over and I thought I wasn't afraid of 'em exactly. You don't mind bein' shot or anythin' like that, but I always did have a kind of a shudder against a knife. I always watched them fellows awful sharp, and I made up my mind if ever I see a man's hand goin' to his back, I'd do somethin' before he got that knife out.

"Maybe I slept at La Gaviota that night or maybe I slept at the widow's. I went down right away to have a look at her place. The two boliches was about five

hundred yards apart. They was both on the beach. I expect the widow wa'n't too pleased to have the new one set up, though it never got her old customers away from her enough to amount to anythin'."

Chace does not remember that particular visit to the widow's place so well, but La Salina was one of the old boliches, worth sketching, even if we have to piece the picture together from later visits. There were bales of wool, dropped hit or miss on the beach in front of it, and there were a couple of bullock carts standing empty, without their bullocks—tongues propped up, raw-hide gear stacked high to keep the foxes from getting at it and "cuttin' it all to bits out of cussedness." A gaucho galloped up with his trupilla—seven horses and a bell mare—caught up a fresh horse, let go the old one, and tied the fresh one to a cart, near the carter's saddle horses, where the three of them must stand all night without a bite of feed, none too well sheltered from the wind. The tired horse took a roll, after his twenty odd burdened leagues and trotted off to join the others. The madrina, the bell mare, led the troop on up over one wide terrace after another, scorning the poor feed down there, and disappeared over the brow of the Pampa Triste. They would find good feed in springy arroyos up there, the carters' dozen bullocks grazing along with them until sunset when the carters would gather their stock in. That treatment of the saddle horses is not quite so brutal as it sounds. No one thinks of giving a grass-fed pony a hard ride until he has starved for twelve hours. A big bellyful of grass would go on churning about on such a ride, and physic him to the point of uselessness.

A stone's throw back from the water's edge, low 'dobe walls, wind-fretted, held up an old iron roof. The incessant wind swept over everything, slammed a heavy wooden shutter, eddied in at the open doorway on the lee side—there was no door. Just a little way off were some of those fourteen fresh-looking skulls Chace had been hearing about. The gaucho went in out of the wind with his gear. Chace followed and came into a

big bare firelit room. There were a lot of rough-looking fellows squatting on the dirt floor about the fireplace at cards, greasy cards. Doña Gregoria stood in the midst of them, lighting a fresh cigarette from the butt of her last one. She was a thickset little woman with a wrinkled bony face, very dark and dirty, coal-black hair, big gold rings in her ears, long black calico dress. She came over to greet Chace and the gaucho, slapping along in alpargatas—rope-soled canvas slippers. "She had the history of every person that ever come to South America. She got it all from men. She wouldn't see a woman from year's end to year's end. She'd go down to the village once in a while and go into a house where some woman lived but never speak to her—sit rollin' her own and smokin' with the husband all day long."

There was not a bench or a table to be seen. There was gear piled along the walls, and six-liter Spanish leather bottles hung on pegs, brought in by the carters for refilling with the red wine of Mendoza. The gaucho brought in a smaller bota and stacked his gear with the others along the wall on that hard floor—come to be hard as cement with daily strewings of ashes, wet down and tramped in. A group of truco players made room for his carpincho—tanned waterhog skin that will not sweat you in the saddle. They must spear those hogs, Chace thinks, for at the first wetting of your carpincho a neatly glued-on patch comes off and shows an ugly gash in every one.

It is a curious club sandwich of a saddle the natives ride, and many of the gringos, too—so wide that it would split a newcomer who tried to ride it for an hour: that carpincho for uppermost stratum; below that, sheepskin, cowhide, woven blanket and whatnot beside; between two of the strata a pair of tight-stuffed bent leather cylinders, bastos, laced together across the horse's backbone, in lieu of a tree. It takes a gringo a year of torture to train his joints to expect that spread. Even a native has to give himself relief when he can, sitting his bastos on a docile horse, like a chair, legs straddling the

horse's neck. There is only one stirrup and that is for mounting by, but most of them spring into the saddle without the need of any stirrup. I suppose young natives start training their joints at about the age they start using wooden knives. Chace has seen an old gaucho squatting on his haunches for hours parrying and thrusting with small opponents.

Chace must have been loth to lay his only blanket on that much-spat-upon floor, to sit on. Everybody else was sitting on carpinchos or sheepskins, pleated to make them take up less room and at the same time keep the upper sides clear of the dirt. There was a big iron pot on the fire, and macaroni and pound chunks of mutton stewing in it, puchero, they called it, for sale to them that wanted it, and there were galletas—big fat biscuit of white flour, hard as a stone, but softenable by heat.

Some of the men took mutton from their saddle-bags, skewered it on iron rods they carried with them, and stabbed these into the dirt floor before the fire. They all had little teakettles with short swing handles which they carry buttoned to the throatlatch of their halters when they ride. Some heated water in these "pavas, hen-turkeys" on the coals, and brewed Paraguayan tea in little pear-shaped gourds. It is the green leaf of a kind of holly, broken up almost to powder and mixed in with stems, that yerba mate. They sucked up the brew through silver tubes with strainers on their ends. One gourd would travel back and forth among a half dozen men, continually refilled from the kettle, punctiliously held palm upward when they poured. It was a full hour they sat drinking there while the meat roasted. Chace tried the mate, but would have no more of it after one bitter taste, little foreseeing how he would come to depend on a single generous drinking of it to hold him up from daylight to dark without a bite of food. It must be said for these men that they fast themselves, or rather submit to being fasted by hard conditions, as readily as they fast their horses. "You don't never feel

hungry even if it's two days, until you kill somethin', and then you can eat a half a wether."

Chace had no luck that day trying to buy a horse. They merely chaffed him and held out for absurd prices. Chace was feeling very humble and not at all "vaqueano" as they say there of one who knows the ropes, but he was keenly aware of everything that was going on about him and could never had made the mistake he saw an Irishman make when the bota was passed to him. A carter took down his six-liter bota from the wall and holding it high, let a thin red stream leap from the puncture in the nozzle into his open mouth, and when he had done, passed it about among his friends who did the same, the later drinkers rolling up the butt end, as the bottle emptied, as one rolls up the butt end of a vaseline tube. The gringo watched this in the uncertain fire light, and when the thing was passed to him, seeing the red cord the nozzle's cap hung by, took that to be a tube to suck the liquor through. The men laughed quietly among themselves, and someone poured a cupful for him. No one laughs lightly at a stranger down there, or at a friend for that matter.

In a little barroom that opened off one end of the big room, men threw dice for wine and hard liquor, and talked gossip and politics with Doña Gregoria. A Spaniard and an Argentine among them avoided hard liquor. They got heated with that red wine, though, and rather touchy. Some of the Chileans got drunk enough to be looking for trouble. The Irishman went crawling about on all fours, and another Briton lay paralyzed under the men's feet. The Britons do not always get so apathetically drunk as that, though. Chace has seen a Scotchman walk out erect and steady alongside a German after fourteen whiskies apiece.

Chace developed something of a stomach himself in the course of time. He has drunk one crowd under the table, tot for tot, and started in with a fresh crowd and got far enough along with them to see his first companions beginning to revive. He became a connoisseur in the taste of

everything down to "Squirrel Brand," but never got enough of anything to blur his observation of what was going on about him. He can still see Fatty Wallace, out at Lago Tar, trip between the doorway and a stream, and lie rocking on his belly in a shallow puddle, swimming, spouting, shouting "Help!" And a former haberdasher come to the doorway, settling his neck in an imaginary high collar, and holding on by the jambs, say, "I am extremely sorry, Fatty. I am unable to render you assistance. I am intoxicated myself." The life down there reeked of drink. The consequences were often funny, but as often tragic. The surprising thing was how little it used to take to upset a man just come in from the camp.

When a fellow collapsed at La Salina someone dragged him out and laid him on his sheepskins, but it was no easy matter for Doña Gregoria and her consumptive old henchman Felipe to get the last of the seasoned old drinkers out of the bar in the small hours and lock it off, so that she could go to her own quarters.

Eventually everybody, drunk or sober, got to sleep on the floor, wrapped in his capa—guanaco blankets, that old hands use with the fur outside, "the way the guanaco does." "A good few" would always go outside to sleep, never consenting to a roof at night. Chace slept in that stuffy place among the snoring vomiting ruffians, hugging his precious tools, because he could not keep warm outside, with what he had. He did not sleep very soundly—men do not in that country when they are sober. He slept rather less soundly, after he saw one of the ruffians get up and kneel down beside another, who was trumpeting so loudly that no one could sleep, and begin whetting his knife on his steel beside the fellow's ear. The offender was bolt upright on the instant with his hand on his own knife. But he lay down and went to sleep again immediately, muting his trumpet. Chace has seen more than one killing when the other fellow had no chance, but he never saw a man killed in his sleep, even for snoring.

There were no end of killings up and down the coast in later years over brothel women. Chace knew of five Argentines killed, in the course of four or five years, fighting for the favor of one dull homely woman in her forties, inmate of a brothel started at the Paso a year or two after he left. And when the bare skull of the last of them lay looking at his toes alongside the other skeletons out there, a young Englishman found favor in the woman's eyes. He got off with his life, but nearly lost his camp through neglect.

CHACE could not afford to buy a horse at the ridiculous prices they asked him at the Paso. They wanted a hundred pesos Argentine, even for a mare, and no mare that is not a *madrina*—a bell-mare, literally "godmother" to a *trupilla*—or would make one, is worth more than ten. A man's testimony has been refused in court because he rode a mare: he was no man. A *madrina* is worth more than a horse, but a man who might succeed in mounting her would have a wild few minutes of it. A horse turned up next day for hire, at a price exorbitant enough, but within Chace's means, forty of his Chilean pesos—one of the mail carrier's, Romera's, come up from the South on his monthly trip. Romera must have towed one of his three horses across that wide stretch to lead on the other two. One of the *gauchos*, when he crossed, drove his *trupilla* of twenty horses across ahead of the boat with splashing and yelling and rock-throwing, towing a mount behind. People crossed there at all times, but it was easier at the flood because there was no current.

Chace made a bit and bridle of rope for his horse, tied on a sheepskin, and made a stirrup to mount by, of another piece of rope. He wore his heavy overcoat and lashed his tools to his back. It was sore for a week or more after that journey, though Romera almost never went out of a trot. This was by no means Chace's first ride. He had had some practice at home with what

they called bronco mustangs, shipped in from the West, reputed to be stolen from the Indians.

They had to wait at a native sheep farm on the right bank of the Chico, until the ebbing tide had bared the wide quicksands. Romera picked a safe way over, late in the afternoon, and they stopped for the night at Gondille's sheep farm. Chace kept a sharp lookout for treasure chests. He still thinks Gondille kept that gold in his shack, in spite of all his digging on the twenty-eighth. Chace "chummed up" here right away with an Irish navvy whom they called Casey. That was not his right name. He had assumed it for his credit's sake, hoping to be mistaken for a black sheep of a wealthy family on the Pampa Central, "back of B.A." He said he had travelled widely. Chace asked, had he seen the Pyramids. "My God, how they bite!" he said. Casey gave Chace an old saddle when they parted, and they turned up a pair of stirrups and a cinch. Ribera rode bastos. Chace was not gaucho enough for that. "I never got where I rode bastos for fun."

They found the track climb gradually up, first over a wide step, where the boat's crew had taken the wild sheep, then on up, over step after step, miles wide some of them. The edge of each step ahead Chace took to be the top of the country, till they had mounted the rise, and he saw another.

The twisty trail they followed lay on pebbly, hard-packed surface like that first Pampa Triste. Chace was to find, in later years, all the long gradual slope, down from the western mountains to the coast, wear that same pebbly cloak, interrupted here and there by a patch of fine clay or a sandy patch or a salty hollow, "shinin' like snow."

He was to find it stretch south to the Straits, and as far north as he ever rode. It stretches farther—all the way to the Río Negro—stretches unaccountably over all the upheaved old sea bottom between the Cordillera and the present sea: over all that great depth of mountain waste from some ancient Cordillera, spread out layer on

layer, partly below the ancient water line, partly above it, as sand and gravel and clay, weighting the deck of the continent until one would think the old granite ship must have got a bad list.

The continent did settle and let the sea wash a long way inland, and then heaved up and pushed it back, and settled again, and again heaved up. And it did this rather unevenly, as if it had a tendency to break up. The going-down of big blocks made basins, some without outlet, hundreds of feet deep, sunken deserts, glary with crusted salt, which were to become unpleasantly familiar to Chace. He found old tools in one once, where men had been prospecting for saltpetre. The going-up of blocks made little plateaus.

The hard-packed pebbly cover of to-day's pampa protects all the heaped sandstone and limestone and shale from the weather, after a fashion, back to where its armor scales lap up over wide sheets of basalt, which protect what is under them still better, as there is need there, where it is high and somewhat wet.

The weather has got through even the basalt armor, and has left deep scars: dry canyons, some of those scars, and some, canyons with rivers in them. Both of them puzzled Chace—the dry canyons because he could see no source for water to make them, the wet ones because they are so poor in branches. He did not know of a final layer spread on all those other layers, a thick sheet of ice, in the wetness of whose going-off a thousand such canyons as those dry ones had been dug, and much of the high basalt thinly sprinkled with ice-mailed pebbles. It is shrunk back now, the ice sheet, to the high UNEXPLORED white barrier, where it lies, thousands of feet thick still, reaching down icy fingers to lake and river heads.

As for the wet canyons, he knew about the lakes they drained and the melting ice that fed the lakes, but he did not realize how little water the pampa had to contribute along the river courses. There was water where some lava sheet, all cracked and porous, lay bare to the weather,

and could sponge up the rain and snow that fell, and feed it out slowly underneath. And there was water that had somehow got in between impervious layers near the mountains and seeped down, a long way east, to ooze out where the layers came to light on canyon sides and steep edges. He was to find the canyons green and bushy with big bush where they had water in their bottoms or springs on their sides, but the others would have that same desolate look the upland wears. There were wide white spots on some of those green bottoms, where guanacos had come to die by thousands.

They call all the country "pampa" up to the lake ends, and much of the high flat surface beyond they often call "pampa," too, a rather inappropriate name it seems for any of the country, but the name is stamped on it. Much of the pampa is dotted over with various kinds of yellow bunch grass and dark bushes—some very curious bushes—and run over by ostriches and guanacos, and pumas hunting them, and little gray foxes and armadillos and little rodents in countless numbers, all helping carrion hawks and condors clean up after the pumas and scavenge after accident and famine and disease and old age—run over now by millions of sheep, besides, and hundreds of thousands of horses and bullocks for the working of the sheep.

That old amphibious sea bottom, sloping from the Cordillera, steps down wide regular steps into the canyons that gash it—an aspect quite apart from the stepped look the blocks and basins give. Toward the sea, the old surface breaks down in steps wider than the canyon terraces, leagues wide with ragged edges. You will see a detached block out in front of a steep edge, standing alone, like those pillars of earth workmen leave, where they are excavating, for the engineers to measure their work by. You will find a long flat-topped cape reach out from one step's edge, resting on the tread of another, washed by air instead of water.

That is what we make of this country from Chace's answers to my many questions, and what we have seen

and read of it, plus the probabilities. The treads of those steps, we suppose, are old sea beaches, and the rises old sea cliffs made when the sea had opportunity to beat its way inland at those levels. The old granite ship has gone down by the bows enough to let the sea flood through the Straits and cut off Tierra del Fuego. On its starboard side its hills are islands now, its valleys, fjords. On its port side the sea backs into wide-spaced valley mouths in shallow estuaries.

Chace and Romera, riding along the surface of one step some leagues back from the sea and hundreds of feet above it, found their trail enter a breach in a cape that reached a long way out on their step from the edge of a higher one. They rode a level half league in the defile and came out into a wide bay, all green round the edges from springs that oozed out part way up the rise of that higher step. A Falkland Islander, Wallace, ran three or four thousand sheep in there, on camp that people called the Gap Station from that breach. There were two other Falkland Islanders, Kyle and Frazier, each with as many sheep as Wallace, directly ahead on that higher step. Their camp was embayed in a still higher step, and, like his, watered by springs about the edges.

Romera stopped at all the shanties, and then the two climbed steeply up a final rise; and in a short flat mile or two, dropped steeply down into a depression five or six miles wide, sunk very deep, almost to sea level. Innumerable springs broke out on the side, but there seemed to be no water running except on very short stretches. There was a small lagoon or two, up valley, and there were larger ones out toward the sea. The bay of San Julián backs in through low country to the bottle neck of this big depression, which they call the Gran Bajo de San Julián. There was a network of dry channels that ran between the bay's head and the nearest of the lagoons. Chace nearly lost his life once, swimming his horse in one of those, running full in the spring tide when he was trying to rescue a too venturesome point of sheep out there. He has known three

thousand to be overwhelmed by the sea on those low flats.

The two men crossed the bajo in a dry part, riding among round sandstone hills, like mushrooms, some of them. Romera pointed out lion caves in the bajo sides. Chace was to do his first puma hunting there. They rode on up into a breach in the wall on the far side, that let them through into the little Cañadón Paraguay, green and well watered. It seemed to lie almost parallel with the bajo. They camped there that night at a shepherd's puesto, and the next day made the steepest climb that Chace had ever seen a horse make, up onto a ridge as high as the high south side of the bajo. The ridge was flat on top, rather narrow where they were, and wider toward the sea. They looked southward across the shepherd's canyon and across another ridge like theirs, which divided his little canyon from the bajo, to level sky line beyond. Northward they could see farm buildings and paddocks below them in the bottom of a deeper canyon, greener than the shepherd's. Both canyons lie almost parallel, and debouch into the bajo just before they reach the sea.

Romera said that the estancia down there belonged to another Falkland Islander, Monroe, who ran twenty thousand sheep, and that the Cañadón Paraguay was named for an old Indian shepherd of his. It was Monroe's sheep that Chace was after, that time, out on the "sands of Dee."

BUT Chace and Romera had not hurried on so fast as we have. Everything was new to Chace. It puzzled him to see no sheep or mares or bullocks in all those leagues they rode, from the Río Chico to the Gran Bajo, except a tied saddle horse or two near a shanty, and a dressed sheep's carcass hung not so high but that hens continually flew up to have a peck at it. Even to-day, when the land is all fenced right up to the Cordillera, and grazed by all those so-called domesticated animals, you may ride all day

and see nothing but guanaco and ostrich. The reader must not let those fences disturb him overmuch in anticipation. They are leagues and leagues apart, and a man can lay them down and ride over them, and the long smooth wires, that run through holes in posts set wide apart, will spring up behind him, taut as ever.

It was getting dark when Romera pushed through that breach in the wall on the far side of the bajo and rode into the little Cañadón Paraguay, and stopped at the shepherd's shanty. The old Indian was not there, but he came riding up very soon with his dogs, took one look at the hungry men, said, "Caramba! I must get meat," and rode off with one dog toward a point of about twenty sheep that were feeding high above them. Chace thought, "The dog will help him run down a sheep and catch it." But to his amazement, the dog went off all by himself, worked around behind the sheep, drove them all down to the shanty, and held them there, without the Indian's apparently doing anything about it. All the sheep that Chace had seen at home had passed through Armour's hands. Even the sheep he got weekly of Don Pedro for the brig captain's wife was mutton when he saw it.

The Indian dove into the point, dragged out a fat wether, slit his throat, snatched him half out of his skin, disarticulated all the ribs on one side from the backbone, along with the fore shoulder, skewered the meat, still warm and quivering, on a flat rod, and stuck the iron into the ground at a surprising distance from a little fire he had built outside. "It looked pretty savage," Chace says, "to eat meat cooked alive like that, all quiverin' and jerkin'." Before the Indian skewered the meat, he had cut free the ribs that would shield the underside of the shoulder from the fire and let them hang down. He set it bone-side to the fire, and when it got heated through so that the side away from the heat, up wind, if you please, began to show drops of moisture, he turned it, and raked the fire nearer to brown it. It was a slow process.

They all took mate, of course, while the meat was

roasting. The old Paraguayan was more particular in making his than the men at the Paso had been. He partly filled his silver-mounted gourd with yerba out of a skin of an unborn foal, yerba that had come down from his own country in bull hides, poured in cold water to soak up the crisp crushed leaves, thrust in a silver and gold bombilla tube which he drew from his boot, sucked out and spit out that first filling, and then poured in hot water, not quite boiling, took a pull at the bitter stuff himself, and passed it round. Chace tried it once again, but he was not yet ripe for it.

After a very long time, the Indian said, "Bueno, it's ready," pulled out his long knife, and cut off a chunk from the shoulder. Romera pulled out his, and cut off a chop. They found a knife for Chace, and he cut into the shoulder. He found the meat as juicy and sweet-flavored as an orange, and very tender.

A year or two after that Chace was roasting his own meat quite as fresh as the Indian's, and even eating raw mutton at a pinch, being caught in a cave one night where there was not a scrap of fuel, "not a fistful of dung, even," for miles around—or, after twenty hours without food, a raw kidney plucked from an ostrich stalled in the snow. And as for that dog's work—"my dog Spring, he was a lot smarter 'n that. I'd go to the door of the shanty and begin sharpenin' my knife on the steel, and Spring he'd start off—maybe have to go two or three miles before he found a point of sheep. He'd round 'em up and fetch 'em down and hold 'em till I got ready to pick out one for dinner. Two hours, maybe, he'd hold 'em there, huddled up—Spring walkin' round and round 'em."

Old Paraguay was killed a year or two after Chace first saw him, by a fellow angered over nothing. Killings often have no cause down there. He went into a boliche, with a strip of horsehide under his arm, and laid it down on the counter, while he had a drink. An Argentine picked up the hide and started out with it. They exchanged a few mild words. Paraguay grabbed the

hide from the Argentine's hand. The Argentine went on out, waiting round till Paraguay stepped through the doorway, and killed him.

Romera and Paraguay had twenty or thirty silent mates around the morning fire and then Romera and Chace made the steep climb over the top of that high spur ahead of them, and in a league or two came down into the canyon wide and green, where Monroe's farm buildings and paddocks were.

CHACE stopped at Monroe's to wait for Young Heysen to pick him up and take him out to that virgin camp of his. He spent the time making gates and doing odd carpentry jobs. Monroe needed the ship's carpenter and his tools badly and tried hard to get them away from Heysen. He pictured Heysen as half mad, and the camp he had taken up as so remote and rough and wild that no man who was not half mad would think of running sheep there. Chace had snapped up that first chance to get away from Santa Cruz, knowing nothing of the man or the job or of other possibilities. He did not particularly like Heysen and he did like Monroe, but he had given his word and he was in for it.

Monroe had come out from Scotland, as a shepherd, to the Falklands, and worked up into partnership there—a little fellow with a big red beard and a stammer. He knew more about sheep, Chace thinks, than any man he met in all the time he was in Patagonia. He had come over in the *Rippling Wave*, with some of the firm's sheep, and when Chace first met him had more than twenty thousand in unfenced camp, coarse-haired Falkland Island sheep crossed with merinos from the North.

There had been a little rush of Scots from the Falklands to Patagonia about that time. Wallace may have been a sheepman like Monroe, but Frazier was a schoolmaster on the Islands, Kyle a carpenter, and Glock, mate on the *Rippling Wave*. The German captain of that vessel had remained a seaman, but her mate had bought sheep of

Monroe on one voyage and had gone ashore the next, with two tame Indians to take up a claim near him. Glock's Indians had been caught young in Tierra del, and properly tamed and taught to tend sheep in the Falklands. Wild Indians Glock had a horror of, not lessened by the sight of scars of arrow tips on the body of one of his tame ones. Glock spent some nervous hours on the beach on the site of San Julián, waiting for Monroe to respond to his smokes. Monroe lived an hour's fast ride inland. There was no house in San Julián then. Suddenly three dangerous-looking fellows appeared on the crest of a low spur that thrust out toward the bay, galloping, ponchos flung out on the wind before them. All hands scrambled into the boat and cleared away for the schooner. Glock did not venture back until Monroe and his men pulled up on the shore and he could see the big red beard through his glass and hear the laughter across the water. Monroe never tired of telling that story in his stammering, chuckling fashion.

Jim was a tall hatchet-faced fellow, unlike any other Indian Chace ever saw in Patagonia, something like our Indians. "John was a thickset fellow—big round moon face. Jim'd drink anythin' he could get hold of, drink like blazes, but John wouldn't drink at all. John told me Jim was one of the bad Indians that used to fight and steal women from other tribes. John said he knew Monroe in Tierra del and he was a good man—he never hunted the Indians down, like other white men done. He only killed an Indian once when an arrow went whizzin' by his head. Jim and John they come over with Glock and the sheep, and John he thought that much of Glock he used to call him his father. Later on Glock sold out and before he went home he give John a big troop of horses and left money in one of the stores so that John could always go and get clothes. He didn't tell him he wa'n't never comin' back. John waited round about a year, askin' everybody when Glock was comin' back. At last somebody said, 'He ain't never comin' back. He's married and goin' to stop in Scot-

land.' And John took to his bed, and wouldn't get up or eat or anythin'. He got so weak the boss he was workin' for was afraid he'd die, so he told him he had news that Glock was comin' in a few months. John got right out of bed and got his troop together, and was all right till by and by somebody else told him it was a lie, and he took to his bed and died there."

Frazier, the schoolmaster, bought out another Scotchman, Hope, who had come down from Chubut a year or two's drive overland, with merinos. The adobe igloo that Hope had built was still standing, and the tin shack that replaced it was only a year old when Chace got there. The igloo looked so much like a beehive that it gave the name *La Colmena* to Frazier's camp, which that section still bears, even now when the tin shack has given place to a fine manor house. When Chace came by with Ribera, he crawled in at the hive-hole, and pictured those rough fellows, squatting round a smoky fire, drinking their mate, and swapping yarns, until at the barking of the dogs they would come swarming out on all fours to see what was in the wind. Young Frazier told Chace he'd have to be careful not to break any bones now that Hope had gone away. "Hope was a regular bone-setter. It run in his family. When he set a broken leg it'd heal without a limp."

A number of other Scotchmen came down from the North at about the time Hope did, some of them from as far as the *Río Negro*, driving merinos, stopping for the lambing and the shearing, and leaving their names on the water holes—Jimmison's Water, Swankey's Water. The flocks increased on that two and three years' journey at much the same rate that they did when the men took out fixed camp. Jimmison drove all the way down into the Coyle. McGeorge and Mackaye and Swankey went on beyond him. The last to come down in that nomad style were Cameron and McIntosh, who had passed through the year before Chace came.

There had been sheep in Chile and *Tierra del* in considerable numbers long before any of these men

settled north of the border, but none were driven northward until many years after Chace arrived. He saw one big drive on its way from the Straits up to the Rio Aisén on the west coast, north of Lago Buenos Aires. It came through in droves of twenty thousand. "An Irishman named Ryan was in charge. Everybody knew him. He sent ahead and told the new bolichero on the south side of the Sandy Cruz that he mustn't sell liquor to none of his men. Then a point come along and camped. And there was a Chilote that swum across to Doña Gregoria's, seven hundred yards it was, walked up and had a few drinks, and swum back with a bottle. That water's tooth-chatterin' cold, too. Them Chilotes are like seals. They swim all round their island."

The merinos from the North had been bred in unfenced country, were accustomed to feeding in big points, and were easy to handle in this unfenced camp. The Falkland Island sheep had been bred behind fences, were accustomed to spreading out widely, and were very hard to handle. As to breed, neither was entirely satisfactory, but the cross between fine merino and coarse Falkland Island was.

All the farms had horses and bullocks for handling the sheep and their wool, and there were those one or two men, well back from the coast, who ran mares or bullocks. The Indians had mares only. Chace thinks nobody north or south of Santa Cruz had as many sheep as Monroe, and most had only a few, three or four thousand.

Chace was quite unaware that that meeting with Monroe would foredoom him to thirty years in Patagonia.

CHAPTER IV ON VIRGIN RANGE

AT the end of two weeks a clumsy bullock cart came creaking, jolting, down Monroe's canyon. Chace had heard the screech of the mutton-greased axles long before it came in sight. A horseman riding alongside called, "Paloma! Paloma!" and goaded his dove, as they call the white bullock in a lead yoke, to haw the cart in among Monroe's carts by the corral. It would have been "Charoll!" the black bullock, if he had had to gee.

This stocky weatherbeaten young Dane, addressing Chace in an Oxford accent, through a screen of red moustache, between the drooping ends of it, hardly looked the madman Monroe had made him out to be. Monroe had said he was one of three mad brothers. Before Monroe left the Falkland Islands the naked body of the eldest had been found one night by the full of the moon, hung on a fence that crossed a tidal flat, as if the poor fellow had gone out for a swim in the icy water off that coast. This Young Heysen had come riding into Monroe's one day astride a razor-backed old horse with no sign of gear except his picket line. He said he had found a patch of grass big enough to hold the horse for the night, had piled his gear against a bush and then lighted that same bush to warm himself.

There could be no doubt of the soundness of the cart: rudely built, hung between two wheels so big it was no easy matter to get them off for greasing—Heysen never did; tongue made fast to body and heavy axle; yokes lashed tight to the bullocks' horns with long rawhide strips belayed about them. Heysen had an extra horse for Chace and they were soon on their way to the port. Every jolt of the cart jerked the tongue one way or another along with the yoke lashed to it. Heysen's tame wheel bullocks let their necks give to the yokes.

"A wild one holds his stiff, so't his horns get sore at the base. And when you undo his lashin's and let him out, at the end of a march, he comes for you. If you haven't time to get up into the cart, you'll have to dive under it, and he'll get down on his knees and look for you there, his eyes glarin'." The lead yoke pulled on a twisted cord of rawhide and escaped all that wrenching. Heysen's goad was a long bamboo pole with a nail in the end of it. You find the hide of an obstinate bullock punched so full of holes that it is worthless.

Heysen's father was dead, and his English mother, who owned a little island off the Falklands, used to send him money, with which he got provisions out from England. He had come down this time to get some stuff from Reed's boliche, and his share of the *Crossowen's* dump on the beach. Tom and Cameron stocked Reed's place, still the only house on the bay. Reed had started the boliche when he was crippled for gaucho work. He had been dragged by his horse, hung up by one stirrup, and using his hands to protect his face until all the flesh was torn off them, had come out of it with a strange pair of claws. "He could turn them claws to anythin'—carpenterin', blacksmithin', or the like o' that. You'd wonder how he could hold onto tools with his hands all twisted out of shape." The bushes must have tweaked his sandy beard in that dragging. It was long like Monroe's. All the Scotch beards that linger in Chace's memory are long and red. He checked his own every Saturday.

Chace wanted to buy a guanaco capa at the store to supplement his overcoat and single blanket, but Heysen dissuaded him, telling him that he would need no more than he had, on the way, and that there were Indians on his land who would sell a better capa for half the money, or he could shoot the guanacos himself and pay for the sewing up of the regular quota of skins with as many more. That primitive little camel and the little ostrich, scaled down for these high latitudes, running together like the guanaco's big descendant and the big

ostrich in lower latitudes in Africa, had interested Chace from his first scouting day on the Pampa Triste. He was looking forward to hunting them both.

The first night out they camped in Cañadón Monroe just above the estancia. That was the only way to the back country. Heysen picketed out the bullocks he had with him and set out to hunt a pair he had lost. Chace spent a wakeful night alone with Heysen's Winchester beside him. He did not know just what those lions might be like, though he thought they were probably pretty well fed with so many ostriches and guanacos and sheep about. He could hear the foxes barking, "Quon, quon." They call that fox "Don Juan." Chace did not see much of him on that journey, but he got intimate with him later on as he did with the guanaco and the ostrich.

Heysen got in by daylight without the bullocks, and they went on. They camped that night on a high pampa between Monroe's canyon and another called Cañadón Oronaïke—the place of the huróns—named for an odd beast, like a diminutive badger.

They had stopped at a big incensio bush that stood alone in the middle of the pampa, and had come to be called the "mata bombilla" because all passers-by stopped there to rest their animals, shelter from the wind and take mate.

One of the bullocks was sick and again Heysen went hunting the strays and was gone all night. The third camp was high on the Pampa Rubia, on the edge of the Gran Bajo de San Julián, a long way up it. Chace could see no reason for calling that pampa "red." There was a cold south wind blowing—with snow in it, a hangover from winter. Heysen set to work roasting a shoulder of mutton and baking a mess of dough in the ashes, heedless of the snow, and after they had eaten, went to sleep on the windward side of the fire, lying on his back. "He had nothin' but a cotton shirt on above the waist, and that open. I could see the snowflakes fallin', meltin' on his hairy chest. I was sittin' shiverin' to

leeward in my overcoat and blanket, with my teeth chatterin' all night, cursin' him. That man wa'n't human." Chace needed more clothes that second winter than he had the first—in fact was never again able to do with so few. Later on when he had to live for many months at a stretch on nothing but meat and mate his blood got to be so slow in coagulating that even small cuts were very troublesome.

They had that dough and mutton cold in the morning and nothing more until late afternoon, when they stopped at the Spring of the Bones, where the ground was white with guanaco and mare bones from Indian butcherings. Chace minded the twelve hours between meals then—before he had learned to take mate. There Heysen was off again all night, hunting bullocks. It was nearly noon when he got back, still without them. He bade Chace leave the cart and ride on while he continued his hunt. "You head for that hill," he said, pointing to one on the horizon, "and when you get there, you head for a bigger hill that you'll see across the Cañadón Seco—the dry canyon—and when you get to that, you'll be right on top of my shanty."

Chace rode by the first hill and came almost immediately to the bank of a swift stream. There was a bigger hill on the further side but no dry canyon anywhere in sight. He thought he would ford if it was not too deep, and ride up the higher hill to have a look for the dry canyon. The water came well up to his saddle tree, but he got across all right and found horse tracks and sheep tracks where he came out. Instead of climbing the hill, he followed the tracks round the base of it at a venture, and came on a shanty, a little sheep dip, thorn-bush shearing corrals, and a man.

The man proved to be Heysen's young shepherd, Monty Miller. Chace's spirits rose at the sight of Monty's quite sane blue eyes, and trim moustache above high-collared poncho, navy blue, flapping red in the wind. They laughed over the boss' Cañadón Seco. Monty said he'd probably forgotten this was the wet

month, he was so absent-minded; and as for the bullocks, he might go within a hundred yards of them, looking in all the places he had ever found them in before, and never see them. Monty and Chace would have to go out in the morning to help him.

MONTY had come out from England to the Falklands to work for Monroe's partner, Blake, and after a year or two of shepherding there behind fences, had been sent over in the *Rippling Wave* to help Monroe on that unfenced Patagonia frontier. Blake had no idea how hard the conditions were over there, and Monty's guileless letters—about how many sheep died off the dip, how many the lions killed, how he had been out day after day hunting strays and never finding them—brought Blake over in a rage. And when Blake left, Monty got the sack for spying. Chace thought he might have had a sunny disposition before that, but brooding on his ill luck in that lonely camp had made a moody fellow of him.

They talked about their respective countries and traded tales about Odysseus and Buffalo Bill, and Achilles and Jesse James. There were books in the shanty and they unloaded a box of books from the bullock cart when it came in. Heysen's mother had sent them out. Chace's favorites in that library were *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. They still are his favorites. He recalls their power over two travellers who stopped a month with Heysen, "lettin' their horses spell," the only visitors Heysen had in the eighteen months Chace worked there, a German and a Scotchman from the north. The German took to reading *Huckleberry Finn*, lying in a nest of sheepskins on the dirt floor of the shanty. "The Scotchman he says to me, 'The feller's gone off his head. He's chuck, chuck, chuckin' all the time.' 'That's Mark Twain he's readin', che,' I says. When the Scotchman got a chance at it you'd ought to a heard him haw-haw-hawin'. 'Who's crazy now?' I says."

Mrs. Heysen used to send out a dozen books at a time,

every chance she got, which might be two or three times a year. When they arrived, Heysen would read the whole dozen straight through, sleeping not more than two hours a night and doing nothing during the day but read. He kept a slush lamp beside his sheepskins and a big can of grease so that he could replenish the lamp when it got low. In the daytime, he would say he was going out to do some work, stuff a book into his pocket, walk a few yards from the shanty, sit down in the lee of a bush, and go on reading. His talk was limited in Chace's memory to "Rather!" and "Quite!"

Monroe had told Chace that old Heysen had brought this second son over to Santa Cruz with a couple of thousand sheep and seven or eight hundred gold sovereigns, told him that was his share of the family estate, and left him to shift for himself. Young Heysen had left the sheep to shift for themselves until he lost most of them and most of the gold as well, and then he got another lift from home to buy a point of those merinos from the North when that last drive of them reached San Julián, and McIntosh and Cameron sold out there. Heysen did no work—"left it all to me and Monty. He'd often be down to Monroe's, hangin' round. The last I heard, he was just a tramp."

Heysen had taken out eight leagues of camp, but he had not run any boundaries. In those days you would choose from a rough land-office map a block that you wanted and get a lawyer in Buenos Aires to take it out for you, giving him power of attorney. You could rent it for twenty years at two hundred pesos a league, and at the end of that time you might buy half of it. It was customary to graze over many more leagues than you took out. Some of the men who took up claims ran a rough private survey. Chace had it once from a Buenos Aires engineer that, if enough people should come in to make necessary a careful survey, much confusion would result. When more people did come in and fences began going up between adjacent holdings, a man often learned from the Government engineers that a lagoon or

stream upon which he was depending for water lay on his neighbor's land, especially when the other fellow could bribe higher, or higher up. A man who had relatives in the land-office at B.A. told Chace that he could do more business up there in ten minutes than other people could in three months—he didn't have to begin his bribing at the door. That land-office map was pretty rough. You might have chosen what you thought to be block number seven and find that you had got block number nine. "There was always fightin' goin' on about boundaries, and movin' fences back and forth. There still is a proper war goin' on about boundaries all the time."

Two canyons on Heysen's camp met at a wide angle. There was lush green meadow at the junction, nearly a mile wide, that spread up the small canyon, and up and down the large one, the Cañadón Mulakaïke. All Heysen's sheep grazed on the sides or in the bottoms. Springs broke out on the sides of the Mulakaïke. Some of them ran shallow streams three or four feet wide and there was enough water to keep a large brook running down the stem of the Y all the year. Small lagoons rippled under the wind, here and there, their reedy edges alive with ducks and geese.

There was no shotgun on the place, nothing but Heysen's Winchester rifle. Monty had never fired a gun in his life. Heysen had no use for one. They were both content with mutton, and got their lions with poison. Chace was a proper Esau. He took down that difficult fowling-piece and set out with it for the nearest lagoon the first chance he got. An old dog of Monty's took note and followed at his heels. They went crawling through the rushes together, old Laird keeping close behind Chace, and brought home a headless bird or two. Chace did not know then how tough a grown avutarda, as they call those great white geese, can be, nor how easily at the right season a horseman can club a half dozen big fat juicy young ones, feeding back on the meadow.

He always took the Winchester after that, and Laird always followed him, whether for hunting birds or sticking up lions or just herding sheep. They got their first flamingo on one of those lagoons. "There was a lot of them red water lice on that lagoon and almost any day there'd be from twenty to fifty flamingos feedin' there. You'd find them lice in their stomachs. I always thought the flamingos was redder where they'd been eatin' them lice." A pair of blacknecked swans built their nest on bent-down bulrushes at a safe distance from the shore of a lagoon in the Mulakaike, and it swayed gently there on restless water.

There was a spiky nest in almost every one of the many thorny bushes that grew on the drier parts of the meadow and up the canyon sides, big clumsy carancho nests, built onto year by year, until the bushes broke beneath them. Chace hates those ugly carrion hawks, with beaks repulsive green like rotten meat, waiting about for sheep to die, hooking their eyes out when they grow too weak to resist.

It was Chace's and Monty's work to confine Heysen's four thousand merinos to the Mulakaike. Chace rode the canyon edge on one side and Monty on the other every day, looking for straying tracks. If they found any, it would usually mean that a big point had strayed, for merinos graze in big points. Monty would ride after strays on his side, and if he could not overhaul them promptly, make a smoke, signalling Chace to finish his beat for him. Chace would do the same on his side. They would gather all the sheep in the late afternoon, a slow job sometimes when sheep would step off firm meadow into boggy, and have to be dragged out with lazos. Sometimes one of their horses got bogged and the other would have to drag him out. They would bunch the sheep on the side of that round hill that had guided Chace to the shanty, a big hill that sloped down into the Mulakaike on one side. They could see them there from the shanty. The dogs had to be called off at night. The sight or smell of a dog

after dark would be as likely to stampede the sheep as the sight or smell of a lion. The sheep would be restless for a while after the bunching, but presently some toward the center would begin lying down, and then more and more would lie down until they were all bedded. We asked Chace if there wasn't a pretty strong smell from those bedded sheep. He lifted his nose and snuffed—saying, "God, yes! and you soon got so't you could smell sheep leagues off, ridin' them pampas."

Chace and Monty would be riding boundary again long before daylight, starting out especially early after a moonlight night. Sheep travel on moonlight nights. Sometimes the whole flock would have started. When the men caught up with the tail end, they would turn back all that were in sight, turn them a long way back. Then one would go ahead at the gallop. The other would join him as soon as he could, if the point behind were quiet and feeding well. If they did not come up with the strays by an hour before sundown, they would go back to the shanty and turn in, and start out again next day. Sheep travelling on their own will go farther in three hours than you can drive them in a day. When you drive them, they weave back and forth, but on their own they go in a straight line at a steady trot, grabbing mouthfuls of grass without stopping. You would never overhaul them if it were not for the two or three hours they lose taking their noonday siesta. Often Chace and Monty would have to go back to the shanty, bed down the sheep that had stayed at home, take up their capas and start out again camping on the trail.

On their ordinary daily rounds, when either of them found a point pretty close to the boundary, he would put out his dogs and run them a long way back. "After a while, the sheep got so 't if you fetched a shout, all that was within earshot would turn and run, rememberin' the doggin's they'd got."

Two men would have had their hands full herding a thousand Falkland Island sheep in that camp of Heyesen's, but the whole merino flock would often be in sight from a

high enough point, feeding within a league. "We had a pretty narrow squeak one day when Monty and I was out lookin' for sheep. One side the canyon there was great high cliffs, and the wind and water had washed out down below the cliffs and wore it all away in under. The cliffs must have been two hundred feet high, and they run out in a point in one place and it overhung. By ridin' out on the point we could look both ways, so we rode out lookin' for strays, and looked off all round, and we couldn't see no sheep, so we rode back, and we hadn't gone fifty yards, and we heard a rumble and a crash and we looked round, and there was a cloud goin' up to the sky, and this here cliff that we'd been standin' on had tumbled off. I suppose our ridin' started it."

They did not have to watch down valley. The boss had an agreement with an old Indian who lived in a branch canyon down that way: his people turned back any strays that came by them and had a wether for their pains when they wanted it. That canyon is marked Ferrero on some maps for the old Indian.

Monty had a troop of his own horses for the use of which Heysen paid him. Chace had no horse. Heysen turned over to him some mares he had from old McIntosh.

Mac had come down with his merinos, riding mares. He had eight or ten and a stud which Heysen had bought along with the sheep. Mac and his partner could not afford saddle horses—had put all their money into the stud and the sheep. When they were camped near the last boliche on that drive McIntosh had ridden over with all their money to buy provisions, and being very thirsty had drunk it all up and come back empty-handed, so that they had had to live on meat and salt the better part of a year.

Beside the mares Heysen had bought a troop of young Indian-tamed horses from Ferrero. They also fell to Chace. Horses that Indians have tamed snort and blow at a white man. Monty was afraid of them.

Chace did not start in on them. When he did venture to ride a tall zaino of that troop, all went well for a mile's gallop down the canyon in that old saddle he had of Casey when he started on his travels, a bare tree held on by a canvas cinch passing over the seat. But when an armadillo scooted out from under the horse's feet, the cinch broke and Chace shot over the zaino's head and landed in a heap, still gripping the high pommel in one hand and the reins in the other. The bridle broke too. The Indians balled the horse three days later out on the pampa.

"Everybody said I couldn't never ride that horse again but I said I'd get even. There was a patch of clay in front of the shanty, that soft a horse'd sink into it up to his fetlocks. There was a little patch of bulrushes in the middle of it that you could stand on dry. I geared him up and led him out onto that little patch. Then I swung into the saddle. The minute I swung in he jumped and landed in that soft clay. I had Monty's rebenque and I whipped him. I kept him from gettin' onto the dry patch—kept on whippin' him and makin' him try to jump till he'd learned his lesson good."

CHACE had no dog of his own, but that old bird dog, Laird, served him as well as he could at his age. None of Monty's dogs were good at tracking lions, but they could always be depended on not to pass a lion sleeping off his gorge in a bush upwind of them. The lion seeks shelter from rain or snow under the outward arching matted branches of the tall incensio—good substitutes for caves on that camp where caves are scarce—but he usually sleeps off his gorge in the middle of a mata negra. That bush, as it grows in circumference, dies at the center and makes good hiding for a lion who has knocked down the dead wood there. When a lion jumped clear of his bush and went bounding off, the dogs would chase him till his wind gave out in two or three hundred yards, and stick him up, keeping at a safe distance from the

monster six-foot tabby, backed up against another thorny bush, spitting at them until Chace came up with the Winchester.

The condors served Chace and Monty for scouting planes signalling killings. They looked like swallows at the height they circled, but more nearly their full size when they came gliding down on wide black wings—a big one may measure twelve feet from tip to tip. You could not be sure that a lion had left his kill until they settled. The men might find a dozen carcasses lying about at the place signalled, and, a hundred yards away, in some wind-scooped hollow or under the lee of a bush, at the end of a broad track, come upon a hummock of grass and twigs under which the lion had hidden a carcass of a fine fat yearling, so cleverly that they might have missed it, riding by.

They would uncover this and poison the brisket and the inside of the hind legs, with strychnine dragged through cuts on the end of a moistened twig. Then they would cover the cache, and skin and burn all the carcasses that the condors had not cleaned up.

Chace thinks the poison works out all through the carcass. At any rate when the law allowed strong strychnine they nearly always found the lion close by the poisoned carcass. He would start to eat below the breastbone, chew off the soft end of a rib or two and get at the liver and heart.

They died harder on the weaker poison of later days. "I have followed one three miles before he died. I see he'd been there and et, and I went a little ways farther and see where he'd been tearin' up the ground with his claws and bitin' bushes. Then he went on. A lion that's been eatin' strychnine will always go for the nearest water. I knew where the nearest water was, so after I found where he dug up the ground I'd start straight for the spring and every little ways I'd find where he'd been rollin' and tearin' up the ground on account of the pain. Well, he got to the spring and he was there dead, with his head right in the spring where he drank and died. A lot

of 'em you don't get because they go away and fall into some hole or bush and you don't find 'em. You might run across the skeleton a year after and find out where they died.

"Most always the lion 'll come back to his cache, maybe not for a week. I've known it to be two weeks, but he'll come back when he's hungry. I've got four at one carcass, a he-one, a she-one, and two cubs. Once in a while an old he-one that's had a little dose will come and smell and not touch. I've known a lion to swim a big river when there wa'n't no sheep on the side he lived on, and kill on my side, leavin' mud on the carcass. I could see his tracks in the mud on the bank comin' and goin'. And I've got him two or three weeks after, come back to get the sheep he'd covered.

"The carcasses don't decay much in the winter time. They dry up. I've seen where he's killed a sheep and et into it so it had bled, and it laid out in the wind and looked just as fresh after a couple of weeks as meat in a butcher shop. The reason why a lion don't come back to his cache right away might be, for instance, the weather might be bad and a lion don't like to go out in the wet no more'n a tabby, and he might find a fat sheep on his way out to his cache. The next time the live sheep might be a long way off and he'd be glad to have his cache handy.

"The foxes'll come to a kill straight away. The first one to smell it quacks, callin' all the others to follow him, but they don't bother the lions' caches much. When they do, the lions surprise 'em sometimes. I've found a couple of times where they got too close, and the lion had made a swipe at him, and you'd think somebody'd taken a knife and cut the whole length of him. He must have done it with that big claw on the fore foot that hangs down loose. When you kill one, you clean that claw off, and have it for a watch charm. The natives call that claw 'uña cazador,' the hunter's claw, what they hook with. It hangs like the loose claw on a dog. If it hooks in anythin', it grips. It'll slit down like it was a

knife cuttin'. When they strike, it hangs like a loose fishhook, and that's what they hold an animal with. The other claws are like a cat's. When all the other claws are wore down, this one'll be awful big. I suppose he pulls his claws in some while he's walkin', but when he's climbin' a cliff, he has to use 'em.

"A full grown lion has got tushes an inch and a quarter longer than his other teeth, but you find 'em wore down even, in an old fellow."

Ferrero's people had hunted the ostriches and guanacos thereabouts so much that Chace had no opportunity to watch or hunt them. His memories of certain quail and snipe are more vivid. The quail nest on the bare pampa but they camouflage their nests so well and the female squats so quietly and is so well camouflaged herself that you might pass within a yard and never see her. Toward evening the male will show you where she is. He will fly up fifteen or twenty feet, come fluttering down beside the nest calling, "Vaca, vaca, vaca—Cow, cow, cow" and then up again, keeping it up for two or three hours sometimes. You hear the snipe call all night long, "Pirotas, pirotas—beans, beans." He rises straight up from his nest, high in the air, and then comes tacking down in such wide sweeps you think he means to land fifty yards to one side or the other, but on the last tack he always comes down close beside the nest.

BEFORE shearing Heyesen got in a couple of Indians to look after the sheep and released Chace and Monty to take the horse cart down to the port after provisions. The Indians came riding in, bareback, on narrow-chested pingos—big dark fellows, those Tehuelches, half naked, fur robes, caught about their waists, let fall behind them, wide cotton breeches and strange-looking hairy boots tied at the knees with gay cords, red and blue tasselled. Chace found that boot to be the skin of a mare's hind leg peeled off in a sleeve, the cup of the hock

serving as heel. Their hair fell to their shoulders, straight and black and shiny with ostrich grease, kept out of Mongol eyes by woven bands about their foreheads.

Chace and Monty loaded the horse cart with lion and sheepskins, not so many lionskins as they might have had if those of poisoned lions had been acceptable. The sheepskins were from lions' kills, and from butcherings; from sheep grown so fat that they had fallen dead in stampedes; from sheep lying maimed or killed under cliffs, fallen over in a blind rush or scared over by a swooping condor; from all the winter-killed, found early enough to yield whole skins—when it was too late for skinning they would boot off the fleece.

The horse cart was even more odd-looking than the bullock cart: about eighteen by six, big heavy shafts made fast to body and axle, and big wheels, usually seven feet, but sometimes ten. The bigger the wheels, the drier the fording and the easier the hauling. The animals they used, except for the shaft horse and leader, were the untamables, called the "reservados," the kind of horse that throws himself over backward when you put the gear on him. You have to have a heavy tame horse in the shafts and a tame leader. There are no buckles or hooks or snaps anywhere: everything ties or buttons. The shaft horse wears collar and hames and heavy breeching. The leader wears collar and hames, and his long tugs pass through rings at the shaft ends. You may have two other horses wearing collar and hames outside the shafts, but usually your team of twelve or fourteen will be hitched by rawhide lazos en échelon like a flight of geese: one lazo to each horse, one end buttoned to one side of a tight cinch, the other to a heavy beam across the front of the cart or into a ring at the axle end. They all wear halters made fast toward the center. "Them criollos ain't built right for collars and don't pull good in 'em, but you have to rig a canvas breast-collar when you have one that ain't got no belly."

Monty sat high above his herd of wild horses, and well out over them, with reins to the shaft horse and the

leader in one hand and a long blacksnake in the other. There were no springs under him. Only very reckless fellows use those—you are likely to be bounced off and run over. You supplement the reins sometimes with strips of rawhide to the halter-rings of some of your wildest, and when you have to come about, haul round the heads of those on that side, and take a turn or two on a stake before you begin pulling on the reins. "When you want to stop, you speak to the shaft horse—he's always waitin' for it—and he'll set right down and drive his four feet in, and hang back on the breechin', and they won't drag him much."

Chace once heard a fellow say, when they asked him if he could drive one of those things, "No, but I can herd it along with the next man."

The cart sailed before the wind with all tugs slack on smooth pampa on the way down, but it was another story coming back against that wind, facing a fire of sand and pebbles as big as rice grains, and dust so thick the driver could not see ten yards beyond his leader's ears. When they went down or up at all steeply, Chace rolled a bale of skins, that they kept on top for that purpose, backward or forward till they got the right balance on the shaft horse. On bad grades they chained one of the wheels.

There was a sheep's carcass for meat hung exposed on one of the after stakes. "There's only a couple of weeks in the year when there's trouble with flies. If you're afraid of flies, all you've got to do is to smear blood over the meat and you'll get a coat of hard varnish in no time at all."

They stopped the first night at the Spring of the Bones, the second near the Bajo Grande, but did not meet anyone till they got to Monroe's the third night, and the next they were at the port. Every night they kept one horse on a picket rope and hobbled all the rest.

"When we geared up the last mornin' to go to the store I left my revolver on the load. Monty was drivin'

and I was walkin' on foot. Just then a Chileno had been drinkin' the night before, and had a little hand chopper and had been away to grind it, and was comin' back. He come by us at a gallop, and Monty's dog run at his horse, and the dogs was barkin', so he lifted his hatchet, fresh ground, and threw it at a dog. Monty cursed him in Spanish. He was gallopin' to pick up the hatchet and he thought it was me that had been cursin' him. I didn't know enough Spanish then to do a proper cursin'. He grabbed the hatchet up and he says to me, 'I'll kill you!' Well, the cart was about ten yards from me. I knew if I turned he'd give it to me in the back of the head. I could see murder in his face. He set there, liftin' the hatchet a little and lowerin' it away. I just folded my arms, and I says, 'You're a brave man on horseback, you are.' I says it quiet-like in English and I watched him so if he made a swipe I could dodge it. He looked at me and then he dug his heels into his horse and rode away, and after that I carried my revolver so't I wouldn't have to run to a cart for it."

WHEN they got back, shearing began. The Indians did it, in pens enclosed by thorny hedges of dead calafate and incensio bushes dug in, one of them strengthened by two wires woven through the bushes. Two Indians sheared about a hundred and fifty sheep a day between them, under a tarpaulin. They worked barefoot and would go into the struggling confusion of sharp little hoofs, after each new victim, as unconcernedly as if they were wearing sabots. The shearer would tie three legs together while he did the sides and back. When he got to the belly he would undo the cord and hold both fore legs up by the sheep's cheek with one hand and stretch a hind leg out straight, gripping it with his great toe. The shorn sheep looked as if they had come out of molds. Chace does not remember seeing a single cut. White men shear a great many more in a day and a fast man rarely wounds an animal, even when he brings his count up

to as many as two hundred and fifty in a race, but you would never think his sheep had come from a mold.

Chace had the job of the baling of the wool, even to the making of the press. His baling box stood on end, two by two by four, all four sides independent, each with a stout cleat, top and bottom, so long that the ends of one overlapped those of another at corners, where iron bolts, dropped through holes in each pair, held the box rigid. He would set into this a square bag of burlap, sewn just the right size, and armed with spade or crowbar jam in tight-rolled fleeces, a layer at a time. When he had the bag full he would sew the top across, knock out his bolts, and stretch two wires tight round the bale, lengthwise of it. He knew the *Crossowen* charged by space, but the most he could get into one of his bales was a hundred kilos. Monty told him that four men could sweat twice as much into those same bags with Monroe's screw press.

Heysen was on such intimate terms with the Indians that Chace and Monty sometimes had to boil his clothes and theirs to make the shanty habitable. He would wander for several days at a stretch on the pampa and sleep in a skin tent on the way back. Chace always chose the lee of a bush in preference to an Indian toldo, however near he might be to one, and soon came to prefer such shelter to Heysen's shanty or to any shanty when there was a crowd in it. He had bought a guanaco capa from the Indians soon after his arrival, which served him much better than his blanket and overcoat had, but how he cajoled the lice out of that he has not made clear. If it had not been for a "kind of a shudder" he has against lice he might have a more intimate story to tell the anthropologists about Tehuelche family life than he has. His visits to the toldos were briefer than Heysen's and the louse hunts following them less arduous. He did some hunting of bigger game with the Tehuelches in the open.

It was late in the year when Heysen himself went down after the winter provisions. They loaded the last of the wool onto his bullock cart for the journey sometime in May. They did not see him again until spring. The provisions got lower and lower until they were down to yerba and a very little salt. They knew that he must have lost the bullocks again and left the cart somewhere in the snow. They hoped he was enjoying his new books by Monroe's stove. They would have liked to hunt up the cart but the Indians were all gone and they could not leave the sheep.

"We was about two weeks without salt. We'd used it very careful, too. Then an Indian come along and he had just a little coarse salt in a little bag. He wouldn't eat his salt on his meat. He'd take a bite of meat and then a little chunk of salt out of his bag, and you'd hear him grindin' 'em away together. I asked him if he knew where there was any salt near by that we could get. He said he knew where there was a salt lagoon, but now it was full of water. In the summer when it dried up, you could get salt. I said, 'Take me where that lagoon is. Maybe by wadin' into it, we could get salt.' He took me out there. I stripped off, and waded in till I could feel rough on the bottom. The water was more or less up to my waist, and I reached down, and there was crystals of salt clear as window glass, just hard crystals of salt. I filled up a bag and took 'em back." About a big lagoon broken salt, pinkish sometimes, heaps in windrows on a lee shore. There will be no salt on the windward shore, but clear crystals of it under water, as was the case all round that little lagoon.

When Heysen did get back with the provisions, an old Indian, Coronado, from the Pampa Central beyond Río Negro, came by, and Heysen gave him a job helping with the lambmarking, that is, castrating the males, cutting off the tails of those that have been thoroughly castrated, and of the ewes and marking ears.

Coronado and Chace lived in a sort of dugout on a hillside, walled in and roofed with sod. Coronado was

of a different build from Ferrero's people, the Tehuelches—short legs and disproportionately big body. Chace got very friendly with Coronado, who could speak much better Spanish than the Tehuelches could. The old fellow would always get up first in the morning and look at Chace furtively. Chace would be sound asleep and snore reassuringly. Then Coronado would turn his back and Chace would see him fill his mate gourd and toss a few bits of yerba to the cardinal points, muttering.

The old man was full of tales of witches. One afternoon Chace got in ahead of him, after a rain had washed out all tracks. He dismounted at a distance from the dugout and stepping round on tufts of bunchgrass and bushes, managed to make some formidable tracks with his clenched fist and protruding thumb, leading right up to the doorway—then took cover to watch the effect. He saw Coronado come riding up, take one frightened look and gallop off at top speed. When he was out of sight Chace obliterated the tracks and when Coronado ventured cautiously back twenty-four hours later, listened with his mouth open to an account of them. He heard many tales of witchcraft on and off which seemed to him very like those he had heard at home—about an old woman who was turned into a hare, for example. A man he knew had hurt his foot and had several other accidents, and finally decided to go up north and buy the curse off. There was one Indian, called Pedro Soldado because he had been a soldier with Rosas, who was suspect, along with his dried-up little old mother. When anything went wrong in their neighborhood they would be chased off that camp.

One day Coronado undid a knotted bandanna in the dugout, full of one and two peso notes and little checks, and asked Chace to count out seventy pesos. This was a reasonable price for the horse he had a mind to buy, but the small notes made much too big a pile in his eyes and he put the money back in his bandanna, shaking his head and saying, "Mucha plata, mucha plata," and went without the horse.

Chace got all the information he could from Coronado about the Indians, and Coronado got all he could from Chace about the English. Once he asked, "In England are there many guanacos?" "No," Chace replied, "no guanacos." "In England there are ostriches?" "No, no—no ostriches." "Then there must be a great many armadillos?" "No, no armadillos." "Well, well, now I see why the poor English come here to Patagonia. They are hungry!"

CHAPTER V

INDIANS

CHACE saw no Indian encampment on his travels until he got to Heysen's, and it was some time after his arrival there before he saw that one of Ferrero's that Heysen had promised him. He was hunting strays on the high pampa one day at the bottom of the streaming ocean of wind that swept his horse's dust off to the eastward, and that of the dog that trotted at his heels. The tracks he followed led over the horizon for anything he could see to the contrary. But suddenly the pampa gaped before him and his horse stopped on the edge of Ferrero's cañadón, deep, and green in the bottom, and populous. There were a dozen skin tents beside the stream down there.

Sometimes there would be only three or four, and in the winter none. Ferrero's people would be off following the game then, and before they got back Nature would have turned on her hose and cleaned house for them. They always camped low, as near the water as they could get, and never did any house-cleaning themselves, trusting to Nature's hose and broom. When accumulated litter began to inconvenience a family it pulled up stakes. It takes an incredible number of stakes and rocks to hold one of those Tehuelche toldos: a sort of irregular mound, Chace calls it, of marehide, hair-side to the weather, stretched over a forest of crooked poles, ends projecting, guyed by a tangle of rawhide strips and braided lazos; crooked lean-tos clustered about a higher center, shaped something like the upper third of a prairie schooner. They sew the hides, wet, hair-side out, edges up, overhand seam, making the toldos as nearly waterproof as may be.

Chace always found it something of an adventure

riding into that encampment. It would look peaceful enough when he turned into the canyon from the Mulak-aike—nothing alive in sight but a tethered horse or two among the tents—and then the galgos would get wind of him, those big savage hunting dogs the Indians keep, and pandemonium would break loose. He wanted to shoot into the pack the first time, but being as much afraid of offending the masters as he was of the dogs' teeth he refrained, rode on in the midst of the uproar and stopped by a pile of gear in front of the first toldo. He stayed on his horse because he was afraid to get off, which proved to be the correct thing to do, for an Indian came out presently, clubbed off the dogs and invited him to dismount. Had he been bolder he would have had a less kindly lesson from the dogs, trying to get at his throat. They keep their distance from a mounted man. Galgos are killers, a cross between staghound and greyhound, Chace thinks.

The lee side of the toldo where the man came out was open, one of the lean-tos propped up for doorway. Thin wood smoke drifted out there, the only egress for it except by accidental gaps in the roof. Chace was bidden into the messy interior and invited to take mate with the chunkes, as they call the bucks of the family, squatted, smoking, bombachas on their legs, those same fur robes Chace had seen hanging behind the shepherds thrown about their shoulders now to keep their backs warm, naked fronts exposed to a little fire, dark smooth skins that seemed to have no hair on them. There were occasional hairs on some of their faces, and the hair of their heads hung to their shoulders, straight and black and greasy, and bound about the forehead, like the shepherds'. They were smoking Virginia octaroon pulverized and mixed with calafate wood which they took from ostrich neck bags. The lidded pipes they put it into looked like little coffins, bound with silver, about six inches long, a short straight stem sticking out from the coffin's foot. Chace thought they might be carved from calafate wood. He made his own from bulbous

parts of calafate root that has a grain something like brierwood.

The fire was a little one of three or four sticks, laid crosswise, end to end, just the ends burning. Now and then a chunke would pick up a stick, knock off the coals and shove it farther in. There was very little smoke at the level of Chace's head under the high center, but it looked smokier under the lean-tos where the chinas sat, wrapped in long strips of calico which would have fallen open if they had not held them. There were heavy silver bracelets on their wrists. China hair was as black as chunke hair and as shiny with ostrich grease, but parted and done in two braids that hung in front of silver earrings.

When one of the chinas came near Chace she said, "Consky"—which is all he ever heard a squaw say—and a little naked dog stuck his head out over a silver brooch that set her hand free, and yapped at him. Chace saw no hair on it, except a little tuft between the ears. He never saw the whole of one of those dogs, and Long Jack, a Belgian friend of his who had lived with the Indians, told him you never could see the whole of one unless you slept with a china, and then you found that that tuft was all the hair the dog had. He thought the little cuzco was hairless by nature, but the chunkes had to do a deal of plucking to get those smooth skins on their bodies. They never touched the few hairs that grew on their faces.

There were hens running about the toldo and there was a dignified rooster who seemed to lord it over the household. Chace found Chantecler in every toldo that he ever went into. Long Jack thought he had been held sacred since early days in the north country when he used to betray the Spaniards on foggy mornings to Indian war parties.

A leather bag full of ostrich grease hung near the fire: skin of a foal peeled off entire, hung by the hind legs, the slit at the rump held open with a stick. There was mare's grease, too, and mutton tallow, and there were other bags, of colt and guanaco skin, piled along the wall, fat with flour and yerba and mandioc root or what not.

And there was charqui, our jerky, hanging from cross-poles, smoke drifting through it. There was usually one iron pot—Chace never saw more than two. They stewed up all kinds of messes in it, even carancho meat, but never cooked any meat very thoroughly. An Indian must be starving hungry before he will eat meat stewed till it falls off the bone. When they were not cooking in the pot some old woman might be boiling calafate root for medicine in it, skimming off the scum with an old piece of tin bent up to form a scoop, or the whole family might be drinking mare's blood, fresh and foaming, from it. Chace once saw a Spaniard lift a fortnight's beard, dripping, from that pot. That was before the Comisario Chico, an effective little Austrian police sergeant, came to San Julián and took to flogging white men whom he found living with the Indians—it was beginning to get so difficult to tell an Indian from a European.

The Tehuelches' favorite meats were ostrich and mare. They used to seal up the ostrich rump, pecano, air-tight in his own pot, his boned body sack, with hot stones inside, and keep turning it close to the fire—a dish which Chace learned to do to perfection later on.

They did mare rump the same way, cutting a disc of hide, with the meat sticking to it, cleaning off all but a lump of the best in the middle, slitting that down in fat slices, not quite to the hide, putting hot pebbles between slices, gathering the disc of skin up in a tight sack.

You would rarely find anyone in a toldo idling for long. There was guanaco wool to be teased out with fingers—they had no cards or teazels—and spun and woven for gay saddle blankets the chinas wove. They used to pluck the wool from a carcass still warm. It comes off as easily then as feathers from a turkey in the same condition. The loom was the full width of the blanket. They wove designs, small squares and triangles, getting tawny and white from the guanaco and white and black from sheep. They used other colors

but Chace never saw the dyeing. A chunke used those blankets, one under, one over his saddle, and you would often see one on top of the mountain of stuff a china rode when the family were on the move. She would cross a bad ford fearlessly, seated up there, but she put no faith in boats. Chace squats on the floor of an imaginary barge among the horses' legs hugging himself and swaying back and forth wailing, "O mi ma la loo—oo—oo!" as he has seen and heard old chinas do while a barge swept far downstream at a crossing.

There were hides to be scraped and softened in the toldo—neatly flaked bits of bottle set in loop-shaped hafts for scrapers. They shave marehides as smooth as their plucked skins. A chunke would pull up his bombachas, stretch the hide over his bare calf and shave it with a cleaver. Hides were money. You would often see an old-timer come into a boliche, slap his wallet and say, "Set 'em up. There's hide here."

You would see an old chunke working a green hide, twisting it this way and that, all day long. He would keep it up for a week, stowing his work under a pile of hides at night to keep it moist, getting a beautiful grain. They cut the best strings for braiding lazos and harness—some of their fine work took twenty-one strands—from marehide, some distance below the back where it was thin. Old Sam Hazleup used to say that he got better strings from chunkehide in the good old days when there was a price on Ona heads down in Tierra del. Manes and tails went into fancy gear. Even the live mares had to give up their long hairs and go about rat-tailed for a time.

Their ordinary boleadora strings they spiraled from guanaco necks, or cut from marehide where it was thickest, but they used lionskin for balling to kill. That stretches and ties itself in such tight knots that the animal stands no chance of kicking free. It cuts in so badly that it would ruin a horse. They use two shaven strips twisted together in all boleadoras, continuous between the balanced balls in the ordinary ones, cut in

the middle and knotted in the lionskin ones, to facilitate shortening when the hide stretches. The mañeque cord, leading to the ball the man holds in his hand, they make fast at its free end to the middle of the other cord. In lionskin boleadoras it is attached by a knot that can be easily undone for shifting to the true center when the other cords stretch. The mañeque ball they work into an egg shape from a sandstone concretion. The other two have to be heavier and rather neatly balanced. For them they break up old pieces of cast-iron pots or use buck shot, counting it out in piles of ten—that is as high as Chace ever saw an Indian count. The iron balls are bigger and lighter and less likely to break a leg. Nowadays they use cracked billiard balls that they get from the bolicheros. The cup of a guanaco hock makes a good cover. The distance between balls varies somewhat with the height of the rider and his horse.

The rider holds the sandstone mañeque in his right hand above his head and swings the other two down toward the ground almost vertically, then horizontally about his head, then vertically again, apparently getting a composite of the two planes. At the moment when the two balls are flung out behind his head he throws the egg at his quarry just as if he were throwing an unattached ball. A greenhorn is apt to be unhorsed by his own balls, or tether his horse to a bush with them as the young Darwin did.

Those fur robes the chunkes wore were guanaco: white bellies of full-grown ones for ordinary capas, sewn with sinew. The guanaco carries a bundle of very long sinew on either side, starting thick and about the width of a man's four fingers, close to where the backbone leaves the hipbones, and flaring out forward until it gets to be very wide and thin at his shoulder. Chace has never found this on any other animal. It shreds easily into coarse threads and fine ones.

All the capas Chace saw were guanaco, the finest of them from the unborn or the very young—guanaquito they call that. The Indians drink the liquor from the

sack when they take an unborn one. Something like half a million of those little skins went to the States in 1928. The chinas dovetail a dozen or more of the little skins, legs and necks so neatly, that they never have to do any piecing. They rub down the seams with a smooth stone: fine stitches made with fine shredded sinew, drawn across a china's lips for moistening, and poked through holes she makes with sharpened nails. They paint a few of them with patterns of squares, triangles, diamonds and zigzags like the blanket patterns, all nearly the same size.

Ferrero's people got colors, yellow, red, blue from shaly strata edges in hills that interrupted the even pampa some leagues to the north-west, called Pinturas because they furnished paints. They mixed them with ostrich grease. Chace saw a green zigzag along the edge of one capa, and when he asked where they got that color, they told him in a crack in the foothills of the Cordillera north of Lago San Martín. They said it oozed out there in the springtime, but that you could not get it at any other season. They got black out of certain caves near Heysen's. Long Jack said the northern Indians had none of that and depended on the Tehuelches for sticks of it mixed with ostrich grease, when they came trading their young chinas for Río Negro mares—still tougher than anything in Patagonia. The two criollos a schoolmaster rode up to the States recently, Chace says, were Río Negro stock.

Rodríguez, that very old Indian Chace met in Santa Cruz when he first came there, had told him about that trading and the long journey of some fourteen hundred miles "ida y vuelta" they had to make. He remembered a time in his early boyhood when the Tehuelches he lived with had no horses, and told of a man trail back inland which Chace saw much of later on, satisfying himself that it was a footpath.

CHACE has been well fed in a toldo, and again has come in a rainy spell when there would not be a scrap of fresh meat in the place. An Indian will not hunt in foul weather if he can help it. He will sit about for days, sucking mate and eating crushed mandioc root fried in ostrich grease, and dreaming of mare's ribs dripping on the asador—will not even go to the spring to get a cold-storage ostrich egg to scramble in its shell. They bury those eggs under the lower lip of a spring where the cold water runs over the grave, and so keep them fresh the year round.

Chace went out with Ferrero's people once after wild mares, that ran on high pampa where those paint hills roughen the surface to the west and higher hills beyond them roughen it still more—so much that that part goes by the name of Sierra Baguales. They rode up the Cañadón Ferrero, crossed a bajo, wide and deep, with salt lagoons in the bottom, lying under the edge of the high pampa, rode up steep slope, bristling with wiry yellow bunch grass and dark bush, up to the mouth of the longest of several little canyons which nicked the edge, rode on up that longest canyon past fresh water springs that broke out on grassy sides, to a clear pool near the head behind a natural dam. There they encamped.

There was no other fresh water for many leagues about, but no wild mare ventured near the pool on any of the three days and nights they stayed there, nor near the springs. The boys kept watch of those. On the fourth day when the mares must have been nearly crazy with thirst the Indians removed to a little distance. Chace hid in a bush in yellow bloom on the edge of the pampa—that mata amarilla was blooming all about. He could watch the pool from there, sunk deep enough below the surface of the pampa to be out of the wind. Soon the mares began to come, approaching timidly, suddenly whirling away, at last making bold to ripple the mirror with their thirsty muzzles, snatching a drink, throwing up their heads to sniff the air, snatching another. A

magnificent dun stud with black mane and tail came down, along with a score of mares of his color, and they drank up their unsteady images. It was a time when the mares were heavy with foal. The Indians let them drink their fill and they drank till they nearly burst.

Suddenly the Indians broke cover. The big manada went tearing up the valley side and off across the pampa, dipping down out of sight, into grassy hollows marked by the tips of mata amarilla and incensio bush gray green, reappearing on the surface, manes and tails streaming. The stud raced up and down behind them, screaming and biting and kicking, stopping now and then on a rise, head lifted to make sure of his count, doing his best to herd them into the rough country where they would be safe from balling. The Indians, bareback, half naked, swinging boleadoras, spares wrapped about their waists, did their best to cut them off. The poor mares, doubly heavy with foal and water, lost their heads in a mile or two and fell easy prey to the chain shot.

The Indians rarely threw from behind, always at right angles to their quarry's course, and rarely missed, even at seventy-five yards. When a man's balls were all gone a boy would bring up a geared horse and he would mount and lazo his catch, with a lariat much longer than those our cowboys use, buttoned at one end to the cinch. Chace knew an Indian who had carried off the prize at the Chicago Fair in '93 by virtue of his longer cast.

When an Indian got a mare lazoed on that hunt he would hobble three feet and then spend sometimes half an hour freeing her hind legs from the boleadoras, all tangled up in her tail. He would let her tire herself out that night, struggling in the hobbles, and come back next day and couple her to the neck of a strong horse.

The mares that were branded they would kill for meat when they got them home. That stud, like all the wild studs of the country, was always rounding up marked mares that had escaped from some manada or other. There were eight hundred in Monroe's manada almost

as wild as his, but there were a few tame ones among them, whose docile behavior made it possible to control the herd.

The sheepmen would pay good prices for that bayo's colts, not very many of which escaped the lions. For all a stud's formidable appearance in herding his manada and fighting off other studs he will never fight off a puma, hunting foals too young to run.

ONE evening, Chace, returning late across the pampa from hunting strays of Heysen's flock, heard an uproar in the direction of Cañadón Ferrero. He left his zaino and crawled over to the edge to see what was up. The full moon shone into the canyon and lit up the skin tents down there. "The Indians would come out of the tents yellin' and hollerin', runnin' down the cañadón, some with clubs and some with boleadoras, strikin' at the ground and yellin' and hollerin' and runnin' away down, and comin' back quiet to the tent again. They'd stay in the tent a few minutes and all of a sudden they'd run out again. I didn't know what it was. I didn't go no closer—I was a bit shy of them fellows when they was excited, but afterwards I asked a Chileno who lived with 'em a long time, and he said they was chasin' away gualichos—devils, that is."

They might have been making as much noise as that if one of the traders had stopped at their camp, peddling *Crossowen* liquor. The mail carrier Chace had come north with, Romera, went into that business the next year. That fellow was a sharp trader. The horse he had rented Chace at the Paso for forty pesos was a runaway he had contracted to bring back to his owner for ten. He started a boliche in partnership with a German, a flimsy little iron shanty to which they have kept adding on, until now their general store is as big as Mauricio Braun's, and they own estancias, and houses in the village besides.

Romera would go out to the Indian encampments with

a little two-wheeled cart. He drove one horse in the shafts, and rode one, hitched by a lazo from the cinch. He would take out perhaps three hundred pesos' worth of stuff, mostly liquor, bright-colored calico, a little sugar and so on. He would come back with twenty tame mares and two thousand pesos in shearing checks, not to mention fine guanaco capas and ostrich robes and woven blankets. "Those traders was all like that." They would stop at an Indian camp and treat the chunkes to Bols gin, and the chinass to caña dulce—new rum. The chunkes would buy a bottle or two at a moderate price, but when they got to wanting it, so that they must have it, the trader would hold off. Chace has known one to get a hundred peso horse for a peso's worth of rum, and he was told by a fellow on the Santa Cruz, who had two hundred good horses, that he had paid exactly two hundred bottles of rum for the whole manada. There is an unlimited number of bottles of Indian-trader rum in one barrel. They keep adding water and burnt sugar and raw alcohol and even methylated spirits.

They would bring out various kinds of liquor. One, labelled cognac, they bottled from iron drums. One, the Indians called wachikai would turn water milky like absinthe. After the first three or four drinks of any liquor, an Indian will start a long wailing cry and big tears roll down his cheeks. A Chilean told Chace that the wailing means, "We have all got to die, not to-day, not to-morrow, but we have all got to die."

When the men began to get pretty drunk, you would see the women come up and steal away their knives and boleadoras. "When fightin' starts and they grab each other by the hair and feel for their weapons, there ain't none. They claw and bite like tomcats. Nobody gets hurt very bad. An Indian's pretty hard to kill even with a knife. I've seen one cut up in all shapes, and after three months go out tamin' horses. One, named Edward King, worked for three days with a broken rib till it pierced his lung and killed him." A man does as much mischief with boleadoras in those fights when his china

has overlooked them, as he could do with a knife. He holds the balanced balls by about eighteen inches of free cord in one hand and the mañeque by the same in the other, and strikes with both.

Chace has seen a trader strip the warm guanaco capa from an Indian lying dead drunk beside his cart, and leave him in the snow in cotton bombachas. He has seen the poor fellow the morning after, huddled half naked by a mata negra fire, shivering in a sleety wind. This happened often. The only chance they ever had to get even with the white men was when some of them happened to be at the port when that first bolichero, Reed, was off on a drunk. They would load up a quantity of his stuff then on horses and make off with it. After a while the chinás gave up weaving and making fine capas, or at any rate, gave up letting their chunkes wear their finery when the traders were about.

Many died of exposure, as it is said of the Onas in Tierra del that many of them died of a superabundance of clothing, sent out from England to cover their unchristian nakedness. But these, at any rate in Tierra del, may have been minor causes of their dying off so fast, compared with the bounty of a pound a nose the sheepmen offered, when they began crowding the Indians back inland with their fences, and the Indians began retaliating by cutting the fences and driving off sheep. They say sympathetic Catholic missionaries furnished files and nippers for that. From the beginning there had been plenty of friction in Tierra del over the depredations of the half-wild dogs the Indians kept as part of their meat supply. Liquor intensified it, though the Indians were slow in learning to like that—many never did.

"Boston Jack" used to make big hauls by poisoning whale carcasses on the beach. Men with English, Scotch and French patronymics hunted noses with dogs and rifles. But none of them was quite so fiendish as a certain Gutierrez. "You'd always find him livin' with a different china. When he got tired of one he'd cut her throat or put her out and send his big white dogs to

pull her down. He had to have her nose to get his pound."

The men Chace met who professed to be in that business were dreadful braggarts, and there was no learning from them what the facts really were. However the Indians died, north or south of the Straits, there are only a few left. Chace thinks the measles may have carried off many of the Tehuelches. The medicine men kill patients who might recover, by dousing them in cold water. Chace found a deep crack in the pampa south of the Gran Bajo de San Julián, half full of Indian bones thrown in helter skelter, along with gray stone beads such as the Tehuelches wear now, as if the corpses left in the wake of some epidemic had been so disposed of.

The Tehuelches ordinarily give every corpse a grave to itself, burying silver with it and often sacrificing a horse or a whole trupilla by the grave. A stout old china gets her knee in the small of the dead man's back, takes him by the shoulders, and yanks till his back breaks. Then she jack-knifes him up into a handy bundle for the bearers to set upright in the grave. They used to mark the site with an oval of stones, but white men took to stalking burial parties and robbing graves, and the Indians got wary and began burying in secret, making decoy sacrifices and substituting casual piles of stone for the ovals.

CHACE kept hearing rumors, corroborating what old Rodríguez had told him, of Indians in Patagonia different from the Tehuelches, bigger than they, and hostile to them. They used arrows with stone tips and all their implements were stone. They did not know the entangling boleadoras, but used a grooved stone at the end of an eighteen-inch thong, held in the hand when they struck at close range, but otherwise let go of—the bola perdida. There was a tale of the killing of the last of these Indians, caught by the Tehuelches in a cave near Gallegos and smoked to death there.

Chace was always on the lookout for relics of those earlier Indians. He found so many differences between them and the modern Tehuelches that he cannot believe they are of the same stock. He picked up a trail which he credits to them, in various places, through several degrees of latitude. He found it climb slopes too steep and rough for horses, "takin' crooks and anglin' off" in wide detours to water holes where horsemen would have travelled straight to much more distant water. Near it he found very old graveyards on promontories, pointing eastward, graves ranged in a V, each marked by big pebbles laid in ovals, the largest near the point, each succeeding oval smaller than the one ahead of it. He also found single ovals in low places, that he credited to modern Tehuelches before they became secretive.

He dug into many of the old ones and found little eight-sided gray stone beads, carefully drilled, stone weapons and stone implements, a slender needle among them, and now and then a needle he thought made from a long sea-lion tooth. The bones had all fallen away to dust, except for some of the skulls and one legbone, so long that when one end of it rested on the ground, the other came two inches above his knee. (Chace is five feet eleven.) A few of the skulls had ragged round holes in them, made by blows from the bolas perdidas, he thought. He saw nothing that looked like trepanning. They all had splendid teeth, the molars much worn. He found three mortars and pestles on that trail under a rock near Wubbe's Estancia Wilhelmina. He has often listened to Tehuelches grinding away on charqui with their molars, but he never saw one use a mortar and pestle.

He found a big encampment site where the trail passed San Lago Martín between Kachaik and Frank's, more recent than the graves, but different from any modern Tehuelche encampment. It was fifty yards from water. He never found a modern toldo more than a few feet from water, even when the ground near it was wet. "This had been an Indian campamento that

had been there for years, I should say, and it had been a big one. Here in the center it'd all been covered about three feet deep with the loose sand and grass, and when the sheep come they cropped the grass, and the wind come and blew away the sand, leavin' a place where there'd been fires, for where the ground had been burned it was red, and there'd been stones in the fire heatin'. And off a ways, two or three hundred yards, you'd find where different Indians had had their tents around, and right in the center they evidently had that place where they'd all come to eat, settin' in a big circle. They had a fire in the middle, and then all these ostrich and guanaco bones where they broke 'em to dig the marrow out right there and threw 'em behind 'em. Them bones was old, old, old. I suppose they was preserved in the sand. And then you'd find arrow-heads, broken ones, it bein' I suppose where they took a broken one off to put on a new one. It was a great big circle, seventy-five foot across.

"Well, just off from this, there was a skeleton, right alongside a little fire where he'd died or been killed. The skeleton of a Christian with the legbones of a man that must have been about five foot six and of a very slender build, but he had an enormous forehead on him and a proper well-formed under jaw and a narrow face. And beside him there was a thin piece of steel about eighteen inches long, that looked like it might have been part of a rapier. That man'd never been buried. He was either killed by the Indians and left alongside where his tent had been, or he was killed in the tent and they took him outside. His bones was lyin' out just on a level with the fire, and they was Christian bones too—you could tell they was different from Indian."

He found a number of small encampment sites but never another big one. There is a square hill called the Cerro Cuadrado about twenty-six leagues up the Santa Cruz, which he took to be a signal hill—whether for modern Tehuelches or for his older Indians there was no telling. Under that hill, toward the river, he came upon a small camp site and a pile of flinty rubbish in a sheltered

place, which he thought must be a workshop of those "Indios antiguos": big chunks and little chips, and here and there among them arrow-heads, half-moon-shaped hide scrapers, saw-edged knives sharp enough to cut meat, and tough splinters shaped into needles, all imperfect, as if abandoned in the making for some flaw or accident. And there were many imperfect bolas perdidas of a flinty black rock quarried a long way from there. A fellow showed Chace how they did that chipping, pressing through hide with a guanaco bone. He used glass to illustrate. Chace found many perfect specimens of these weapons and implements along that trail and elsewhere in Patagonia, but he never found another workshop.

The bolas perdidas he often found in dried lagoons. They were never covered like the boleadoras, but held in a band of rawhide set in a groove. Chace never saw a Tehuelche or any other Indian use one, but Musters, forty or fifty years before him, apparently did. The Tehuelche of Chace's time used his boleadoras to strike entangled game and to fight with. He is always hunting up bolas perdidas to use in his avestruccero—that is just two balls on a thong about eight feet apart. Chace learned the trick of hanging those from an old Indian. They are not sacked like boleadora balls, but hung by a sewn band round their middles—sewing protected by a seamless band cleverly shrunk on. Chace saw no bows or arrows in use among the Tehuelches, nor did Musters, though we think these are still in use in Tierra del.

CHACE saw a couple of toldos pitched for a day or two in Monroe's cañadón, and everywhere he found Tehuelches shepherding and shearing, but it was long before he saw another encampment as large as Ferrero's. In 1919 he came on one in the basin of the Lago San Martín, twenty toldos pitched on green meadow by a stream. The camp had four or five hundred tame horses. He found isolated families, grazing sheep or mares, living

white man's fashion, in a good many places. He thought there was white blood in all those families. Even in Ferrero's campamento there were some wide departures from the Mongol eyes and the wide noses and moon faces and heavy build that seemed to him characteristic of the Tehuelches proper. He often found young full-bloods who had associated considerably with white men taking to soap and water heated in dip drums on Saturday cleanups at shearing time, as he found white men leaving off those things when they associated with the Indians, and getting dirtier than they. He remembers a Frenchman who raised a family by a china or two, living apart from the tribe, up to the age of seventy, dirtier and lousier, everybody thought, than any Indian. He ran mares and hunted for a living. There was an educated Englishman who went so conspicuously Indian that he got written up by one of his compatriots travelling through the country.

Chace got to be intimate with a Scotchman, Jimmy Radboon, who married a china. He stole her from the campamento of a famous Chilean outlaw, Montenegro, or rather rescued her from cruel treatment. He took her south to a remote part of Lago San Martín where he might be as inconspicuous as possible—not on her account, though Montenegro is still out for his scalp, but because he had been outlawed from Chile for a murder which events long after proved he had not done. She raised a handsome family for him—the girls the best riders in the country—and cooked and kept house for him beautifully. She was a half-breed, Chace thinks, of some northern tribe, a very handsome woman herself.

Ordinarily if a white man wanted a china he would have to give a couple of dozen mares or a trupilla of horses for her, and her father would let him take her away without ceremony, although their own ceremony was a serious affair. But Chace knows of a few cases where a head chunk has offered to pay mares himself to a fellow who would marry his daughter before the priest or the judge down in Santa Cruz. Chace never saw an

Indian marriage ceremony. It was pretty dangerous for a white man who was not living with the Indians to be about at such a time.

He talks affectionately of some of the old fullbloods everybody knew down there. There was Don Sylvestro Platero, who despite his name was a full blood Pampa Central Indian, captured by the Spaniards when a boy and brought down by Captain Pedro Buena in very early days.

He went to Buenos Aires late in life on a visit with a son of his, and getting separated from him bought out the papers in a kiosk on the Avenida del Mayo and made a smoke to call him in.

Platero insisted on the Don Sylvestro, and the men joked about it, but he was such a thorough gentleman at heart Chace never grudged it him.

"A Chileno, Pepe Posi, and a Norwegian was cartin', and this was the last trip before winter started, pretty late, and they was goin' up the river, about forty leagues up, and it started to snow and they pitched their tent and the wind come and started loosenin' the ropes. The Norwegian tried to make the tent fast and tried to get Pepe Posi to help him, but he wouldn't get out of his bed and by and by the wind blew the tent flat and they was without no shelter at all. So the Norwegian says, 'There's a shanty down below the faldeo.' And they started to go down, but after a while Pepe Posi give up and fell down in the snow. The Norwegian went back and got him up and they went along. Pretty soon he fell down again and laid there, sayin' he was goin' to die, he couldn't go no further. The Norwegian got him up two times. The third time he said, 'I'm goin' to the shanty myself anyhow.' So he went down and found plenty of sheepskins and covered himself up till he got warm. Pepe Posi laid in the snow all night. At daylight the Norwegian went and found him and got him to the shanty and he had only froze his toes. The Norwegian got him to a boliche and left him there. By and by the flesh started to rot off his toes. We

heard about it in our camp. We was about fourteen leagues from there. We heard he was there in that boliche. One day I was goin' through the camp and I met Platero. He had a little pony he was leadin', Snow on the ground and bad ridin'. I says, 'Where you goin', Platero?' He says, 'Poor Pepe Posi is up there, and his toes are rottin' off. There ain't no woman there, and the men'll be busy, and I'm goin' to go up and get him and bring him home for my wife to look after his feet.' I says, 'Why take all that trouble? You don't know him very well. He never done nothin' for you.' 'No,' he says, 'but I've got a boy that's growin' up and sometime that kind of accident might happen to him.' He went up twenty leagues and got him down on horseback. He made bags and hung 'em instead of stirrups and cut holes in 'em for his feet and led him down and kept him there all winter, dressin' his feet till spring. Then they got him to the port, where they could send him to B.A. and get the toes cut off."

Don Sylvestro Platero, for all his gentle quiet manners, was quick with his knife in emergency. A shotgun went off by mistake in the hands of a man he did not know and tore his kerchief from his neck. The man was on his knees begging for mercy under Platero's knife before the bystanders realized what had happened.

It piqued Platero to see his daughter playing wall-flower because she was so big and heavy that no gaucho on foot could swing her. Chace noticed his distress one night when the guitars were going to a lively tune, seized the girl and swung her round the room by main force. Old Platero sat clapping and shouting, "That's what I like! That's dancing. *Así me gusta! Ese es bailar!*"

Platero's horse-brand was a stirrup. It stood for good quality. He liked to say, "The mark of the stirrup never lies."

He was as guileless as he was honest. He got three good starts with sheep and was done out of each by

land pirates. "I've seen time after time if I'd wanted to be dirty for money I could have made a lot. I've known men get rich doin' things I'd die rather'n do, like chasin' off poor old Platero, or another fellow I know that had taken out a piece of camp. He had a wife and two children and sheep and just enough to live on, on tick, till he could get the wool off. You have to pay a year in advance on the land. If you get a week behind, somebody'll be watchin' and slip a little bribe and go in and stake off that claim in his name like as if it was virgin camp, and they'll put you off and let that fellow have it with all your improvements on it."

Chace saw another Indian treat a white man gently in San Julián: "There was a little Welsh fellow about half in the horrors, stoppin' there at Reed's. He'd got that bad from drinkin' that he wouldn't eat anythin', but he'd just drink and drink, and every day it took less to keep him drunk. I went in there to have dinner. There was an Indian there too. He went in where this Welshman was layin' and got him up and brought him out to the table, but he was that drunk he couldn't eat. And the Indian says, 'Poor fellow, he ain't had nothin' to eat for three days, he'll die.' And he got him up beside him on the bench and put his arm around him and set there feedin' him soup. And I says to myself, 'There's what they call a savage'."

The Tehuelches could be gentle, but they could be cruel, too. A white man may sometimes see a stunned fox or guanaquito that he thought dead come to and run without his skin, but an Indian will run them so for sport. Even the condor has to suffer to divert him. He will play carrion under a fresh marehide, decoy the condor down so, grab him by the legs and hold him at some risk, while ambushed fellows rush out and secure him. They blind him then with a sharpened nail, and let him go. He will circle up to a great height and suddenly close his wings, and fall headfirst, to shatter on the rock.

Chace once saw Indians prepare a feast which rather

turned his stomach. They stood a live lamb on his hind legs and held his fore legs stretched up on either side his head by cords from one of the toldo poles. The chief torturer peeled off the skin from his lower jaw without cutting it anywhere, down far enough to expose part of his neck; stretched the skin into a sort of cup, held it so by skewers; slit the windpipe, much as they do for tracheotomy, perhaps; pricked both jugulars, and sprinkled salt and pepper and garlic into the blood sauce, which got sucked down into the lungs during a five or six minutes' struggle. He had him out of his skin in no time after that and served the lungs up raw, looking as if they had been cooked.

Chace liked the murderous old Ledesma, who ran cattle and a few mares up on the Río Chico, fetching a new stud from the Río Negro every two or three years to keep his stock from running down, and breeding horses famous all over the country for their endurance. Whenever he saw a horseman appear against the sky above his shanty and come riding down he would classify him: "Inglés—seguro—borracho. Todos Ingleses son borrachos. English, sure thing, drunk. All the English are drunk. Chileno—seguro—ratero. Todos Chilenos son rateros. Chilean, sure thing, good-for-nothing. All the Chileans are good-for-nothings. Argentino—seguro—gaucho. Todos Argentinos son gauchos. Tengo un caballo que domar. Argentine, sure thing, gaucho. All the Argentines are gauchos. I have a horse for him to tame."

Old Ledesma and his sons were freer with their knives than most men. But they did not notch their silver handles, and rumor had it that their killings were too many to keep tally of that way. There was a motto on those handles: "No me saque sin causa. No me vaine sin honor. Don't draw me without reason. Don't sheath me without honor." Knives like those served to give warning of the approach of enemies to gauchos up on the Pampa Central. A man would draw his knife from its silver scabbard, stab it into the fine hard soil beside his

blanket and leave it there, to listen at the silver handle now and then during the night.

Ledesma liked fair play, and when a fellow too far gone in liquor would pick a quarrel with him, he would merely mark him on the forehead and the cheeks with little crosses and never hurt him. He tried a different remedy on old Bill Salters once. Bill had drunk himself out of his last cooking job, and come to Ledesma's pretty drunk. He did not get off but rode up and down before the door, shouting, "Come out, some o' you killers, and stand up to me." Ledesma paid no attention for a long time, but old Bill kept it up until he lost his patience and came out with a stock whip. He would cut Bill's horse so as to turn him in toward him, and then cut Bill, and then the horse, and then Bill again, until he had Bill pretty well sobered off, and ready for a new job.

"A great thing with any of them Argentine gauchos is, say a man's drunk and he comes around and keeps botherin' and lookin' for a fight—well, a man that's good with a knife takes pity on him. He's goin' around challengin' and they'll give him a planazo—instead of cuttin' they'll strike with the flat of it and you'll see the fellow lay down—that shows they're not worth usin' the edge on. I see an old gaucho, and there was a young boy about eighteen or nineteen had got a few drinks down and he was pullin' his knife and challengin', and this old gaucho he took his rebenque and holdin' the loop with his little finger, he whipped the knife out of the boy's hand and went at him, just touchin' him here and there, walkin' him back and sayin', 'Leave your knife alone till you get man enough to use it'."

Chace chummed for a while with Juan Acosta, a Chaco Indian they thought he was, from north of the Pampa Central. Juan had been captured by General Acosta and educated. "He could write a wonderful hand." He left the white men and went to live with the Tehuelches after a while and got to be a tamer. He was always blustering. One night down at the port when he

had taken too much liquor, three or four Austrians got after him with clubs. He whipped out his knife and backed away toward a neighboring boliche where Chace lay reading. Chace heard him shout, "Nortero, nortero, guárdeme de atrás!—Northerner, northerner, guard my rear!" When the Austrians heard Chace getting out of the window they cleared, and Juan said, "Too bad you were so slow. I'd have shown them foreigners how to treat a son of the soil!"

CHAPTER VI

AN EARLY ESTANCIA

CHACE had heard nothing from home since a New Bedford schooner had hailed his, halfway to the Cape de Verdes and delivered a box of books for him. He had not heard from Rounsville since the Yankee schooner sailed for the Falklands nor from any of his shipmates. He had saved much more than his passage money and was getting a bit homesick for the States, in spite of the lure of the back country.

After shearing at Heysen's, he rode down and hunted up Monroe. "Monroe stammered, 'Lookin' for Jones?' I hadn't an idea who Jones was. I said, 'No, I want to get back to the States. I want to get to Frisco. My grandfather went out there in the gold rush, and I've got folks there yet.' Monroe said I was lucky, there was a vessel in then but she wouldn't be sailin' for a day or two. I could turn out Heysen's horse and go on with a horse of his in the mornin' and see about it. He knowed all the time she'd be sailin' in the mornin'. He wanted to keep me to work for him. I never suspected he was trickin' me till he told me long afterwards, when we was fast friends."

Chace stripped off his gear and turned Heysen's zaino loose, knowing he could be depended on to make his way back the forty-five leagues to his madrina in less time than it had taken them to come down. Chace has known a horse to travel a hundred leagues to get to his madrina, swimming wide rivers, leaping fences—"He'll come to a cliff he can't go over and he'll work round it and come back in line. Nothin'll stop him but bein' caught." Chace once bought a horse down in the Canal country at Ultima Esperanza, brought him a long way round by the coast and then inland a long way, making a semi-circle of a hundred and fifty

leagues or so, and sold him. The next spring, when he was administrador at an estancia lying in a pretty direct line between the place where he bought the horse and the place where he sold it, he saw a horse swimming the river one day, caught him up and recognized that colorado. He turned him out in a paddock with fences he could not jump and notified the owner, but he got out at an open gate a week or two after and was off on a bee line. The owner had to go all the way to Ultima Esperanza to get him. One would think one of those horses could be trusted to bring back a lost rider but it is not a definite spot that he hunts—it is a moving manada. He will keep hunting till he finds his madrina, perhaps many leagues from food or shelter.

Monroe talked half the night with Chace and he got a rather late start. It was nearly an hour's gallop down to the mouth of the canyon. There the track led up over a spur from the high country that carried the north side on further toward the bay. When Chace topped it he saw Reed's boliche below him just as he had left it, but his vessel was well under way with all sails set. There was nothing he could do about it. He turned and rode back. Monroe cheered him up, saying that there would be another vessel in three or four months, and that there was plenty to do in the meantime, repairing pens and paddock fences. He said he would give Chace the same wages he gave his capataz, his foreman.

THEY ran out of fencing material, wire, posts and everything, in the course of a month, and Chace took to making tables and benches for the shanties. Pretty soon they ran out of material for those. And then he got to thinking about the lions, whose caves Ribera the mail carrier had told him about when they were crossing the Gran Bajo de San Julián. Monroe's sheep drifted down into the bajo from the north, and Frazier's from the south. It was the shepherd Paraguay's business to keep them apart, and poison as many lions as he could. The

lions were taking heavy toll. Monroe said he lost a couple of thousand every year. Chace found a night's kill there of seventy-five. Monroe urged him to get after them. He said he would give ten dollars a tail besides his wages, and that Chace would make ten dollars more on any skin he might take the trouble to clean. You have to shoot lions if you want to realize on their skins.

Old McIntosh sold Chace a collie from an English sheep dog, rough and wiry-haired, for the business. Monroe lent him a little tent, for winter was coming on, and a pack horse, and a saddle horse. He bought an old Winchester carbine. The pack horse ran away and wrecked that the first day out, but the cartridges fitted his .44 Colt and they were good ones. He had kept in practice with that ever since his encounter with the Chilean and his hatchet at the port. He was prepared to do his share in the puma hunting, and Glen was prepared to do his.

"A proper collie's no good for lions. He can't think of nothin' but sheep. An English sheep dog is best, but a cross like Glen is very good. Glen was one of the very best I ever knew. The best lion dog is one that'll follow tracks and stick up the lion, and take an interest; and once you have killed his lion he is a dog that seems more eager, has a better nose, and acts more as if he liked huntin' lions. That old dog, Glen, as soon as you'd go out, he'd start cruisin', and if he could find where a lion had killed, he'd be away on his track, and if you didn't follow, he'd wait till you caught up, and then off again. He always waited for you to catch up. He didn't intend to get too close without you to back him up. When he'd jump up a lion he'd run tight without a word, nip him behind, and jump back ten feet till you come up. Then the lion'd start out again, and he'd chase him once more, nip him again, and jump away again. He never got scratched. A good dog won't get close enough to get hurt. All the dogs I've ever seen, if they once get scratched by a lion, the next one it seems they go reckless, and their eyes shine like

green, and they go right in and they don't last long. After a nip or two a lion'll get after a dog sometimes, and a poor dog'll run back fifty yards and give the lion a chance to hide. But a good dog'll give him no chance and never let up until the lion's winded—he won't never run more than a couple or three hundred yards. The dog'll stop at the rocks and hang to the job of gettin' him out."

Chace pitched his tent in a shallow little canyon in the pampa, high above the bajo, and picketed his horses. "The first day Glen jumped up a lion and run him that hard he run over the edge of a cliff. When I got there I couldn't see him runnin' nowhere down below and I couldn't see no tracks—the snow was all melted off—so I made up my mind he must be stowed away in under some rocks. I clim down. There was narrow ledges and I went the whole length of one—Glen he couldn't get down—he stopped up there barkin'. I went down the cliff a little lower and started along the next ledge, lookin' under big slabs, and there he was under one, right close, with his head on his paws, lookin' out. I caught his eye and he jumped and I shot him with the pistol. I'd walked right by him once, I suppose. My feet must have come pretty close, but he knew I didn't see him. He was a good big one." Chace does not remember exactly how big any of his lions were, but Musters found a number of those pampa pumas measure six-foot bodies and three-foot tails. Chace thinks a skin he lost in the sea, where he was washing it at the end of a lazo, would have measured more than that.

"The next mornin' we run on the track of a she-lion with two cubs about six months old, I should say, by the size of 'em. We followed 'em up but she'd gone into one of them shallow caves they have around there. I shot her, and then the cubs, and pulled 'em out, and I skinned the old one, and it was gettin' that late I didn't have time to skin the young ones because it'd be dark, and this was an awful bad place to be in after dark, on account of the holes, and cliffs straight up and down two and three

hundred feet. But I gutted the young ones and took their carcasses and the old one's skin up to where Glen was.

"I was out of meat by that time and the snow on the high country had drove all the sheep down below, but as I was gettin' near to the tent I run across an old ewe that was too weak to follow the rest of the sheep. 'Well,' I says, 'better'n nothin'.' I got down and killed her and took off some ribs and toted 'em along with the rest of my cargo. I built a fire and started to skin one of the cubs. The meat of the old ewe looked so black and poor, and this young lion looked so good, like a suckin' pig, so I says, 'I'm goin' to make a roast of the lion and another of the ewe and whichever is the best, I'm goin' to eat it.' I tried a piece of the ewe first, and it didn't have no taste and was awful tough. Then I tried the lion roast, and after one taste I give the ewe to the dog and et the lion. It was just like suckin' pig, tender and good flavor. Well, I can't think of anythin' it was more like than a suckin' pig."

Musters agrees with Chace about the flavor of puma, but thinks it better boiled than roasted. Those big pumas, so much bigger than the California mountain lion, are mouse-color, with a black face sometimes, and their cubs are striped like tigers, up to a month. Chace says they have a very heavy fore arm and he thinks they might break a horse's neck with one blow. He never saw one do it, but he has often found a mare that a lion had killed, with her neck broken. Of course the lion might have landed so far forward as to throw her on her head and make her break her own neck.

He got fifteen lions in those three weeks, none of them very hard to get. Some of them Glen stuck up in bushes, some Chace got in cracks and shallow caves, where Glen could not get down to them. He ran little risk, being always on the alert after that first surprise, and a dead shot at close range. His knees would be a bit shaky after an adventure if it had been a close shave, but they never troubled him during one.

There were a great many lions to be killed all over Patagonia, as there still are, and Chace has killed his full share, many of them under dangerous conditions—crawling into deep dark caves. But all the caves he found in the Gran Bajo were shallow little ones that generally came in pairs, facing each other across little canyons that nicked the upper edges of the bajo wall, all of them roofed by a big stratum of monster oyster shells, that had not known the sea for thousands of years. "I was always rakin' over them great big oyster shells huntin' for pearls. The insides was all mother-of-pearl. I was always hopin' the rain water would wash around in that and make pearls." A German and some natives out of work passed the winter in one of those caves. Chace saw an agouti or two in the bottom of the bajo on that hunt, that extraordinary Patagonian hare that a stranger might mistake for some sort of small deer, very common further north.

WHEN Chace got back to the estancia with his cargo of skins he found a couple of Tehuelche toldos pitched in the Cañadón Monroe. The Indians traded capas and gear and blankets at Monroe's store against provisions for a day or two and then moved on.

Chace set to work immediately straightening out the barrel of that old gun and adjusting the sights. Glock, the ex-mate who had come so timorously to these shores, happened by when he had finished and, seeing him hit a bull's-eye several times running, bought the gun on the spot for ten pesos. He did not know that Chace had had to aim two feet to the right to make those bull's-eyes. That was the only time Chace ever got ahead of a Scotchman. He had to part with Glen about six months after that and gave him to Glock. Glen tracked one lion seven leagues for Glock, and stuck up seventeen for him the first summer, all of which Glock killed, but not with that gun.

Monroe was more friendly than ever and Chace began

to get very well acquainted with him. He was a funny little man with a cast in one eye. Chace remembers seeing that long red beard blowing out on the wind when he was peeking round the corner of his house to watch the carrying out of one of his jokes. He wore a tam, a shabby coat with one sleeve out, never any buttons on his shirt, bombachas like the Indians, and alpargatas. "Everybody wears them alpargatas down there after he's learned how to keep 'em on. You have to double up your toes when you go fast." Monroe looked worse than any of his peons but most strikingly shabby alongside Pantalón Blanco—a natty Englishman in collar and tie and creased white pantaloons, sent out by Monroe's partner to learn the sheep business. He never learned any Spanish, or anything about sheep, but everyone directed strangers, looking for the boss, to him, just to watch his bewilderment and theirs.

Monroe, himself, was always teasing people. When asked the way he would point, slowly turning round while he did so, saying, "Derecho, derecho. Straight ahead." For one of Chace's first trips to the port, he recommended a fine iron-gray horse which used to be driven into the corrals every morning with the other horses. Chace caught him up, saddled him and rode him down to the port and back. Monroe asked, "How did you like that horse, Chace, eh?" "Finest horse I ever rode," said Chace. Next day the tamer said, "That horse must have been sorry for you, Chace, bein' such a green hand. He won't let nobody else ride him." The tamer, thinking the horse must have had a change of heart, had tried him, himself, that morning for a perilous few minutes. Chace had that same experience several times during his stay in Patagonia with very bad horses. He cannot account for it. He was not a particularly good rider and never went in for any taming outside his own trupilla.

Belgian Arturo turned the joke on Monroe once. Monroe took him on as a peon to do odd jobs. He said he would not ride a horse. "Very well," said Monroe.

"You can cut incensio for firewood back on the Cuadrado, the square hill." The Cuadrado was three leagues out. At the end of a week Monroe said to Arturo, "I'd better be sendin' out the cart. How much have you got cut?" Arturo said he had not had time to cut any. He had stopped for breakfast at a shanty on the way every day, had had to cook lunch when he got out to the Cuadrado, had stopped to take mate at the shanty on the way back, and had always found the bell ringing for supper when he got to the farm. Monroe said nothing and Chace could read nothing in his poker face.

MONROE's forty thousand sheep—the flock had doubled by natural increase and purchase—grazed over more than a hundred leagues of camp, that stepped up from the sea in league-wide terraces, like those which Chace and Ribera rode over on the way from Santa Cruz to San Julián, but less continuous—stepped up to eight or nine hundred feet. The sheep found rich green meadows and water holes in the bottoms of deep canyons that led down to the sea and good feed on the slopes, in the cooler months, but the flies drove them up onto the pampa as high as they could get in the heat. There are very few days when a fly can hold his own against the wind up there. There was only bunch grass and bush scattered over the pebbly surface, but there was rich feed in wide shallow hollows at the heads of all the little canyons that fret the edges of the big ones.

When the sheep started up from the big canyon bottoms, they always started drawing toward the west, and if a sheep got by the shepherds and escaped the lions, he might get all the way to the Cordillera—Chace has killed San Julián sheep in the foothills. They would stay up until the snow drove them down in the winter.

Monroe had actually rented only twenty-four leagues from the government, but there was nothing but his orders to prevent the sheep's feeding over a much wider area. They often strayed by the shepherds who rode the

boundaries and got mixed with Swino's sheep recently come in at Oronaike, a long way back to the west, and with Patterson's at Mata Grande, a long way to the north, and in the winter they would get pretty thoroughly mixed with Frazier's in the bottom of the Gran Bajo.

Most of the ewes lambled at the eastern edge of the high country where it was lowest, near the sea. Deep gullies that the people called quebradas nicked that edge. The ewes found shelter from the west wind in niches they pawed out behind big bushes on the sides of those quebradas. In the worst weather it would commonly rain there when it snowed a little further back, and what snow fell melted off quickly.

Monroe's buildings stood in a minor canyon that steps down from the North rather steeply, twenty or thirty feet, into a big one. If you approached it over the pampa from the sea side, you came to a fence on the edge, a mile or so long, and looked down steep dark slopes a long way to another fence in the canyon bottom. This was the gathering paddock where they held sheep for the dip or the shearing, as many as twenty thousand sometimes. The very roots of all the grasses between the fences had been trodden out by sharp little hoofs pacing back and forth, back and forth.

The galpón stood at the bottom of the slope. Monroe had built his wool shed first, as they all did in those days. There was a labyrinth of pens about it, many of them of Chace's building. He enlarged the paddock, too. Three or four big empty bullock carts stood near the wool shed. A little stream ran by, on a hard bottom, and on the further side of that, a little up the canyon, stood the house. The canyon had a rather narrow mouth and widened out, bay-like, where the buildings were. The paddock slope was too steep to ride down, but you could ride up anywhere easily to the pampa on the inland slope. The big cookhouse stood a little way up that side—up that "faldeo" as Chace calls a valley side.

You would see sheep feeding on the faldeos all about, and coming down rather furtively to drink, at a distance

from the buildings—ostriches and guanacos, too, no wilder than the sheep. There would be caranchos sitting on the bushes and the fence posts. Sometimes there would be a carancho on every post you could see, sunning himself. There would be gulls in the air. Hundreds would settle down on the offal outside the galpón after a butchering. You could not ride a hundred yards without starting up a fox.

Monroe employed a score of men the year round, and many more at dipping and shearing, but for hours together in the daytime there would be no man about for the strong wind to worry. You might see a couple of saddle horses with their tails and manes streaming forward tied to the palenque. The palenque was a heavy bar, bolted to posts at either end, long enough to take a dozen horses, and once in a while you might see a crazy drunk handcuffed to one of the posts, cooling off. In the morning, about six o'clock, you would see a big troop of horses driven into the corral at the mouth of the canyon by the campanista. He might have found them within a league or he might have had to go two or three. He would run in the nearest first, then go looking for more. A few would be caught up for the day's use, and the rest let go to travel slowly, feeding, out of sight, each troop feeding a little apart from the others with its *madrina*.

The wild mares grazed back of the furthest sheep in charge of the *yeguarista*. There were eight hundred of them, but lions so relish colt meat, and mares and studs defend their foals so feebly, and the *yeguarista*'s poisoning was so ineffective, that Monroe rarely raised more than thirty-five or forty colts from the whole eight hundred. He kept a couple of dozen troops of tame horses for the farm work, and almost every man had a troop of his own, which ran with Monroe's horses, but did no work. There might have been four hundred tame horses on the camp.

Horses usually refuse to graze on camp that has been heavily sheeped, but none of Monroe's camp was, and

moreover it was the tiny blades, just pricking through that the sheep went after, and the higher bunch grass that the horses wanted. That close feeding in sandy pebbly soil wore down and broke a sheep's teeth so rapidly that in a very few years he would not be worth dipping, either for his mutton or his wool, and would have to be skinned and his carcass burned.

The bullocks fed down in the low moist places where the grass was green and high. There were six yoke to each of the four carts besides the young ones taming, about thirty, more or less, to each. It took only about two hundred cows to keep the stock up. Pumas are afraid of cows and prefer foals anyway.

The stud rams had a big paddock to themselves, a little upstream from the house. The paddock shut in part of the steep slope and part of the gentle slope with the little stream between them. There was a shed for shelter in bad weather, and the rams got grain. No other animal on the camp had grain or shelter. The rams did not have their paddock quite to themselves, though. There were fifteen or twenty ostriches running there which Monroe would not allow to be molested, but they did not increase. The men ate the eggs as fast as they were laid. The rams also had to share their quarters part of the year with wethers, set aside after the last dip, for winter meat. The stud ewes had a paddock to themselves, without perquisites, just below the pens, out in the main canyon, down which Chace had galloped to the sea on the fateful day when he saw his steamer under way.

All Monroe's buildings were framed with Antarctic beech, cut by Argentine prisoners in the penal colony of Ushuaia in the patch of Tierra del Fuego that Argentina owned, and brought up on government transports. They were sided and roofed with English corrugated iron, which the *Crossowen* had lightered to the shore in front of Reed's boliche.

THE house was just a big shed partitioned off. There was a store and a big provision room at one end. Then there was a big bare dining room and sitting room with tables and benches that Chace made, a big kitchen, Monroe's own quarters, the quarters of Mrs. Perkins the cook, and her family, and half a dozen guest rooms with sheepskins on the bunks. Every man always carried his own bedding. "You took your beddin' in when you let your horse go, but you left your gear outside if it wa'n't rainin' or snowin', just dropped it where you took it off. Your dog'd always lay beside it in the daytime. It'd be safe, even with a timid dog that the other dogs might worry within an inch of his life if he wa'n't on that special duty. Twenty ugly dogs'd respect him growlin' when he was layin' by the gear."

Monroe had a little den off the sitting room that he called his office, where he kept a barrel of fine Demerara rum under lock and key. "He wouldn't take above six or seven tots a day." You would hear him shuffling about the house in his alpargatas. You might catch him knitting once in a while. Chace saw him show a fancy stitch to a woman. He had learned as a boy in Scotland and had kept it up in the Falklands. Chace never learned to use the needles, but took to the knitting machine when it came in. A man could do a sock in twenty minutes on that.

One day when the *Crossowen* was standing out to sea after her annual call at San Julián, and the bullock carts were hauling up Monroe's stores from the pile on the beach, the peons unloaded a fresh barrel of liquor from one and rolled it up into the den. It was uncommonly fine Demerara. That night the den was full of men come down with bullock carts after their share of the cargo. Chace was of the company, and there was a bent old man of seventy, hairy and tattered, that McIntosh who had come down from the north with the last drive of merinos. After selling his sheep to Heysen, Mac had drunk up the proceeds, and thereafter knocked about, being fed in one

and another hospitable cookhouse, but getting very little to drink. Monroe on this night of festival filled one of the big enamelware cups two-thirds full for him. The old man held it in trembling hands and hung to it, catching his breath between gulps until it was empty, and immediately told Glock that he thought he'd be going home to bed. He got no further than a big mud puddle, and Glock, following, found him sitting in water up to his waist and asked him, had he fallen. "Oh, no," said Mac, in his squeaky old voice, fumbling for his pipe, "just stopped for a little smoke."

Monroe's store was very well stocked with almost everything you could think of that would be needed on a farm, except liquor. There was none of that for sale, though Monroe, like everybody else, served rum at shearing and dipping. He had a box of fine whisky hidden for a while in a pile of stones beneath a cross on a hilltop near the port, marking the grave of a lieutenant from the *Beagle*. But the crew of one of those transports that put into the bay one day, thinking the pile marked an Indian grave that might be rifled, left no trace of the whisky. "About the safest place to keep a bottle of liquor was in amongst the empties on the dump back of the cookhouse."

There was no gear in the store but a stirrup or two hung on the wall. There were clothes, boots, cartridges, knives, tobacco, cigarettes, candles, tinned fruits, jams and milk from England, tinned butter from Denmark, flour, rice, sugar, mandioc, macaroni, coffee. The bulkiest thing was yerba in big bull hides. The leaves and broken stems had been rammed tight into a green hide up in Paraguay, and the hide sewed up and let shrink. There would be about a dozen of these.

Everything Monroe got out from England he sold for exactly what it cost him, the English price plus transportation charges. It was good stuff. He had an agreement with Reed not to cut prices to men outside his farm, but it was easy enough for a fellow to get around the agreement with the help of one of Monroe's men.

Withers, the farm storekeeper and bookkeeper, was a tall, slender English fellow whom Monroe had brought down from B.A. He had been a tea tester in London, been invalided home with malaria from West Africa, and picked up by Monroe in B.A. When he came ashore at San Julián, the first man to accost him was Perkins, the cook's husband, rough old man-of-war's-man, stepping up with, "How de do? HI'm a Hoxford man, myself." But he got no liquor from his fellow collegian.

Monroe saw to it that Perkins never got any liquor of his, and his wife, that he got no liquor of hers, but when she started using a methylated spirit lamp, her damajuana served him for a while. Chace saw him running for his life one day, and her after him, throwing rocks. She used to leave Perkins every spring, and he would hang about the boliche mourning her till she came back. She had a new baby for him every year. She weaned them on liquor which must have suited them, for there were five hearty-looking brats about. Monroe's house ran none too smoothly in the hands of this couple, but there was always a man cook to fall back on when Mrs. Perkins went astray, and the ship's bell outside the cookhouse door never failed to ring on time.

MRS. PERKINS taught Chace to make bread, the sour-dough kind—la misma masa—the same we have found the Basque shepherds using in our Sierras in the States. They think Queen Isabella made the first starter and that one Spaniard or another through all the generations from hers to theirs has cherished a lump of dough from each baking. Mrs. Perkins impersonated Isabella and made a new starter for Chace. She mixed a half-cupful of flour and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, thin, in lukewarm water, and kept it back of the fire in even heat, for two or three days until it fermented. Then she added flour and a very little sugar, and mixed it thicker, making enough to fill a seven-pound rice tin quarter-full, and left it over night in the same even heat. In the morning

the stuff was bubbling over the rim. "You put in as much flour as you want, mix up your bread, and for an ordinary loaf you put in a tablespoon of mutton grease and mix it up and knead it hard at night. You have your cloth there, and sprinkle the cloth with flour and put the loaves on the cloth and fold it up, and in the mornin' it'll be raised up, all ready for the oven, and when you put it in, you take your knife and split it through the center. Your oven mustn't be too hot at first. Throw in a piece of paper and if it turns black it's too hot. It ought to be so it'll turn a coffee brown. When it starts, the loaf will open like a rose and lay right open and raise right up, and it's bread worth eatin'.

"When you make your last loaf you cut off a piece as big as your fist and make a hole in the flour in your sack and put it in, and it'll raise a little in there, but no air'll get to it, and it won't get sour. When you want a new batch you thin that lump and put in flour, and in two hours it'll be right up over the top. You carry that lump in your flour bag wherever you're goin'.

"You generally have a bag of galletas in your camp or your shanty to fall back on when your bread gives out. You may look up some day and see a couple or three fellows ridin' down the faldeo off the pampa, and you'll turn to and get more grub ready. There may be a dozen or twenty or thirty by night, gatherin' like a flock of caranchos round your larder, when you hadn't seen a soul for a month. The bread'll be gone in no time and they'll begin on the galletas. Some galletas go sour and most of 'em get as hard as rocks in a month but there was an old French baker in Sandy Cruz and his galletas was sweet after a year. He was supposed to be the only man in South America that could make 'em like that. I used to mix up some biscuits usin' semola that was very popular with them chaps.

"You never refuse a man anythin', even if it's your last bite in camp. I never heard of but three mean men. One of 'em they called the Gringo Duro down in the Canal country. He had a trap door in his shanty

where he was shepherdin', and he used to store his grub down there, nothin' showin' above ground but meat and salt. And when he see anybody comin', if he had time, he'd lay back out o' sight until they was gone. A chum of mine, Angus, and I watched him from the top of the faldeo once while he was gettin' grub ready for himself. He come up there to have a look around before he begun. When he was all ready we come ridin' down fast. We cleaned out everythin' he had, just to watch his face, and kept askin' for more, until we was so full we could hardly get on our horses. We got a good feed for our dogs out of him, too.

"The other two was that mean they wouldn't even buy for themselves. When they was near an estancia, they'd go to the dump after dark and fill their maletas with empty butter and milk and jam tins to throw out in front of their shanty, so people'd think they was livin' high. But nobody ever got nothin' but old wether, or mate that was all sticks, off them."

There was no smithy at Monroe's—they never shod any of the horses or the cattle—but there was a hand forge, that Chace used a good deal. He had had some experience of blacksmithing in the States.

They butchered in the galpón. Arturo, the Belgian, did that—Monroe had finally accepted him as a peon de pie, foot peon. He would kill nine or ten wethers at a time, never any under three years old, never letting his stock of carcasses, hanging up in the cool shade of the galpón, fall below three or four. He would kill a bullock once in a while, one that had broken his horn in taming, and draw the carcass up with block and tackle on a high gallows that stood near the shed. He would keep it hanging there until the cooks had used it up. It would not last long when house and cookhouse were both full. Monroe never refused food and lodging to any passer-by either in the cookhouse or the great house according to his station. A man might come in June to be on hand for the August dip and let his lean horses batten on Monroe's good pasture all winter, and himself on the flesh pots in

the cookhouse, "and nothin' said." There might be twenty men living on Monroe at one time doing no work, and no pay would ever be accepted from any of them.

There was one big room in the cookhouse with bunks for forty men about the walls, a long table down the center, and a stove at one end. There was also a little room which Chace had to himself. Monroe used to come down and visit him almost every night. He liked to get away from his big house. There was a dip drum stove in the room, a bunk, a table, a bench, a shelf, and a slush lamp—twist of rag in a cup of mutton tallow—all Chace's handiwork. Chace would perch on the bunk on sheepskins while Monroe went shuffling up and down in that careless rig of his, stroking the red beard, and recounting his adventures. Chace had read some of the adventures in books and magazines and used to ask questions, hoping for a little variation from the original, but he never got it. It was the college yarns that particularly amused him, for the boss was as rough-spoken and rudely educated as he looked. He may have had some of those from his nephew's letters, he was putting a nephew through a Scotch university. They would take mates early in the evening, and when they talked till midnight they would have a snack, fry mutton steaks and make a cup of coffee. There was no lock on the little window or on the door, but Chace could leave with impunity a gold piece lying on the shelf or his Winchester hanging on the wall. A man escaping from the police might need the Winchester but one could scarcely grudge it him in that case.

Monroe had built a separate shanty for his capataz, Ernest Benn, up by the ram paddock, when, after a brief absence, Benn had come back from a paseo with a stolen wife and her daughter. That foreman was a dark, quick-tempered fellow—Argentine mother and German father, brought up among Argentines. Chace saw the rightful husband ride up one day, tie his horse to the palenque and walk over to the shanty, cloaked in his poncho. He followed to see what would happen.

Benn met the fellow at the door, his hand on a big Webley stuck in the front of his trousers. There was a shot from under the poncho. Benn staggered a little, and then the Webley went off like a cannon but missed, and the man ran for his horse. The bullet had grazed Benn's trigger finger and glanced off on the butt of the Webley. They were so close together that the powder blackened the skin. Chace slit the skin with the sheep shears and washed out the wound. The woman died after a few years and Benn sent passage money out to Austria, on the strength of a photograph he had seen at Reed's boliche, and got another, and they lived happily ever after.

THERE was a row of kennels in the lee of the cook-house, and there were kennels in other sheltered places. You would see dogs loose about the farm in the daytime, but any dog caught at large after working hours was in danger of being shot. Glen used to follow Chace about all day wherever he went, but had to be locked into his kennel at night like the rest, unless he had just come in from three or four days' hard work out in camp, so tired and footsore that no bitch, who might have been overlooked, could lead him off. A bitch will lead off half a dozen dogs sometimes. They may not start killing, but they will surely start working the sheep and may unwittingly drive them over a cliff and mangle and kill many that way. No dog can escape with his life after a second offence. It is the sheep dogs who do the harm. Those savage galgos spend their energies on ostrich. But once in a while a galgo gets away from his master and does not come back, and if that happens in a country where there is little game he will run amok among the sheep until he is killed. A pair of them killed on the Río Coyle for four years before they got them, but they did much less mischief than two sheep dogs at a big estancia on the Lago Argentino which were at large there for only two years, each with a price of sixty pesos on his head.

A good sheep dog in his prime is a strictly one-man dog and will work for no one but his master, but there would always be three or four old pensioners about who would work for any one, and if no one wanted them, hunt jobs for themselves. Chace pensioned off an old dog, later on, at a farm where they had a couple of young pigs and some hens. His feet had given out. The best dogs' do in six or seven years even when they have feet as small and tough as foxes'—sooner on the lava. A Falkland Island dog will go sorefooted in a day on that lava on his big spongy feet. They used to let the pigs root round and feed themselves outside. The men drove them in at night a couple of times, and then the old dog took charge. "He'd lay out ahead of 'em all day, not lettin' 'em go out of sight of the house. If they started to do it, he'd drive 'em back and at night he'd work 'em down to the pen. We'd set and laugh at him for half an hour, when one pig'd go in and the other one'd break away. When he had that one rounded up, the other'd be out. It might take him an hour or two, but he'd get 'em in at last, and then lay down in front of the door, so't they couldn't get out. It was a full day's job. He took charge of a flock of hens after that. He see someone chasin' the hens out of the garden and went and laid down half asleep, but every time a hen went in, he'd be up and after her and have her out in no time."

Monroe had a favorite dog, Roy, a bad one for pulling wool. That is a serious misdemeanor, a capital offence if whipping will not stop it, for it makes a healthy fleece look scabby, and blotches the meat under the skin. "When Roy would run in and begin pullin' wool, Monroe'd sing out, 'Roy, come here! Come here, Roy!' He'd come. Monroe'd turn his back to the other fellows and pull two or three pieces of bunch grass and ask, 'Would you, Roy? Would you? Would you, Roy?' and pretend he was givin' him an awful wallopin'. The others thought he had a stick."

Glen and Roy and the other dogs helped the gulls clean up after Arturo at the galpón and picked over the

cookhouse dump, getting rather more than was good for them of bones and livers and heads and hearts.

THE Patagonian cooks were rather wasteful nomads. Chace's shipmate, Ransome, who lost that race with the ostrich, made something of a name for himself as cook afloat and ashore later on. There was an elegant English ex-butler, Cooper, who Chace thinks must have cooked in every cookhouse in Patagonia before he died in the horrors. There was that burly Irish sailor, Bill Salters, whom Ledesma sobered off. He used to follow the shearers about and leave his name written large on cookhouse walls, WILLIAM SALTERS, BELFAST, IRELAND. You took what you got at his hands meekly. He used to make his tea and coffee in the same pot at Monroe's, and when he overheard a little Chilean asking his neighbor, was it tea or was it coffee, he knocked him off the bench. And when a stranger told the table the soup wasn't fit for pigs—Bill hadn't bothered to put much meat in it, the galpón was so far away—Bill sat down beside the man, thrust his chin out at him with, "Good soup, eh?" in a thundering bass. The fellow agreed and cleaned up his plate as quickly as he could. "Want some more, eh?" said Bill, and filled it up again, and went on filling it up until he had that grumbler disciplined.

Chace saw one of those bullying sheep camp cooks get disciplined himself. He was an Italian, the kind that carries his knife slung under his armpit out of sight. "Billy Hilliard was eatin' in his cookhouse. Billy was brought up tough, was a barge boy on the Thames. Down there everybody knew he was one of the Fufu gang. He was a hard citizen—rather fight than eat. He'd fought with any amount of them fellows and licked 'em. The food was pretty rotten and Billy he growled about it. The cook said, 'You're a hard case, and you never got licked yet but you're goin' to get licked now. I don't fight with no fists.' Billy said, 'I ain't so bad with a knife, myself.' He'd never fought with a knife in his

life. The cook says, 'Come on, then.' Billy says, 'I'm hungry. Time enough after supper.' So Billy he went on eatin'. He et a good big supper. When he got through he stretched himself, and went to his bunk and got his knife, one of them big camp knives it was, a foot and a half long, with a heavy handle. He brings it out, and a oil stone, and sets 'em down outside. Then he sharpens the knife up good, tries it on his hand—it ain't quite sharp enough—sharpens it up on the stone some more, and strops it on his boot till it'd cut paper. Then he comes in and says to the cook, 'I'm all ready. Come on now.' 'Oh, well,' says the cook, 'I was tired, I guess. I didn't mean nothin'. You and I don't want no trouble, Billy.' And Billy says to me afterwards, 'That was the time the bluff worked'."

Chace came to think that anyone of the forty bunks in the cookhouse might hold a potential savage. One night he saw a knife-scarred Indian and a Spaniard fall out over a game of cards. The Indian had already got the worst of one fight with that Spaniard and did not stay to try another, but the Spaniard chased him with his rebenque, his loaded riding whip. The Indian brought in a badly swollen head next day and rode away to the south. Someone found the Spaniard's body in a little canyon, cut about the legs and stabbed through the heart, and the Indian did not last long.

Another night Chace saw an Indian and a dark-skinned tamer from the North arguing beside the tamer's bunk, and saw the Indian jump for a pistol hanging on the wall and pull the trigger on an empty chamber. The domador reached for his knife, but it stuck in its sheath and it was the silver button on that that the Indian got in his stomach. Chace and another fellow disarmed them, and put them outside to fight out the argument with their fists, or rather with their feet and their claws.

Rows were as common among the men as among the dogs, but in the case of the men, bystanders were usually impartial and often interfered to forestall fatality.

ALL the gauchos who stopped on the way north or south to tame for Monroe or herd his cattle and horses were Argentines. Chace thinks all the good tamers in that country were. We, looking for gentle horses, were told that we must get Chilean-tamed stock because the Chileans are not such good riders as the Argentines and have to have more docile horses. That impetuous fellow who whipped his knife out of his sash, scabbard and all, was the first tamer Chace saw work—one of the best he ever saw. He was so very dark Chace thought he must have Indian blood. They called him Tucumán after the place he came from, back in the foothills of the high Andes near the Bolivian border. Everyone went by a nickname. Only Benn the capataz who made out the checks knew the men by any other names and the names he knew were probably rarely their real ones. Few of Monroe's men could afford to use those.

You could depend on a horse of Tucumán's taming to stand where you left him, if you let the reins drag, to start when you put your toe to the stirrup, and not to buck you off. And you would always find him grazing near his *madrina*, as they call the bell mare in one of those *trupillas* of seven or eight or ten young horses, "querenced" to her, as Chace says, meaning "devoted." A colt which does not spontaneously fall in love with the *madrina* allotted to him comes to do so presently by enforced propinquity. Tucumán would ball such a colt and drive him back with the balls on, stumbling and falling. He took care never to approach a horse for punishment, on foot.

He chose savage mares with stout necks, so that when you had occasion to add an unbroken horse or two to your *trupilla* on the march, you could button their halter rings to the big braided buttons on either side of her wide collar, "and she'd snatch 'em along as if they was a pair of dogs."

Chace never saw anyone so foolhardy as to try to ride one of those mares, but she would come at your call and

would let you come up to her and hobble her as docilely as you pleased, and her "querenced" trupilla would come crowding about her and thrust their necks across her back. When you called a horse out by name to get his gear, if he did not come immediately, the others would kick him out. All the riding horses in Patagonia were broken to run in trupillas thus before the fences came, and a great many still are.

Tucumán used to travel all over Monroe's estancia from shanty to shanty and even to Oronaike or Mata Grande with the trupillas he was breaking. He would take a year to a horse sometimes. He would always ride a colt fast but only a very short distance the first time, increasing the distance gradually every day or two until the colt came to think he could never tire. A Swiss tamer Chace knew, Jacobs, was too gentle. All his horses turned out lazy. Now and then a tamer would insure a mount of his against amateur horse-thieves by breaking him to be caught and cinched and mounted on the off side, pricking him with some sharp pointed thing whenever he approached him on the near side. Chace has often seen a tamer vomit blood after a hard day's work.

The breaking of the bullocks fell to Chilean carters usually. A renegade artillery man from Punta Arenas, whom they called old Chile, was boss carter and saw to it that the breaking was properly done. They used to break them on loaded carts, putting a wild yoke in between two tame ones. You can lead a well-broken bullock up to the yoke on a loose rope but you will need two ropes on a young one to check his charges, and a goad to move him. In breaking him to give back after he is yoked up you have to pound him on the horns with the heavy handle of your rebenque until he flinches. If he is obstinate he may have sore horns for some time. The roping of unbroken bullocks in the corrals and on the march is dangerous business. Chace saw many horses gored and helped sew them up. "They'd be as good as ever except that there'd be a

bunch on 'em that looked bad." He never saw a man killed in this business. When a bullock got after one fellow another would divert him.

Of course, the reason for having all these horses and bullocks and all the men it took to handle them was the sheep, but these men scorned the sheep and would have nothing to do with them. That work fell to the shepherds, who used the horses but were poor hands at breaking them.

You might find one or all of the shepherds in the cook-house according to the season or what was going on. But much of the year you would find only one or two there and the other eight or ten would be out in puestos—shepherd's shanties. Monroe's shepherds were Chileans and Indians and one German. You might have confused the Chileans and Indians if you had only their faces to go by. The Chileans were dressy fellows. They wore narrow-brimmed blue sombreros, held on by thongs tied behind like that first one Chace saw on a bare skull up on the Pampa Triste back of Santa Cruz; wore gay woven ponchos and Valdivian leather boots with scarlet linings that made their legs look red when they rolled them down in warm weather, away down to the ankle sometimes—they pulled them up to their hips in wet. They would come down to the port and drink and quarrel in Reed's boliche and take liquor back to their shanties and go on drinking and quarrelling there. Chace thought they were all probably outlaws in their own country and ought to be in this.

You would nearly always find two men in each of the corrugated iron shanties, built in canyon bottoms, sheltered from the wind, a long way out. They lived on the dirt floors and built their fires there, letting the smoke drift out through chinks and the open doorway. Chace furnished all of the shanties eventually with benches and tables, and fireplaces made of a single sheet of sheathing, cut and bent into fireplace and chimney.

Each shepherd had a horse picketed near and his trupilla would be feeding with its madrina not far off. The men rode boundary almost every day, or rather an imaginary boundary within which Monroe chose to keep his sheep, far outside his actual one. They dogged all the sheep they found straying too near the boundary until the sheep got so that they would run back when a shepherd "fetched a shout" as Heysen's sheep had done to Chace's and Monty Miller's, but here there were so many that far beyond the carry of a man's shout, as far as he could see, there would be sheep running back as if the dogs were after them. One sheep would take alarm when he saw another run, and if he happened to be a black one, stampede a big point—they would think him a dog. A white dog on the other hand is useless with very young sheep—they mistake him for one of themselves and follow him.

When the sheep came down in the winter, the low-lying land about the head of the bay had to be combed for strays at the very high tides. Chace spent so long out on those "Sands of Dee" one day trying to gather an obstinate point of a couple of thousand that the sea cut him off before he was aware of it. He had to swim an icy current some twenty yards wide and climb very wet into his saddle. The sheep went milling round on their shrinking pasture until they were all drowned. There was an hour's ride ahead of Chace in a cold wind, and he drew up at the cookhouse in a suit of armor frozen to the saddle, but warm enough in his woolen underwear inside the armor. He had to be lifted off and broken out.

BOTH the Chileans and Indians were very good men for most of the work, but none of them could be depended upon to detect scab, in spite of Monroe's patient coaching, until it had spread dangerously. It took Scotch shepherds to do that. Chace got thoroughly interested in scab, learned to tell it at a very early stage, and to distinguish it from the effects of a sharp grass seed, shaped

something like an arrow-head, that used to work into a sheep's skin, and make him rub off wool on rocks and bushes as if he had the scab. The scab is a kind of mange—Chaucer's sheep had it. It seems to be the only parasite that Patagonian sheep are seriously troubled with. They do not even have ticks. A mite burrows into the skin, kills the wool, ruins the meat, and would eventually kill the animal if he were let be, but if the farmer fails to kill the mite with dip, he kills the sheep and burns his carcass, and so gets at it. The eggs hatch in a fortnight under ordinary conditions on the sheep. Monroe thought they might live for two years off him. When you see your sheep all bunched together, steaming, in hot rainy weather, you may know scab is spreading fast, but you never worry much about it after the last dipping just before winter comes on.

Monroe would send Chace out to a shepherd's shanty and he would spend three or four days winding in and out among the sheep thereabouts, counting the scabby ones. The fleece of the healthy sheep would have a greasy look and a slightly dun color—a flock on snow looks tawny—but where there was scab starting he would find a piece of dead-looking white wool that would pull off very easily. Scab usually starts just behind the fore leg. Belly scab would escape his notice in the open unless it had gone far enough to affect the sheep's walk. Now and then he would ball a suspicious sheep to make sure. He would often find the wool wet and crinkled where a sheep had been chewing it over a scab pimple.

Monroe claimed that the government inspectors had rid the Falkland Islands of scab by enforced dipping. They would follow up a careless man and dip his sheep until they either killed or cured them.

The Falkland Islands were thoroughly fenced, but even when the fences began to come to Patagonia, even when some of the country got to be fenced right up to the snow on the Cordillera, Argentine Patagonia continued to keep the name Paddy the Poet gave her, "land of wind and scabby sheep." The Chileans on the Straits are

better off and try to quarantine against the Argentine stock. There never has been any government inspection, and however carefully you clean your own camp you can never be safe from a scabby neighbor. There will be scabby wool left on your fences where your clean sheep may rub, even though all the wire in Patagonia is smooth wire. And even where your immediate neighbors keep their camp clean, you will be in danger from scabby drives passing through your sheep street. You have to fence off a way about eighty yards wide across your camp to let your up-country neighbors through on their way to the coast. If you build double fences about a yard apart and keep the wire tight enough to prevent sheep squeezing through, you will be safe enough.

Back in the forest, or the monte as they call it, where the timber has been burned off to make way for feed there is very little scab. Sheep rubbing against the charred boles seem to cure themselves.

On those inspection rounds of his Chace would ride from one puesto to another until he had a fair idea of the state of all the sheep. Where there was only a little scab they would do nothing about it until it came time for the regular dip—three in the year at Monroe's, one in the spring, one off the shears, and one late in the autumn—but when Monroe thought there was too much in any quarter he would have that quarter gathered.

THE country was very rough. There was so much cover that it was easy to miss a point of twenty or thirty. A dog unaided was not very good at that business, being always upwind of the sheep. A mounted shepherd had a much better chance of seeing the sheep. When he sighted a point he would put out a dog, directing him first with whistles, then, as he got further and further away, with his arm, next extending that with his hat, and finally turning his horse.

Monroe's wether flock was so big it used to take Chace a couple of days to gather it. There was very little sale

for wethers in those pre-frigorifico days and half of every man's flock would be wethers. Monroe had nearly twenty thousand. Chace would take five men and their dogs with him and they would line up just outside the farthest sheep, a long way apart. The end men would ride ahead of the others and gradually close in from the sides until they had the point bunched. Then Chace would leave two men to handle the point and go back with the rest to clean camp. The point would be brought on slowly, allowing two or three hours to a mile so as to bring them in fresh and shut them in with full bellies for the long wait, in the gathering paddock, without food or water. Sometimes the peons did such a gathering on foot when a farm was short of shepherds. That took longer and took more men.

Chace once gathered ten thousand alone in the foothills near Lago Argentino with three good dogs, Jack, Cuzco and Spring to help him. The sheep were scattered over one side of a valley between the base of a cliff high up the grassy bushy slope on that side and the stream in the bottom. The other side was too steep for sheep. Chace rode away beyond the last sheep, put out his wide dog Spring there to drive the uppermost, took the middle of the slope with another dog Jack and put the third Cuzco in the bottom. The dogs worked without orders until they had brought the sheep down about four miles to a gathering paddock. Chace let the head end pass the gate until the tail came abreast it, put out two dogs then to hold the head, penned the tail end with his rough dog and then the head end. The job took him about three hours. When he told us this story, a fellow sitting by our camp fire on a New Hampshire hill said reflectively, "I once brought our two cows in, all alone."

THERE was a very late special dipping that first year at Monroe's. They had been very short in their count at the regular dipping, and Chace had found five thousand

of Monroe's sheep after it was over, mixed with Bob Patterson's at Mata Grande. He parted them off with the help of a Swede named Blumgren, and a Liverpool stowaway called Bricktop, who was over there parting off some strays of Swino's from Oronaika. They could not get the lambs at such a parting, but they put the ewes through a race and felt the udders of all of them to see which were suckling lambs. Then they put their mark on as many of Patterson's lambs at random, for gathering in the spring. Bricktop found only a few of Swino's sheep and it was easier for him to take them back by way of Monroe's, so they all went on together. "When we got ready to come back with the sheep we says, 'We'll see if we can get somethin' to eat.' I knew we couldn't get down to Monroe's that day: it'd be one night sleepin' out, and the next day get to Monroe's. So Bricktop he went up to the cookhouse to get some cold meat, and all the cold meat the cook had was one shoulder of cooked mutton. So Bricktop got that.

"Later Blumgren and I went to the cook for meat, but he says, 'No, I give it all to Bricktop.' Then we went to Bricktop and says, 'You've got all the meat.' 'No,' he says, 'I've got meat for myself but none for you fellows.' So I went to the camp store and bought a lot of sardines, and I says to Blumgren, 'We got bread and sardines, and that'll make it all right.'

"So we started, and as we got along, I opened a tin of sardines and they'd gone bad. So I says to Blumgren, 'Bricktop was that mean about that meat, instead of sharin' it, I'm goin' to play a trick on him,' and Blumgren says, 'All right.' So I rode up, careless like, alongside of Bricktop and I says, 'We'd ought to stop and have somethin' to eat by and by. I wish I had anythin' bu sardines. I hate fish. I don't like fish at all.' He says, 'Don't you like fish?' I says 'No.' 'Well,' he says, 'I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll trade my cooked mutton for your sardines. I'm sick of mutton.' 'All right,' I says, 'and now,' I says, 'it's no use stoppin' all these sheep for us to eat together, so Blum and I'll stop and have a bite,

and you go on marchin'; and as soon as we've had a snack, you can stop and have your feed.'

"So we stopped and et the shoulder of mutton and the bread—what we didn't eat we give to the dogs—and I rode up to Bricktop and I says, 'Now you can have your feed. We'll carry on.' So he stopped back of a bush and we watched him over our shoulders. We could see him open one tin of sardines after another, but they was all bad. Then he come up on a gallop, almost cryin' and sayin', 'All them sardines was bad, and you fellows have et all my fiambre.'

"We marched on that night and come to a big bunch of bushes, and one of us had to watch the sheep; so Blumgren stopped first, and then I took the watch over from him, and had the sheep all up there. Then I called Bricktop and put him on watch. I waked up about daylight, and it had begun to spit snow; and here was Bricktop had a big fire built and was settin' beside the fire, sound asleep, wrapped up in his poncho, and not a sheep to be seen. So I got him up, and I says, 'You've done it now. You've lost the sheep, and they'll probably head right back to Mata Grande. You go right straight back until you pick up some tracks.' I knew they'd gone the other way, but I was goin' to have him go as far as he could. As soon as he left, I found the sheep and rounded 'em up, and started marchin' for Monroe's. We got within about half a mile before he come up."

It was very late in the year, but that five thousand had to be dipped. It would take two or three days at Monroe's. On a big estancia nowadays they could do it in one. For three days before they started the air had been full of wild fowl flying north. They crowded the sheep by way of the gathering paddock into a couple of pens that just held them, and next day you might have seen a man standing at the end of a narrow race, parting off the wethers from the ewes. The race held five sheep single file. The man took the whole five in at a glance, or rather their earmarks by which he told their sex and age and owner. He had two swing gates under his hand,

by swinging which one way or another he could let the sheep into any one of three pens. The sheep passing through the gate at any moment he did not see, nor did he see any of that first five after the one glance and the chopping of that group off, in his mind, by a movement of his hand. His eye was busy with the new file filling the race. He parted the others automatically. When he had parted a thousand thus, he dropped a pebble into his pocket. All went well unless he stopped to think or unless someone spoke to him, when he invariably made mistakes.

The file moved as fast as they could make it. The wethers waited to one side and the ewes went straight on toward the dip through smaller and smaller pens until they got into one where Chace and another man were parting scab. That pen would hold about fifty, but only a score were being let in at a time. This huddle of sheep at the entrance end was made to break up and run, one at a time, between the two men, and the process was repeated with the new huddle at the far end, so that each man could see both sides of every sheep. Each scabby sheep was seized as he came by, by one of the men, marked with red chalk, and thrown into the scab pen, while the other checked the rout. All strangers, healthy or diseased, were thrown into the scab pen.

When belly scab was rife they would sometimes have to turn over every sheep to make sure. It was an ugly sight to see the scabby ones throw up their heads and stagger about on being touched by a man or climbed upon by other sheep trying to climb over them. They would often have fits in the dip.

The healthy sheep were let run through into two narrow parallel pens that held a score or two apiece, and from these the chucking-in pen, which would hold about six, was kept full. No ewe after one taste of the dip would ever enter it again if she could help it. There was hard work for two men in that pen, backing the sheep in. If one of the men was a greenhorn the other would see to it that he got splashed from head to foot,

but there was no need of splashing. Once in, there was no climbing out at that end. A sheep had to swim the ninety feet and have its head ducked under three or four times by a fellow on the side, with a crook. A badly frightened one will start turning over and over and sometimes swallow enough dip to kill itself. When the ewes were heavy with lamb in the spring dip some of them would get fits like the scabby ones, and have to be dragged out with the crook, and often one would die from chill. On an estancia where they let the rams run most of the year with the ewes, this might happen at any dipping. It never happened at Monroe's except at the spring dip, for he always took his rams off after two weeks. He got fewer lambs that way, but they were all healthy. In the other case there would be a lot of weazen lambs. Heysen's dip had been less than a quarter as long as Monroe's, and they had to keep the sheep milling about in it to give them their full minute under.

The sheep climbed up a ramp at the far end of Monroe's long dip onto the dripping stage, where there were two pens side by side that would hold about three hundred and fifty each. When one was full, they would turn the sheep into the other, letting those in the first pen stand until they had drained as much as would run off back into the dip. A full-fleeced sheep takes away about a gallon that will not drain off. The draining stage was walled with sheet iron to keep off the wind.

There is a "dry dip" of sulphur and arsenic which is about as hard on the sheep as it is on the scab, aggravating cuts on sheep off the shears, blinding some, killing some. There is a "liquid dip" which heals their wounds and does none of the mischief of the other, coal tar and carbolic acid for a foundation. One would think those chemicals could work mischief enough, not to mention the other ingredients which Chace does not know. The scabby sheep had to swim a stronger dip than the healthy ones. Monroe told Chace that in his boyhood in Scotland the shepherds parted the wool on each sheep and worked in tar and grease with their hands.

HAD there been time at this dipping, the sheep would have been held near by and dipped again in fourteen days, and perhaps a third time before they were finally let go. As it was, they were all turned out after that one dipping, and that very night it began to snow.

The sheep went drifting up the big canyon until they found some shelter from the wind, and there it snowed and drifted on them for three days and nights without let-up, and a terrible winter set in. There was no saving any of the sheep of that dipping. They had to skin them all in the spring, on such a rich carpet of flowers as no man would believe possible in that forbidding land. Chace never saw the like again. "Them sheep hadn't stood still while the drift was formin'. They'd moved and tramped the snow down. The snow'd gathered thicker and thicker on their backs and finally covered 'em up, gathered and gathered on their backs and covered 'em over and over. They'd kept on trampin', and the heat of their bodies'd melted the snow, and they'd moved about under the drifts, makin' a kind of maze of tunnels. They'd dug up all the roots and finally they'd begun eatin' each other's tails and wool."

Skins of sheep that have been buried in snow in the winter turn black on the second day of thaw. The men went out the first day, and turned over all the carcasses that were exposed and skinned them as fast as they got both sides thawed out. When a skin had gone too far they kicked the wool off.

The bullocks had been kept up that year as usual for the hauling of the winter firewood, but there was no getting about with bullocks or horses for six weeks after that first snow. The men improvised wooden snowshoes, went out on them, cut off the tops of bushes and fence posts, and hauled them in on marehides, hair-side down, the rope made fast through slits in the neck, and the loads corded on through slits in the ends of the legs. All hands were busy keeping the cook in firewood. They burned the tallow that they would have barreled for shipment and used sheep shanks to help the green wood burn. To pass

the time they played cards, checkers and dominoes, or told stories or sang songs. There were three guitars. One or another of the Spanish or Argentines would play almost every night—sweet melancholy airs.

Chace finally got out on a horse, adequately protected from the cold winds now by a Falkland Island poncho like Monty's—heavy blue navy cloth lined with red, cut full circle, no opening but a hole for the head with a high collar round it—and Valdivian boots that came to his hips well up under the poncho. He found the snow lying three feet deep on the level everywhere, and drifted out over canyon edges like railway embankments fifty or sixty feet out. He could not tell where the pampa left off and the canyon began. Those banks might have been a hundred feet deep.

He had had no luck and had gotten back to within a mile or so of the house when his horse began to flounder. He was over the edge, there was no getting back. The snow was so close-packed that the horse did not go quite out of sight. The only chance was to get down, which they did in five or six hours of heartbreaking work. It was a long circuitous way to the house by that canyon bottom, and there was no telling how badly blocked it might be. The sun had set. Chace found a big bush in a spot drifted clear of snow, built a fire in the lee, threw the saddle blanket over his sweating horse, and the two spent the night there. When they got in next day, they found a company of men preparing to hunt the corpse.

All the wild animals and many of the domestic ones that winter congregated on that bare strip along the coast where the ewes lambed.

Swino was caught at Monroe's in that first storm on his way from the port to his house at Oronaike and forced to spend the night. There had been no love lost between Monroe and Swino and Swino's henchman, Charlie the Welshman, since Monroe had ridden by their marking-pen one day and seen them putting the Oronaike mark on lambs of his that had got mixed with

Swino's sheep. Monroe had made them put his mark on one of their lambs for every ewe of his that he found with milk.

Swino could not bring himself to stop more than the one night with his enemy. So he made a pair of snowshoes of boards slatted across, and set out through the storm on foot with an old dog.

One of his shoes broke about a league out, but he managed by dark to get to that Mata Bombilla on the high pampa where Chace and Heysen had camped, about two leagues from Oronaika. He had got so hot and sweaty that he had thrown away his coat. He had no blanket. He could get no fire. He and the old dog crawled into the bush and made the best of it for the night. He did the two leagues to the edge of his canyon next day on frozen feet. There was no road down to his house. His bullock carts used to stop up on the pampa and unload their cargoes into sledges improvised from the posts or lumber that they brought from the port—they always brought back one or the other. The peons saw him up there and came and helped him down and thawed his feet out before the fire, so that he lost all his toes in the spring.

There had nearly been a shooting between Monroe and Swino over that affair of the lambs, but the real criminal was Charlie the Welshman, "tryin' to make himself big with the boss." Swino got rid of him soon after, and he went to work behind the bar at Reed's boliche. He served Chace and Monroe drinks down there one day, and Monroe said to him, across the bar, "I didn't think that of you, Charlie, after all the help you've had of me, to go stealin' my lambs." Charlie put his hand down toward the drawer where they always keep a gun, but Monroe whipped out a little derringer from his vest pocket, and waving it up and down said, "No you don't, no you don't, Charlie. Take your hand out of that." Chace said to Monroe, "Think what you're doin', man." "S all right, 's all right, Chace." But he put up the derringer and walked out, arm in arm with

Chace, and, when they were outside, he asked, "Did you think your old boss was goin' crazy, Chace, eh?"

WHEN Chace came up from the south there were no police at San Julián, but just before he left Heysen's, Monroe had got a man stationed there. Several new boliches had been put up at the port alongside Reed's, where hard cases congregated, and these, together with the hard cases Monroe himself harbored, made it rather necessary to have a man there. Juan Mateo—the Comisario Chico they called him because he was such a little fellow—was very keen on his job and afraid of nothing. Chace thinks he had been in the Austrian army. They sent him up to the Gran Chaco some years later with a small company to run down a gang of murderers that had escaped from a penal colony, and he was killed up there.

Chace had his first glimpse of him when he came down with Monty Miller for a paseo just before he left Heysen's for good. He saw him then in action. Monty had left his troop of ten horses outside the port, and the two men had come in on foot to Reed's boliche. The Comisario had sworn in a vigilante to take a stolen horse from an Austrian who had been surveying for Monroe. The Austrian had resisted. The vigilante's pistol had stuck in the holster and gone off and shot away his finger. The Austrian had mounted the horse and cleared. The vigilante came running to the Comisario with the bleeding stump. Monty's were the only horses at hand, and the Comisario demanded two of them, as he had a right to. Monty did not want to let them go, and the Comisario, rather than make a row and possibly "get in bad" with Monroe, who he supposed must be a friend of Monty's, made out a paper agreeing to leave the horses at Monroe's farm when he was through with them, or to pay for them. Then he went after his thief, but he never got him, for he had gone straight to Monroe. Monroe patched the matter up with the Comisario and the affair blew over.

Monroe's bullock carters were about the worst of the hard cases on the farm. Old Chile was one of the artillerymen who had mutinied at Punta Arenas, shot their officers, taken their women, and escaped into Argentina, many years before. Some crime he had committed in Argentina had come to the Comisario's notice, and he had caught him, handcuffed him with a pair of Monroe's handcuffs, and shut him up in a little tin shack in San Julián. Old Chile got out with the cuffs on and cleared on a stolen horse.

Comisario Chico swore in a vigilante and went after him. They traced him to one of Monroe's puestos in a distant canyon, but the barking of the dogs had warned him and he had got away up onto the pampa.

They saw him up there without the cuffs. He must have waked Monroe in the night and got him to unlock them. Chile was not only clear of the cuffs but he had a Winchester that he had stolen from one of Swino's bullock carts up on the pampa at the edge of the canyon. The Italian carter had forgotten it. The Comisario and his man found it a slow business getting up the faldeo under cover. The Comisario had a Mauser pistol, and the vigilante a Winchester, but Old Chile did most of the shooting. He knocked snow into the Comisario's face a couple of times. He kept running up and down the edge, shouting, "Why don't you come out in the open? What are you hidin' like outlaws for?"

At last one of them got a bullet through Old Chile's leg, and the other hit his horse, but not very badly. Old Chile mounted then and got away, calling back over his shoulder, "Follow me up. I've got three bullets left." They went back to the shanty and hammered up the shepherd for letting him have a horse. At the next puesto Chile rounded up the shepherd's trupilla, took two of his best horses, and set off for San Julián to buy more cartridges, going down one canyon while the Comisario was riding in search of him up another parallel to it. The Comisario and his vigilante hammered the second shepherd. They caught Old Chile drunk at last

at a boliche down country and shut him up at a shanty at Gallegos, less easy to get out of. He got twenty strokes with the flat of the Comisario's sword every morning for some days after that. Old Chile had told Chace once that if he should be executed twenty times, he would still be some murders to the good.

Chace saw Perkins get a hammering after Monroe died. He had been sacked by the new manager and was loafing round San Julián. One day he was sitting on a bench near the Comisario Chico in a new boliche, where they had tables and benches, smoking. Chace saw him lean over and blow smoke into the Comisario's face saying, "That's all I care for you." The Comisario raised his eyebrows very high, and Chace thought he saw his hair bristle like the hair on an angry dog's back. He called his vigilante and ordered twelve planazos. Perkins submitted docilely to being stripped, and handcuffed to the palenque, and never winced once or gave any more heed than if the man had been petting him. The man laid on hard enough, but old Perkins was used to the cat, as you could see by the scars on his old rhinoceros hide. He took in deep breaths and hunched up his back between blows so that the flat of the sword did not bite in properly—only a short length of it hit him. When he had had the full count he put on his old coat, came back into the boliche and said to the Comisario, "Muchas gracias, muchas gracias, Señor." He got another twelve for that under the Comisario's eye, and gave as little heed to them. After the first two or three the Comisario took the sword and laid on, himself, with no more effect. Perkins came away from the palenque as insolent as ever and the Comisario promised him a bullet if he did not clear within twenty-four hours—which he did.

Chace found the body of an Italian stranger neatly laid out in the Gran Bajo one day, but did not report it. A man is assumed guilty down there until he is proved innocent. Three men riding by found the body and, being three, reported it.

That winter Monroe took over Reed's boliche, went into partnership with a man who was down on his luck, and put him in charge. That man, Leopard, was a German born in India under the British flag. He used to say his father had been valet to Prince Albert and had had his little son about with him sometimes when the Queen was by and she had patted him on the head. Men finding themselves isolated pigmies in that waste often fabricated satisfying backgrounds for themselves. Leopard abused Monroe's confidence, as had others on the long list of men Monroe had helped out of hard places. Presently Monroe got a notice from Punta Arenas that his account was heavily overdrawn, and he had to go down to adjust matters. On the way back he was caught in the spring rain, slept wet at Doña Gregoria's as they had no change for him there, slept wet in the Gran Bajo, and when he got home, came down with pneumonia, and died.

CHAPTER VII

TRYING ALL TRADES

DON JUAN WILLIAMS rode up from Santa Cruz, took an inventory of Monroe's estate and put Bob Patterson from Mata Grande in charge until Monroe's partner, Blake, should come. Monroe had been prospering and had engaged Chace for more building, and when Blake finally arrived he told him to go ahead with the work, but Patterson, whom Blake left in charge, had a friend who could use tools, and Chace found himself assigned as helper to this man.

The sorrel temper would not stand for that, and Chace was off for Frazier's next day on his little manchado with his belongings under and on the saddle after the fashion of the country. Chace smoothed out his ruffled temper eventually by adding a song to his repertory setting forth how he felt about Bob Patterson.

He had got acquainted with Jack Frazier, manager for his father, the schoolmaster, parting Monroe's sheep from his in the Gran Bajo. His manchado carried him up the steep climb on the south side, and past the deep crack with all the Indian bones in it, and the 'dobe igloo that the first comer had built there, to a much better-looking house than he and Ribera had found on their way north. Jack had been several years learning to run sheep in Patagonia, and now that he had got the estancia on its feet, the old man had come over with his wife and daughters in the *Rippling Wave*. The buildings were nearly eight hundred yards from the spring and they had to haul their water, but Jack had done so well that he thought he could afford running water for his mother, and had got the pipe out from England. Chace had the job of laying it. That was the only pipe Chace knew about along there at that time. The water it brought down was clear as crystal, but had a slightly brackish taste like all the water on that stretch of coast and back

at Heysen's. When Chace had been drinking that water for a few years and went back inland to where the water was sweet, he had to put salt in his mate.

The estancieros were by no means all so free with their earnings as Jack Frazier. One old fellow that Chace worked for refused aid to a peon that had got fatally hurt in his service and the fellow died in a week or two in the bed of a softer-hearted person. "That old man was like that. When another peon killed himself they went in and told the old man and he said, 'My God—and he bought a pair of pants yesterday and he's got nothin' comin' to him!' And he went straight off to the chap's room and got the pants and put 'em back in the store."

WHEN the piping was done, they put Chace on fencing with a Swede and a Dane, Loco Andrew and David Nelson. Frazier had part of Hope's peninsula that separates the bay from the Atlantic, and they fenced that last. All the estancieros on that side the Gran Bajo used to haul their wool down to the peninsula and dump it on the beach. "We three was down there, on that fencin' job, and the foxes was thick as could be all round. Some of 'em would just go 'Juan-Juan,' and some would go 'Juan-Juan-Juan.' They'd smell your asado and likely enough a dozen of 'em'd be settin' down around you, watchin' you eat. Take and throw a bone behind you and they'd make a run for it—one'd get it and half a dozen chasin' him. The minute you'd leave the fire they'd come up—they wouldn't be more'n fifteen feet away ever. You'd go into the tent and there they'd be, pickin' up scraps and grease. We used to hang our meat on the spike of one of the end poles, and lay it over on the tent so it wouldn't be in the way when we went in. We thought the foxes wouldn't try to get it there.

"Well, one night we'd went into the tent, and lighted up and was readin', and all at once we heard a fox scramblin' up the tent after that mutton. He must have taken

a run for it but it was too steep and he slid down. Then he made another run and got up higher that time. His feet'd slip on the canvas and he'd go down. Loco had been a sailor all his life and always carried his ditty-bag. He got out a sail-needle, and we had some wood there for the next mornin's fire, and he took a stick of wood and put the needle in the end of it. A fox'd run up the tent, and when he slid down, the canvas'd sag in, and Loco'd jab his needle into the sag and he'd squawk. So all of us got needles and poked 'em in, and there was yells all around, and we kept it up—but we couldn't discourage 'em. We was fencin' right up till winter and them foxes was always with us."

If you leave a lazo out at night you will find it all cut up into little bits in the morning. They will cut your horse loose when you have him picketed out, if you forget to spill urine on the lazo. You have to stow all your leather under your saddle at night and use it for a pillow, and then you feel the foxes trying to pull things out from under your head.

The first time Chace rode out to the fence down there he learned another of Don Juan's tricks. He was letting his halter leather drag, as is the custom in that country when you are riding an uncertain horse. That cabestro is about twenty feet long, and, holding a coil or two in one hand to keep it from pulling on his mouth, you let the rest drag. Once in a while the leather will wrap round a small bush and you will have to give a jerk to free it. Chace was having to jerk his free so often, that he looked back to see what was the matter, and there was Don Juan with the end in his mouth, dragging like a little anchor.

He is no bigger than a Belgian hare, all gray except for a black spot at the butt of a big brush. He seems to be too stupid to be a proper Reynard—Hatcher thinks him more of a wolf. He will take poisoned meat as readily as any other. You can catch him in any kind of a trap. You will see a bullock cart at night set around with big wooden fishhooks baited with meat to protect

the rawhide gear piled on top: the long twisted cord that the free yoke pull on, and all the horn-lashings, twenty or thirty feet long, each of them. In the morning there will be a fox on every hook.

No single dog can catch him, he turns so quickly with that big rudder of his. No dog ever grew a rudder big enough to bring his bulk about so easily. A pair of galgos running abreast can get him between them.

A skin was not worth twenty-five centavos in those days, but when the price went up to five and seven and ten pesos, they almost hunted the foxes out of the country. Now and then you would hear of a man being murdered for his catch. The scab that used to break out among the foxes never thinned them perceptibly, though when it was raging they would crawl under the shearing sheds and into the houses and die by hundreds.

The mice have become a nuisance since the foxes went, and so have the tuco-tucos, in spite of the many million sheephoofs that break through into their burrows. The geese have increased to the point of dirtying the meadows about springs and lagoons so that sheep will not graze them. A martinete used to be a luxury, but any puestero can have all that partridge meat he wants now, and plenty of eggs. Chace thinks the devastating march of the Belgian hare northward would be much slower if he had those foxes to face.

"The fish was fine off that peninsula of Hope's. At low tide the water'd be all bubblin' with fish. They was pícaro. We had a little boat there. I'd take the net, and fasten it to the shore and row the boat out with the other end of the net, and come in with the tide and take in the net. The fish'd be that thick I could just hold the net; they'd be goin' over the top, there was so many. When the tide dropped we'd split 'em and load up our saddle bags. We counted over a thousand once and got tired of countin'. They looked like a school of mackerel when they come in. They're like mackerel, only they're longer and much nicer flavored. Them freshwater porpoise come in there too."

WHILE that fencing was gong on an engineer came down from B.A. to San Julián and laid out a town. The three fencers put their heads together when their job was done and decided that the town was going to boom, now that the King's award had been made on the boundary dispute, and there might be a chance for them to make some money. So they all chipped in and took out a lot and built a house on it. The material cost them about three thousand pesos. When the house was done the Dane and the Swede went back to Frazier's, and Chace stayed on, building brothels and boliches and stores and dwelling houses for other people until things came to a standstill.

In Monroe's last year the first woman had come to San Julián, a black ugly stocky dirty Brazilian woman. The shepherds would come down and bid against each other for the pleasure of her company, bidding up to two hundred pesos sometimes. More and more women came in when the town began to boom, and prices fell, but sodomy remained as rife as ever where there was Latin blood.

Chace had met Hatcher of the Princeton Expedition there the year before that, the time he came down from Heyesen's with Monty Miller on paseo. Hatcher had a light Studebaker wagon with him that time, which must have been well built to stand the hard usage that it got on those rough tracks at the hands of its Argentine driver. They called him Buffalo Bill for a North American hat of Hatcher's that he wore. His talk was nearly all of Hatcher's temper. Hatcher himself piqued that wide curiosity of Chace's with tales of phororhacos—bird with a head as big as a horse's, and legs fit to carry it, whose bones he had been finding in the rocks of the Cordilleran foothills. A bird-man, travelling with him, got Chace to tell him everything he had learned up to that time about the animal and vegetable kingdom, and showed him how to prepare specimens for museums. He had taken a great many skeletons and skins of living birds for his own museum. He was keen on skunks,

which were very numerous then, several species of them, but they began dying off of some disease or other after he left, "until you'd hardly ever find one around your camp, and then after a while they come back as thick as ever." Chace had to repent at his leisure for taming one when a stranger happened into his cabin when he was away and disputed possession with the pet. Chace had not found his *hurón* then, which, though it bears the native name for weasel, has the habit and appearance of a savage little badger. He has not found this animal in the museums since he got home. "There's one kind that's marked like a skunk and they're all of 'em as slow as skunks. They're thickset and have short legs, and they smell bad like a mink. They'll set up and face you with their teeth chatterin', and come toward you. One'll fasten his teeth in a young dog's nose and hold on and tear the piece out. There's another kind that's gray-blue all over."

Chace met another man or two out hunting for museum specimens in the course of his thirty years down there, but he never seems to have taken any specimens, himself. Live game was his quarry. And despite his digressions into fencing, carpentering and the like, he was always watching animals when he was not hunting them. He hunted them in all the ways they could be hunted, cooked them to the Queen's taste in all the ways they could be cooked, put skin and carcass to all imaginable uses. He was as keen about domesticated animals, if you can call animals domesticated that run as wild as those mares and bullocks and sheep do down there. The pigs in *Tierra del*, he says, have run wild enough to get back where they started from, and the *estancieros* are always being hard put to it, to prevent the other animals following suit. Those sows get among the sheep in the spring when the lambs are weak and do more mischief than wolves do in the States. Chace once saw a couple of sows holding a point of lambs while their young ripped them up. They ate them, wool and all.

THE poker playing of the Princeton expedition made a deep impression on Chace—on Patagonia generally. We found tales of it in men's mouths thirty years later. Chace had it that Hatcher was paying a fair part of the expedition's charges with his takings at the table, but that the bird-man, who could play all around him, could not be induced to play for money. Home gossips have told him since that it was Hatcher's custom in the States to win back Sunday all the money he paid out to his fossil diggers Saturday night. That high-hatted bookkeeper of Monroe's had not learned poker at Oxford and thought this a good opportunity, but he got up from the table after a quarter of an hour, saying, "Fifty pesos a minute is too high a price." Chace saw Hatcher clean out the till at Reed's boliche one night when Leopard was running the place, and the night Hatcher left, when everybody was wanting a last chance to win back his money, he agreed to play until midnight. When the time came all the company's assets were in Hatcher's pile. He scooped it up, everybody demanding more time, and found the door locked, but they opened it when he showed fight.

Chace never sat in at one of those games of Hatcher's, pistols on the table. He had no money at that time, no land, no stock, no house, no wife—he saw an Argentine put his up once at three-card-monte and lose her, along with all his sheep and all his mares and all his money—he lost them first. He saw another fellow lose his shirt and boots at dice—they took them off him on the spot.

Gambling was in full swing now that the town was booming. They played poker for big stakes, but truco for small ones, when it was cards they were gambling with. They played that with the Spanish pack—not so many cards as ours and no queen, just a king and a knight and a peon. "You ask an Argentine anywhere to join you in a game of truco and he'll say, 'Como no?' like a shot. They play siete y media, too—that has a score of seven and a half. There was a Chileno that was that

crazy about that game they called him 'seven-and-a-half.' One mornin' I went into a boliche and see a piece of canvas coverin' somethin'. They said, 'That's siete y media.' All of 'em said, 'We can't help him. We'll make out our declaration in favor of the man that done the killin'. I always was stupid about cards, couldn't take an interest in 'em someway, but they was always playin' down there. They bet on horses too, and you'll never go into a boliche without you'll see 'em throwin' dice for drinks. And there's the taba, the kneebone of a bullock. I've seen thousands of pesos change hands on whether that falls hollow-side up or not. I never took to gamblin'. I figured I didn't want them fellows' money, nor didn't want them to have mine for nothin'."

But he loved to race his pingo in the three hundred yard dash they run down there, two and two, with fourteen starts allowed and rarely a getaway until the fourteenth, if it happens that one of them has a nervous horse and the other fellow thinks he can fret it in all those starts, beyond the possibility of winning. Chace used to keep himself in jam and pickles, when he took to shearing later on, running his little manchado Sundays. He liked that little manchado better than any other horse he ever had. "He'd go anywhere I'd go—straight down a cliff—I'd start down and he'd come after me. He was scared of bridges—there wa'n't many of 'em. When we'd come to one he'd shiver and shake. I'd pat him a little and start across on foot and he'd follow close on my heels. The spotted pony always looked reassuringly little under Chace, but when Chace "would lean over his neck and talk to him, he'd clear away from all of 'em. He'd run that three hundred yards till he bust. The manchado and I used to have good sport winnin' that jam and pickles and I'd have fun with it all the week. There wa'n't much to do out in camp, but racin' and drinkin' and gamblin' and gettin' a joke on another fellow. I'd keep the jam and pickles settin' on the cookhouse table the whole week right under their noses, and I'd say every time I took a bite, 'Good old manchado!' and they'd say, 'Just you wait till

next Sunday and we'll have yours off you.' They race fair, as far as buyin' a race goes. There'd be a killin' for that. They think that's as bad as we used to think horse-stealin' was in the States." Horse-stealing down there seems rather to indicate enterprise than any cloudy moral sense. Chace used to keep the papers of a horse after the horse had died—everybody does—against the chance of picking up a match for him, but he still resents the night his own horses were picked up—by the police.

Charley the Welshman, who used to tend Reed's boliche, ran a famous race in San Julián on a feast day at the time of the boom. "Charley he had a little petiso horse, and somebody challenged Charley to a race for a case of beer. Charley's legs was so long he had to double 'em up. The petiso's body was almost as big as a seven-hundred-pound pony but he was awful short-legged. They got out and run and Charlie beat. Then he challenged somebody else. He won three races that day with the petiso. Didn't we roar and cheer! The little fellow right close to the ground and diggin' in for all he was worth and the big fellow with his legs all doubled up! It bein' a feast day, everybody for leagues around had come in. It was all level ground. The track was just a cart track. Charley he knew that little petiso could run, but everybody thought he expected to lose and was doin' it for fun. There he'd come along, the other fellow whippin' his horse and the little petiso in the lead, and everybody that hadn't bet roarin' and cheerin', and the fellows that was losin' sort of boohoo'in', kind of half mad, eh?"

When men gathered in a boliche, it was generally the natives who would "part off" and begin gambling. The British would play checkers—there is a board in nearly every boliche and in every cookhouse out in the camp. If a Briton did go in for gambling, now and then, he would gamble for big stakes. Sometimes you would see a couple of Germans playing chess.

SOONER or later the British would fall to singing, sing until they had got too drunk and had to be put to bed. Charley the Welshman had a fine voice. They never failed to sing a song about "The Shamrock the Thistle and the Rose." And there was one song about "The Wild Colonial Boy." There were Scotch songs and Irish songs. Chace would recite "Jim Bludsoe" or "A Soldier of the Legion" or "Barbara Frietchie" or "Edinburgh after Flodden."

They used to play jew's-harps and mouth-organs and accordeons—Falkland Island pianos—and once in a while there would be a piper. "There was old Gus the Swede, that played the accordeon. He lived a couple of hundred yards from a boliche. He generally knew when he'd had a little more than he could carry at a walk, and he'd get up and edge along to the door, holdin' on to things, and when he got into the street he'd go on a dead run for his house, all of us crowdin' in the doorway, bettin' on whether he'd get there or not before he fell down. He had a horse, old Gus did, a clinkin' good horse, a high-headed horse, a big alazán. Gus was afraid of him when he was sober and 'd ride with the rein tight, and his eyes watchin', saying, 'Whoa, John, whoa, John.' But when old Gus was feelin' good he'd climb aboard, lettin' his legs hang any way and lettin' the rein loose, and he'd play his accordeon. And old John'd hold his head high and his tail up, and dance up and down, keepin' time to the music, and weavin' back and forth across the street." They say a horse will not hurt a drunken man. Chace thinks it true. He knew one tamer who would come in with a horse he was afraid of, go into the boliche, and come out drunk. People would say, "Bad horse, that." He would reply, "Bad? Look here!" And take him by his hind legs and shove him into the boliche. The horse would be trembling but never try to kick.

They had a home-grown poet in the port, that Hope, the bonesetter. He was a dark smooth-shaven fellow who would weigh about fifteen stone. His peons used to row him over from his peninsula once or twice a week

and he would spend the night drinking at Reed's or one of the new boliches. "When the liquor begun to go to his head he'd begin layin' off poetry. He'd think he was another Bobbie Burns. The men'd egg him on, 'You'd ought to write them things down, Hope. Talk about Bobbie Burns, you're him.' One night he said, 'I'm goin' to make a poem about Carr.' Carr was a young Englishman. His hair was straw-color and he had blue eyes. 'Young man,' Hope begins, 'Young man with eyes so blue, and limbs so fair and true.' Carr jumps up and throws his arms around Hope and says, 'Hope, I've always liked you, but I love you for them beautiful words about my limbs so fair and true.'

"Some of the fellows went down to the beach to help Hope push off to go home when they broke up. Just as he was gettin' into the boat, Sandy Frazier, the one that used to play the pipes, said very slow and deliberate, drawlin' like, 'There is somethin' I would like to call your attention to, Mr. Hope. I want to call to your mind the fifty pesos you borrowed of me down at Gallegos, Mr. Hope.' He said it very slow and deliberate and Hope got mad, and said he never borrowed nothin' of him. Sandy said it over again just as slow. Hope hit him. Sandy staggered and almost fell over, but he come back like a ragin' lion, both arms goin'. He give Hope two black eyes and knocked him down. The peons got out of the boat to interfere, but I stopped 'em, sayin' the two men could fight it out, and that I was on Sandy's side if they was on Hope's, so they give it up.

"When Hope had had enough he says to Sandy, 'If I ever find you in my camp I'll put a bullet through you.' Sandy says just as calm as ever, 'I wouldn't do that if I was you, Mr. Hope, but now that you have made a threat of it, if you should happen to see me on your camp, you want to give me a wide berth because I'll be lookin' for you, Mr. Hope.' After Hope had pulled away, Sandy says to the rest of us, 'I'm ashamed of myself, boys, me a young man hittin' an old man like that. What'll his wife say of them black eyes? I'm ashamed of

myself, boys, I'm ashamed of myself.' Sandy was a little stocky red-whiskered fellow. I've seen him do the sword-dance for an hour when he was feelin' so good he'd fall if the music should stop."

When they had fifty houses built in San Julián, news of King Edward's coronation reached the town. There was a sprinkling of Scotchmen over a wide area by that time, and every last one of them got out his kilt and plaid and came riding down to town. They gathered about Sandy, the peacock of them all, streamers flying from his pipes. There were half a dozen with beards as long and red as his and knees as hairy. The other British and Chace and the Scandinavians joined the company and they went from one boliche to another, drinking all the hard liquor they could lay hands on. Toward midnight when everybody was "feelin' good" they looted a pile of fence pickets and formed a wobbly column behind Sandy, playing "The cock o' the North." They marched down every street in the town, clattering their pickets along corrugated iron walls. When they came to the Comisario Chico's shanty, they marched clattering round and round that, but the Comisario gave no heed. He had been busy almost up to the last, arresting hard cases and men too hasty with their knives, and had them all shut up there in the tin jug with him, handcuffed to the bar. "He reckoned that the British and the Scandinavians'd only black each other's eyes and break each other's heads."

Being an Austrian, he did not share the Spanish scorn of clubs and fists. The Argentine women watching a bloody fist fight in San Julián that day would call out, 'Perro! Bruto! Animal!' Even a justice, when it was fists on one side and a knife on the other, was more lenient toward the *arma blanca*. A Scot and an Englishman got into a row one day when Chace was by. The Scot was getting the worst of it and reached down to his boot—the natives say a Briton does not draw unless he means to kill. Chace intervened before he got his knife out, just as the police came along. All three

were had up before the justice, who, when he had heard the tale and seen the Scot's black eye, said to the Englishman, "You brute, to hit a man in the eye like that! It would have served you right to get the knife."

The Comisario Chico eventually got all the hard cases in San Julián tamed or banished or hanged, and then Buenos Aires ordered him off to the Gran Chaco, everybody thought, because the Chilean Government had filed a complaint about his following criminals across the line. Futility succeeded him. "There was an Austrian we used to call Ginger-Pop watchin' a game of billiards. An Argentine walks up to him with his hand behind his back and says, 'Have you got anythin' against me?' 'No,' says Ginger-Pop, 'why should I?' 'Well,' says Silva, 'I've got somethin' against you, and here it is.' And he threw on Ginger-Pop and killed him the first shot. Old Ginger-Pop got in six shots from the floor to the ceilin', all line shots just about a foot to the right of where Silva was. He was dead. It was just his muscles workin'. Then Silva he went outside and marched up and down shoutin', 'I've killed a gringo. I'll kill any man that shows his head.' He was just like the leader of a team of huskies. The Comisario was afraid of him, but there was a little army captain raisin' carrier-pigeons for the army, and somebody went and told him about it. He wa'n't much more'n five foot high, but he gets his Mauser and he comes on down, and appears around the corner where Silva was shoutin', and hollers, 'Hands up!' and Silva give right in. The little captain marched him up to the Comisario, and says to him, 'Stand still while the police put the irons on you.' And he done it quiet for all the bad talk he'd been makin'."

CHACE stayed on for a while after he got through building, doing nothing, until young Carr "with eyes so blue and limbs so fair and true" was ready to go back to his camp. He was working the estancia at the Gap for Mauricio Braun, the one Wallace had started for Braun.

"I got acquainted with Carr and I asked if there was any chance for me to shear, and he said, 'Como no?' Maurice Braun had sent a lot of fancy rams to be taken out—about a hundred and fifty I think there was. So Carr, he says to me, 'Well, if you want to go out now, you come in just right to give a hand to take these rams out.' So I says, 'All right.' He had his ox cart down to take out provisions, lumber and sheep dip and the like o' that, and he had to take out the rams. When we got to the first place to camp the water was all dried up. What little there was, was that salty you couldn't drink it. We got there just about dark. He had a Christmas box that his mother had sent him out from home. We went through the wagon to see what there was to eat, but we couldn't find a thing. He'd left the provisions behind. He said, 'The only thing to do is open this Christmas box and see if there's anythin' in that.' Well, we opened it, and it was Christmas puddin' and we was hungry—hadn't had nothin' to eat since mornin'—and he had a case of Holland gin in stone bottles that I think his mother'd sent out, too. He says, 'Well, we haven't got any water, so we'll have to drink that Holland gin,' and I never wanted to see Christmas puddin' or Holland gin since. We was that hungry and dry, you know, and our lips was all cracked up, and we took a little bit of that gin and cut a slice of rich puddin'. That puddin' laid like a lump of putty on my stomach for a week. When we got in, and stopped the cart, Loco Andrew that was fencin' there, and a Scotchman, McIvor, come out to meet us, and Carr, he says, 'See here, boys, there's nearly a case of gin in this cart. We don't want it.' They had a great time in the cookhouse that night, but we stuck to mate."

Carr was rather fastidious about appearing sober before his men. Chace saw him once, leaning carefully against a shelf, while he received a shepherd's report, and confining his speech to "Very well, Angus, very well," until just at the last, trusting himself too far, he said, "By the way, Angus, are the lambs eweing yet?"

"WE started right in shearin'. I could shear about twenty-five a day and I'd get as wet as if I'd been in the river. I didn't know how to handle the sheep or keep my shears sharp. But I said, 'Well, if these other chaps can shear a hundred and fifty, by God, if I live long enough I'll do it too, and I kept at it and before it was over I could do seventy-five, if they was very easy sheep.'"

Carr's arrangements for handling his ten thousand were rather primitive and Chace's memory of them is rather vague. The kind of thing he took a hand in later, when a hundred thousand would come off the shears, seems more to the point. He got his count up to a thousand a week. Twelve hundred was a maximum. A very fast man might do two hundred and fifty a day for a few days running, but he was sure to fall short in his weekly count if he tried that. Half a dozen sheep over a man's normal would cripple him sooner or later. A fly-specked record on one galpón wall showed that J. Valerez had once sheared two hundred and twenty-two a day every day for a week—after which he probably laid off for the rest of the season.

It seemed to make very little difference in a good man's rate whether he used hand shears or machine. If it was hand shears, there was one special make the men demanded everywhere—Burgan & Ball No. 11A. They always honed the blade from the point down, so that all the little microscopic saw teeth would point back, toward the handle, and prevent any of the bite of wool from slipping out when the blades closed on it. You could never shear as close with hand shears as you could with machine, but that was an advantage to the sheep, for he did not have to swim the dip and dry off in the cold wind, quite naked; and it saved wool on the sheep who came in toward the last and had started a new crop, for you cut on the hinge that forms between the old and the new, with the hand shears. The power shears would not work except close to the skin. They would take a longer staple at just the right time, but there would be a snowfall

of short ends through the slats of the bundling table from fleeces machine-cut after the hinge had formed.

You could not make a very bad cut with the hand shears even if you were a greenhorn and lifted the skin instead of stretching it. But you might cut clean to the bone with the machine shears, and the sheep would have to be killed. The men came in for their cuts, too. Chace has seen a hogget kick the shears out of a man's hand and seen them catch another fellow on the back of the head between the open blades.

The shearing board, as they call the floor under the shearers' feet, gets greasy with drippings from the wool, and the hands of fellows, who have come in from fencing with a quarter inch of callus, go soft with grease and steamy heat and peel down until they are so tender that they bleed. Thumbnails wear down too close and have to be protected with leather stalls. The wool grease smarts. "It's a job to shear a scabby sheep. He'll start tryin' to kick, frothin' at the mouth and bitin' because you're ticklin' him so." Some sheep are dumb before the shearer, true to Scripture, but many of them "blat" as if they thought a lion had them, and it may feel something like that. A little hogget is likely to make that mistake in the hands of a tall man who may be rough because he has to lean over so far, and the tall man may get his nostrils ripped open by the little hogget's toenails. The Cheviots are the wildest. If you startle them in the open, they blow and clear like deer, but few of them come under the shears. They scrape their fleeces off on rocks and bushes before they get there.

Big estancieros often build their galpóns in the form of a T. There may be a dozen or eighteen power shears on the shearing board, six or nine on either arm of the T. In front of each, there is a little pen that holds about a dozen sheep with a swing door. The shearer has to dive in through this and pull out his sheep by the fore legs, set it on its rump between his own legs with its back bent a little, which will usually keep it quiet, catch both fore legs under his arms, shear the belly so, and throw that

wool aside. The rest of the wool comes off in an unbroken fleece, by various methods all too complicated for me to make clear without a movie of Chace's pantomime. "It looks easy when you see an old hand at it, the wool fallin' off in rolls. But you try it yourself and instead of two and a half minutes you'll probably spend two and a half hours on your first sheep and feel like you'd been fightin' for your life."

Two or three minutes after the shears start, a clipped sheep gets shoved backward out through a little doorway behind the shearer, and goes sliding down a chute into a dipping pen outside.

Back of the little "dozen" pens before the shearers are "fifty" pens, from which the little pens are fed, and back of them are two big pens which divide the length of the T between them. The shed will hold about a thousand sheep altogether. Peons keep it full with one kind of sheep at a time from a labyrinth of pens about the galpón, into which shepherds part the sheep, according to their kind, from big paddocks. They have to work faster each day as the green shearers get broken in.

Perhaps only eighteen hundred a day will come off the shears at the start, but there will be twenty-three or twenty-four hundred coming off before they finish, and everybody will be looking forward to the sábado inglés—if it is a British estancia—the Saturday half-holiday, for washing dirty clothes and greasy bodies, getting ready for the Sunday jam-and-pickle races, and the dancing of the tango and the cueca. Some of the shearers may have new hats or handkerchiefs or boots or whatnot, bought of the Turco peddlers who hang around at shearing time, paying twice what they would have had to pay for better quality at the company store. There will be liquor that the men have brought in from neighboring boliches. The estancias all went prohibition in later days as far as they were able, outside the administrador's house. On the big farms they try to get the hoggets and the wethers and the rams all shorn before mid-summer Christmas. Chace never saw a capataz who

could get any work out of a man between Christmas and New Year's. The ewes had to wait till after New Year's.

So much for the shearing and the shearer. The stripped-off fleece goes straight to a slatted bundling table in the stem of the galpón T between the double ranks of "dozen" and "fifty" pens. A boy runs up with it, held by the hind legs, and flings it wide. The snow drops through. Any belly wool that may be clinging, the hairy skirts, the dirty wool on the rump, the wool roller pulls off and keeps apart. (The breech gets coarse and hairy on most sheep after the fifth year.) The roller teases out the wool at the neck into a long cord with which he ties the fleece into a tight bundle. They used to use twine but the mills never got it quite all out, and stray pieces played havoc with their machinery.

The buyer, or the estancia, has a wool classer at the table who consigns different grades to different bins beside the baler. "A man has to serve three years before he's an expert classer or buyer. Then he'll pick out a strand or two of wool and that's all he needs to see. Sometimes a buyer comes and stops two or three days, watchin' the sheep. He stands right alongside the wool table, and he'll pull out a strand from every fleece that comes along, and look at it, and put it to one side. Then, the next one, —look at that, and put it over there, and he'll have a dozen little piles of the different classes of wool. Then he'll take an average fleece for this, and weigh it, and an average fleece for that, and weigh that, and put the record in a book. Then he'll offer as much for the wool as he thinks it's worth.

"At one estancia where I shore there was a French partner who used to come out every shearin' with a boy to help him. He used to class the wool himself. The buyers complain if they get pampa wool that's heavy with dust or all stuck up with burrs, because they have to clean it, and cleanin' weakens the fibre. Oily wool's the strongest. If you could get twenty-two pesos for

ten kilos of that, you won't get sixteen pesos for ten kilos of dry brittle wool." During the war wool went up to thirty-five pesos for ten kilos. It dropped to fourteen pesos after the war, and the last letter Chace had reports it down to less than eight. He knew one man who started on small capital, whose wool brought in a hundred and twenty thousand American dollars in 1917.

The length and strength of the staple will depend on the breed, the length of time the ewes have been bred to the same rams, the age of the sheep, and the pasture. Healthy staple drips oil when you squeeze it. If there has been poor feed part of the year, half of the staple will be dry and brittle, and half pliable and oily. It tends to shorten each year. Estancias often exchange rams to avoid in-breeding, when they are not importing fresh ones from other countries.

Pure merinos dwindle in Patagonia wherever they range and their wool gets shorter. "I've noticed it time and time again, merino lambs'll be runnin' together with your other sheep, and the merinos'll be that poor they can hardly stagger, and a lot die just as spring comes, while the other lambs are in fairly good condition—some'll even be fat around the kidneys—but the merinos'll be just like skeletons as though the cold weather'd pulled 'em down. The other sheep don't get any smaller or bigger. They stop more or less. Where they get the biggest sheep is up where the forests are, like Santiago Frank's on San Martín, and Giles and Carpenter's and Jimmie Radboon's, and the like o' that. You bring sheep from the South—I know McGeorge had a breed of sheep that was good big sheep down at the Coyle, and several bought of him and took up in the mountains where the forests are, and the ewes had more milk and the lambs'd be a lot bigger'n the same breed of sheep out on the pampas. You take a wether five-year-old up in the mountains, and he might weigh eighty pound dressed; and you take one of the same age and breed down on the pampas, if he weighs forty-eight to fifty-two, that'll be about all.

"Why, the wethers from the monte country will scare you when they come into the pen and you think you've got to pull 'em out and shear 'em—they're so tall and big! Of course the wool up there is heavier, too, and more grease in it, because the animals are so much better fed than down in the pampas. Down there, there's wind and dust blowin' and up in the mountains they never get that wind and dust, and I have an idea the fibre would be a bit longer. If a sheep gets awful poor, that checks the growth of the wool. If the animal is fat all the time, the wool's growin' all the time; and these sheep up in the monte have bushes when the grass is covered with snow. They stand up on their hind legs to browse back there, just like goats, but every now and then one'll get his foot caught in a crotch and he's so clumsy he can't get it out and he'll hang there till he dies."

They ran Lincoln with open fleeces, and Leicester and Falkland Island with close coarse fleeces, and Corriedale, and when Armour and Swift put up their refrigerators they tried Shropshire for mutton, but they found him lose his fleece before he got to the shears, like the Cheviot, and gave him up. The Cheviot was too wild anyway. A sheep that comes into the galpón without his fleece they paint for killing. Chace has known a sheep to come in dragging a two-year fleece. Lincoln wool grows ten to fourteen inches in one year and trails on the ground. A man would rather cut merino wool that keeps curling tighter and tighter till it is all interwoven than that long trailing stuff that hangs over his shears. When the wool was getting too coarse, using Lincoln rams, they would cross with merinos for a few years, and when the sheep began to dwindle in size they would cross back.

THE baler in those galpóns stood in the middle of the stem of the T between wool bins, a powerful press that would easily put from two to two hundred and fifty kilos into one of those bags that Chace could not possibly crowd more than one hundred into, in his homemade

press at Heysen's. They stamp the bales with the horse brand and the name of the estancia, and initials indicating sex and class.

If an estancia puts any belly or breech wool into the center of the bales the buyer's harpoon is sure to find it at the London auction. The coarse wool goes there and the fine goes to France. They roll out the finished bales onto waiting ox carts. A train of a dozen will start out in the morning, piled high: four yoke apiece in harness and as many spares; a dressed sheep or two swung high on one of them, and goatskins of water hung in the shade; a saddle horse for each cart. Camions or steam tractors hauling trains of carts usually take it most of the way nowadays, all the way in some cases.

The capataz counts the sheep that have passed under each man's shears and slid down into his dipping pen. If he finds a sheep cut too badly for sewing or balsam to save it, so that it has to be killed, he will dock the shearer for that fleece. "In old days you used to get a tin chip for each sheep—fine for poker chips."

The shorn sheep, about half the size of the bundle of wool that came under the shears, has to swim the mild August dip—foul-smelling for all its mildness—and if she is a ewe, go hunting, thus camouflaged, in the lamb crèche for a lamb which has also been dipped. It is no easy matter for the pair to find each other, to recognize each other by sight or smell. Often you will see a point of five or ten thousand being driven back to pasture, ewes and lambs still hunting each other, and the bleating is terrific.

The lambs that fail to find their mothers grow up weak and dwarfed, big-bellied. At gathering time they hang back behind bushes, get overlooked and breed scab there. Those that children bring up by hand are a nuisance about the house.

If it turns cold, or snows, just after machine shearing, the ewes will miss that quarter-inch they might have had under hand shears. Monroe's sheep had it the time he lost so many in the bad winter. "I remember

one year we shored with machine shears on Lago Argentino and dipped, and it come heavy snow, but not near as bad as that time at Monroe's. Well, I think we lost about nine to ten thousand out of seventy thousand. They got cramps. It would be fat sheep, and very poor, that would die—the fat ones seem to get chilled in the fat. When the snow falls on a sheep that ain't shorn, it melts and freezes and builds up a kind of little tent, and keeps him warmer'n what he would be without it, like as if you was sleepin' under a canvas and it snowed on you in the night. The thing that's bad for 'em is a stingin' rain. You get it in August, a downpour of soakin' rain. The weight of the water parts the wool like partin' your hair in the middle, and the rain hits the bare back and the cold strikes in and kills 'em by hundreds."

Nowadays much of the shearing is done by Italians who come down from B.A. under a head man on contract to shear so many sheds on certain dates at so much a head. He supplies shearers, wool rollers, and cook. All the administrador has to do is to gather the sheep and shut them in. When the estancia does its own work, whether it is a big one or a little one, it must begin hiring a month before shearing starts, "so's to make sure they don't get stuck," and the men have to be fed and paid all that time. Many of the estancias in the west, even those down in Chile, use Chilotes, from the island of Chiloé where wild potatoes grow. They come to the mouth of the Río Aisén which cuts an easy way right through the Cordillera, north of Lago Buenos Aires and travel the long way down, afoot or horseback, and back again before the passes close. Monroe used to use Indians. He must have hired most of Ferrero's chunkes at some time or other, at ten centavos a head.

Not all that wool went under the hammer in London or Paris, or to big concerns who bought direct. The flying tailor, David Christiansen, nicknamed from the way his coat tails flew out behind him when he rode,

used to pick up enough fine fleeces, brown and white, every year, to make a bale, and ship it to a little factory in Scotland, where they spun and wove it for him. "When he went out to his shanty in the winter, chaps who was out of a job used to come and do his work for him, and he'd make up his cloth into suits—hop right up on the table and set crosslegged and sew away. He'd make you a suit for six pounds sterlin' that'd never wear out. You'd get so tired of it you'd give it away. It was like a regiment of soldiers,—everybody dressed just alike.

"There was Rocky Williams. He married an Indian woman, and he had a lot of daughters. He had a small flock of sheep, four or five hundred, and they liked black wool for makin' rugs; so he goes to tradin' off his white sheep for black ones, black wool and white wool to make different designs. Some black wool is coal black and some is rusty. Some is nearly red and orange-colored—there's nearly all colors from white right down.

"On a farm you try to get rid of black fleeces. Every year when lambin' there'll be about so many black lambs, and it's a funny thing that in all the years I was workin' sheep I never see but once a black ewe have a black lamb. I did once see a black ewe with a black lamb, but I looked always to see—and that was the only one. Say you've got your lambs in, and there is a black ewe lamb or a spotted black. You let that go in your flock. If its a ewe lamb, she'll always have a lamb, but the lamb she throws might be white as snow and look like pure blood. Next year when you're partin' off to make the stud flock, you're quite apt to part off that white one, not knowin' its mother was black. If it was a white ram from a black mother, when it comes in it looks beautiful and you part it out in your flock. The next year you'll get nearly every lamb that comes from that ram spotted or black. Some men think they can tell by the inside of his mouth if he's got black blood or not, but there ain't no sure way."

SHEARING Carr's ten thousand took as long as the shearing of the hundred thousand of the big estancia, and the hauling of the wool down to the port in ox carts took longer still, despite the shorter distance. The small estancias were sometimes a whole year getting their wool down.

Chace took Carr's down in the horse cart. "Carr wanted to know if I could handle bad horses. He didn't have no tame ones and he'd have to take horses out of the manada. In all them manadas, there's horses that you can't tame for a saddle. Some of 'em'll throw themselves over backwards and some, every time you get on to 'em, they'll buck till they're tired out, or else they'll get a trick—if they catch you not watchin' 'em every second, they'll buck you off and you got to walk home and lose your gear. There was so many horses around there we never bothered much about 'em. They was let go into the mares and if you wanted any cart horses you rounded up the mares and lazoed the horses out of the bunch. You had a tame horse in the shafts and a tame leader, and all these wild ones you tied on the sides by their cinches and let 'em race. Of course you could guide the leader and after they'd run a mile or so with a load of wool they'd start to steady down, and by the time you'd made the trip, that must have been twenty leagues to the port, most of 'em was tame and they'd turn out the best horses you could have for the cart. They'd pull more'n any horse that had been tamed for the saddle."

A man had to be a powerful wrestler, like a big Irish-Argentine they called the Baby, to force those horses into their places on the cart, but there was a trick of shoving them that took less strength, and the wilder a little criollo was the better it worked. You took him by the cheek strap of his halter and by his mane and pushed in the direction you wanted him to go. He would brace against the push, and then you would pull him toward you a little and he would brace against that. Then you would push him hard while he was off his guard and get him where you wanted him.

Just before he left Carr's the Sorrel Northerner got into his first serious row. He had had a close shave not long before at the hands of a drunken vigilante who had been thrown out of Reed's boliche by Charley the Welshman. The man had sneaked back unnoticed and mistaken Chace for Charley. Chace, standing behind the door, was suddenly aware of a wavering pistol pointed at him, held by a fellow keeping cover on the other side of the door. He grabbed the hand, dragged in the vigilante, and he and Charley turned him over to the comisario. The affair at the Río Chico was Chace's own. He narrowly escaped having his skull split down between the eyes that time, by one of those silverhandled cleavers everybody carries. Those knives are so heavy and they keep them so sharp that they serve for butchering bullocks. The Argentines and Chileans often fight duels, generally slashing only, whether they mean to kill or not, because the punishment is less for killings done that way, but when hard pressed they thrust. The first blood drawn settles an ordinary row. Chace knows one quarrelsome fellow with a hundred and twenty scars on his body.

Chace's affair, however, was no fencing bout. The telegraph line was being run through the country, and the construction crew was making merry in a boliche on the Río Chico—all hard cases, some of them reputed to be ex-convicts, whose sentences had been commuted to release them for that job. When Chace came in, one fellow was playing an accordeon, another a guitar, and all the rest were dancing, except one big ruffian standing beside the bar. Chace went over to that big peon, took him by the arm, and said, "Come on, we'll dance, too." The fellow jumped back, whipped out his knife and made a swing at Chace, saying, "I dance with this!" Chace jumped back, too, and threw his head to one side, just quick enough and far enough to let him off with a scratch over one eye. He had his gun out before the swing was quite done. He had tucked it into the front of his trousers before he ventured in there. "I threw onto

his forehead. I was goin' to kill him. If he had cut me bad, I probably would have. I thought quick enough, if I did kill him, it 'd mean trouble. So I shot him through the right arm. He dropped the knife. I jumped back into the corner, didn't know whether the rest would want to back him up. I called out, 'Anybody else want anythin'?' 'No, no, no, you done just right,' they said. 'Why didn't you kill him? He's been lookin' for it for a long time!' Chace helped bind up the man's arm—it was only a flesh wound—and then cleared away on his horse and slept out on the pampa. He met the man a couple of years later outside another boliche, got thanked for his leniency, and asked in to drink. He went in, but saw to it that he and the man stood face to face all the time they were together.

CHAPTER VIII

EXPLORING BACK COUNTRY

CHACE went down to San Julián again after he got through at Carr's, and fell in with a Norwegian, Alfred Larson, who had been washing gold in Tierra del, and come north on getting news of richer gravels on Lago San Martín. The Cordilleran barrier, that balks the wet winds off the Pacific further south, is rent across there at the head of Lago San Martín, and that lake empties into the Pacific through a narrow gorge, by the boisterous Río Pascua. The wet winds find passage up the gorge right through the range and keep the mountain slopes on the west end of the lake wet and their streams full. The Norwegians who had accompanied the Boundary Commission had reported gold in the gravels of these streams, and had said that the Commission had left its canvas boats high and dry in good condition for any one to use who would.

A company of eight or nine British and Scandinavians got together and pooled all their shearing money to outfit an expedition, buying timber for sluices, and tools, according to the Norwegian's directions, provisions, arms and ammunition, and a dozen pack horses. Everybody had his own saddle horse and a spare and some had trupillas. Larson had a bullock cart and three yoke. Gus Johnson had his accordeon and his yellow galgo.

They drove up Monroe's cañadón and headed straight west across the pampa south of Heysen's, making a long detour to get round the head of one cañadón, crossing another, getting down into it by a long branch on one side, and up out of it by a long branch on the other, and so on to the Chico which they forded about three leagues above its joining with the Shehuen. They crossed open pampa to the valley of the Shehuen and followed that up. It was a wide open terraced valley, much too big, Chace thought, to be the work of the

river in the bottom. There was good feed and plenty of bush for firewood, and a rough cart track, all the way up to a shanty about seventy leagues from the coast, where the widow of a French settler ran a couple of thousand sheep, with the help of a Swedish shepherd. They met no one else all the way from Monroe's to the lake.

Two leagues beyond, a big basalt headland thrust out across the valley and almost made a gorge of it. Chace saw the Indians season that live lamb there.

They forded where a village has since grown up, Mata Amarilla, and twelve leagues further on passed a conspicuous landmark, a big pear-shaped rock, Piedra Clavada, standing on the north side. Chace says there are rock bubbles on the surface of the pampa thereabouts that the people call hornos—ovens. A horse treading on apparently solid rock will break through into a hidden one sometimes. Most of them show glistening domes above the surface from the size of a loaf of bread to ten feet across, blown open at one end, a shell about an inch thick, a flat bottom. We were warned of hornos on our trail further north but never found any.

In another two leagues they found the valley narrow, so that there was just room for a cart track between the west wall and the river. That cart track slopes so steeply toward the water that many less skilfully balanced loads following this pioneer have tipped over and rolled into the stream. They climbed up onto a high lobe of terrace at the upper end of this narrows, the Angostura, and camped there among tall bushes out of the wind—the last bushes big enough to shelter behind that they were to meet with for many leagues.

The river turns almost an O round that lobe—a little more, and it might nip it off at the neck and make an island of it. Chace has held ten thousand sheep out there with nothing but that narrow neck to watch. There is precipice edge on every side. This got to be a favorite camping-ground when the thin tide of immigration set westward. Chace thought of it merely

as a restful camp then, where all hands could sleep soundly with no fear of stock straying in the night. But he looks back on it now as an enchanted shelter from which he hunted wild cattle with the Fufu gang.

Beyond the Angostura was a long stretch of wide terrace top impassably wet, all spongy meadow and lagoon. They had to hug the river down below it. Fifteen years later Chace travelled on that terrace top, hard as cement, and where the lagoons had been he picked up bolas perdidas. He has been riding over the salt-caked bottom of such a dry lagoon when his horse has suddenly broken through into mud kept moist for years under the salt cake. He saw the Pampa Triste back of Santa Cruz dry up too. A zone between that and the foothills which used to be ideal camp he saw dry up so that all the small men, the pobladores, failed there, while the foothill country, which used to be too wet, changed places with that zone in sheepmen's eyes. The estancieros in the foothills have had to look well to their horses of late years to keep them out of the hands of stricken pampa neighbors. Chace is a bit vague on weather, very distrustful of ready-made barometers. He has more confidence in a homemade device that he used to rig outside the shanties he stayed in, using a pickle jar and a Worcestershire sauce bottle.

Beyond the wet stretch, the prospectors left the Shehuen valley at a great bend beyond which it lies east and west. They travelled north-westerly in a big valley with no water in it and no trace of any stream bed. They had all heard how the Lago San Martín had once drained out to the Atlantic, when the rainy Pascua gorge which drains it now to the Pacific was blocked by a big ice dam. They did not know that the dam was only a remnant of a huge body of ice, that had once reached out to where they were and heaped a big moraine there. They crossed this moraine without knowing it. It is part of the continental watershed, that peekaboo watershed between Chile and Argentina, which made the two countries so much trouble trying to interpret an old treaty that described an

imaginary boundary, lying both on the highest peaks and on the watershed. That moraine lies almost on the meridian of Chace's home village in fertile Massachusetts, had he known it, but the crossing of it led them down into a semi-desert basin, with a lake in the bottom of it, not the blue Lago San Martín they were looking for, but the muddy filling of a shallow hollow in bottom that San Martín had long since shrunk away from—the muddy lake itself shrunken and rimmed with borax-whitened shores when they saw it. The Tehuelches call it "Tar, dirty."

The company travelled at a distance from the water close under the steep side of the basin, which steepened and grew higher as they advanced. Chace and another fellow rode down to the lake and found a windrow of dead ducks about it, apparently killed by the alkali. They camped on the Río Tar which breaks down through the northern wall and flows into the lake across their line of march. Thence they looked across to a wall on the south of the lake as high and steep as that on the north.

On a later journey Chace found a narrow canyon, a league or two west of where their trail crossed the continental divide, through which water from high country still further west, turning a sharp angle, finds its way into Lago Tar most of the year, but in heavy floods spills over into that east-west reach of the Shehuen which flows by close to the angle. The geographers might explain this as a capture by Pacific drainage of a branch of an Atlantic river, but Chace was ignorant of such refinements.

THE prospectors had eaten ostrich whenever they could get it, on their long journey in—young ostrich run down with Gus' yellow galgo. He had to work alone and could not run a very big one. When they could not get ostrich they took guanaco—the country was swarming with both. There were ducks in plenty, and geese, not the white avutarda that he used to club at Heysen's, but the red

mountain goose. Chace has watched those red geese on Lago Argentino in the spring at the end of their flight across clouded peaks and ice fields of the Cordillera—great flocks of them looking no bigger than sparrows—"one after one'll arch his wings and come down whoo-oo-oo—just arch his wings and dive, out of the sky and down" to green meadows, and settle there so thickly that you could see no grass.

Men from further north have told Chace that sometimes two hundred condors will come sailing over a high pass, just clearing it. If you happen to be bound over the pass and meet them you may be badly hurt, for they fly blind at high speed. The prospectors crossed no passes but they saw hundreds of condors sailing. None of them ever saw one move more than his rudder. They thought it was the wind that made the little movement there was in the widespread primaries. When there were high cliffs about, facing the wind and the sun, they would watch them perched on ledges, great wings two-thirds spread, turning half-about one way, then half-about, the other, very slowly. Chace has watched them for hours together. Larson used to tell how the Indians in Tierra del would spy on the miners from cliff edges, sitting with their capas spread like that. They could keep an eye on greenhorns so without being suspected. An Italian feather catcher used to carry a big pair of wings to decoy his bird. That fellow used to get a pound for a certain wing feather that a German military corps wore. He made seventy thousand pesos in three years' shooting and trapping of condors down the Andes.

Beyond the Río Tar the prospectors passed between the basin wall and a huge crag with almost vertical sides that the Indians call Kachaik, an old volcanic neck. All trace of the once uninterrupted mass of layered rock through which the molten lava came stoping its way up has disappeared, along with the high-piled cone that marked its breaking through. The great neck stands alone in the now empty space between the basin

walls. To Chace and his friends it was only a good landmark. At last they had sight of the blue lake beyond it.

They kept on across another stream and beyond that across another moraine marking a halt in the retreat of that ancient glacier that filled the basin. There, near the end of the present lake, they swung north, leaving the lake on their left and soon losing sight of it behind a mountainous peninsula partly wooded, the Chacabuco. They found themselves travelling in a wide trench, gravel-floored, which, had it been a few hundred feet deeper, would have completely severed that mountainous mass from the highland, and made an island of it. The trench narrows and deepens northward down to meadowland, lying between high walls of gray and purple rock, with what look like giant hieroglyphs scrawled over it, a trick of weathering that rock has. Beyond the meadowland lies a little blue arm of the lake, which indents the peninsula and helps give it a mushroom-like look on the map.

A league before they reached the shore, they came upon a Cuban, building corrals with a gang of men for a German Jew, who was about to stock that camp with the first sheep to come so far west.

Even the eastern end of that lake is wetter than the corresponding ends of the big lakes further south, which drain to the Atlantic and back up into an unbreached Cordillera. The peninsula is heavily timbered, back of the purple walls, with crooked roble and coigue (nothofagus, both of them) thirty or forty feet high, and there are scattering trees on the meadow. Some of the men thought they were orange trees because they were so thickly loaded with yellow fungus balls—sweet at the core, good eating.

They unpacked on the lake shore in a comfortable lee near those canvas boats and set to work building a log hut. The timber was the same that Chace had seen shipped from the convict settlement in Tierra del as crooked posts and studding when he was fencing and

building on the coast. They thatched the log hut with bulrushes—making a structure much more to Chace's taste than the tin shanties down country.

He liked the occasional drizzle and the mists. And he loved the timber, the first he had seen since he left New England. He had come so to appreciate a single incensio bush that offered shelter on the windy pampa that he had almost forgotten his New England forests and the dense undergrowth and the quiet air there. He was at a loss in this confusion of strange growths, where wet wind pours through the cordilleran breach. He had got acquainted with most of the pampa bushes, big and little, as one might easily, meeting them one at a time: that gray-green incensio, a stab of whose thorns when the sap is flowing will swell up an arm or a leg; the pampa tea like wild mint; the calafate, a sort of barberry with a round blue berry, rather sweet—if you eat that once you are doomed to spend your days in Patagonia; a tiny bush with a sweet slim root like a many-jointed sweet potato—you find the tuco-tuco thick where that root grows; cola de pichi like a green armadillo's tail that lies along the ground—it hasn't a single leaf, but you can run eight hundred sheep to a league on it; a sticky-leaved balsam bush that sheep from the South go crazy over: "for the first few days you can't shift 'em with dogs"; a salt weed, pata de avestruz, with a hairy pith in its woody stalk that savors the mutton; the mata negra, the black bush, often as big as a little shanty, that makes a dense smoke when you light it for a signal—you'll see a group of ewes about one eating the pink and lavender pea blossoms, fragrant as arbutus, but the bush has nothing more for them; the mata amarilla heavy with yellow bloom among its needles in its season—no sheep touches that; the pasto venenoso with its harmless coffee berry, and its shiny leaf and milky stem that kill a horse—you find that green when all the pasture has gone yellow. One night the Comisario Chico stopped at Frazier's with

a troop of thirty horses and demanded pasture. All Jack's paddocks were eaten close except one, where that pasto venenoso grew rank, eight or ten feet high. He told the Comisario he had nothing for him. And the Comisario, perhaps a little blinded by his anger, seeing the paddock full of good grass, ordered his vigilante to put the horses in there. Jack did not remonstrate. They were put in, and those that did not die that night left their carcasses along the track to San Julián.

ONE day when the prospectors had got the thatch on their log cabin and were ready to go about their proper business their hunters came in empty handed. Their depredations and those of Santiago Frank's Cuban had driven the last ostrich and the last guanaco out of the country. "So I says to the Swede, 'What say if you and I take a couple of horses and go up on the north shore of this lake and see if we can't get some of them deer they been tellin' us about?'"

They rode northwest around the shoreward end of a long low-lying peninsula called Cancha Rayada. There is a third moraine across that peninsula marking a still later halt in the retreat of the ancient glacier.

"We made camp in the valley where the Commission stopped the winter, and about midday I took a rifle and started up the side of the mountain and see a couple of deer and I knocked 'em both down and there was three more that heard the shot, a buck and two does, and they come runnin' right by where I was and I shot them three, and I had the five piled up within twenty-five yards of one another. They was huemuls. I went down to the camp and got the Swede and we took the skins off and packed 'em down, and we got a couple of ostriches and we had these five deer and two ostriches, and when we got back to the hut there wa'n't no hut, nothin' but ashes, and there wa'n't no men. We found 'em over at the Cuban's camp. They'd lost all their beddin'. A thickheaded Scotchman was tendin' the hut all alone.

He'd let the fire go down and he'd went out and gathered a big armful of dry brush that burned up like tinder, and the hut went with it. And he didn't save nothin' at all. I had a canvas bag full of a thousand Winchester cartridges and when the fire started the cartridges started goin' off and he couldn't save a thing."

Some of the men went to work with Frank's gang, some went back to San Julián, but Chace and Gus Johnson thought they would stick it until spring, going south to visit Long Jack, the Belgian, who they had heard was running mares near Lago Viedma. They had their bedding, and a few cartridges that were not exploded in the fire, and that yellow galgo. Chace made so light of the affair that his friends spread a story about him down on the coast—how he sat on a rock playing the accordeon while his house and all his belongings burned.

This reputation for sang-froid still follows him. He got no letters from the South after he sailed for the States, for many months. When one came in answer to one of his, the writer said that the last news they had had was of Chace's being found alone on a raft from the wrecked *Vestris*, sound asleep.

CHACE saw no more of those huemules that year, but ten or twelve years later when he was exploring the lake in a second-hand ship's gig he had carted in, he saw them again. He was rowing up an arm—an octopus lake, that San Martín, mostly arms, an octopus in repose with his arms moderately straight, sunk deep in the highland, thousands of feet down to the blue water and thousands more to the bottom. The tentacle Chace was rowing up was a deep gorge, wooded and bushed on both sides up to bare crags against the sky. In one place a wood-rimmed meadow shared the bottom with the water. When he came abreast the meadow there was a band of fifty huemules grazing in the middle of it. He beached the boat in plain sight and started walking slowly toward them. They threw their heads up, big

mule-ears cocked forward, and stood watching him. He walked between two without startling either. One drew away when he tried to touch it. Then he shot it with his pistol at five paces, for meat. At that the whole band jumped and stood still, ears up, staring. When he began to take the gray skin off, they gathered round him, sniffing. Their big ears almost hid straight smooth little horns that they had. Those horns make splendid marlin-spikes.

Huemules take to the high country in the summer to escape the horsefly and you will not get one then without a long climb. "You can't tame one. A young one you've caught'll die within a week or two, even when you've taught it to drink milk from a bottle, and it'll cry pitiful-like all the time. If it's a baby ostrich or a baby guanaco that's followed you home, you only wish they would die, they're such nuisances, swallowin' everythin' in sight or spittin' at all your friends."

An engineer of the Commission told Chace of a very small full-grown deer, a blue slate-color. Chace himself got one glimpse of an ash-gray deer, a different color from the huemul, which he took to be full-grown, only about eighteen inches high, and he frequently found tiny tracks, unaccompanied by larger tracks, passing under fallen trunks not eighteen inches above the ground. He has seen a deer in the Agassiz Museum at Harvard, called a pampa deer, with a bluish neck much like that little one. The big red forest lion must get many of the huemules. Chace has found five full-grown does, lying close together, fresh killed by one.

The Lago San Martín had captivated Chace on that first glimpse he had of it with the prospecting expedition and determined him to come back as soon as he was able, to explore it thoroughly, and here he was back with that gig. Early in the winter, in May—May June and July are the only quiet months on that lake—he had launched that staunch little captain's gig with a sail and a pair of oars and room for three months' flour and yerba and salt, and camping gear. He was all alone.

He had agreed with a Swiss down in Punta Arenas to hunt sheep camp, hoping to find it just across the Chile line. The King's Award had left Chile a little slice of good land east of the Cordillera, about the western shores of the lake, practically inaccessible to her. She would have to get at it though Argentina. She could not get at it from the Pacific. The Chilean Commission, coming in that way to meet the Argentines and the British, had had to use ropes and ladders to get up the Pascua. Chace thought it unlikely that the Chilean authorities would take notice if he squatted on their side of the line. All the good land in Argentina about the lake had been pretty well taken up.

There was a cart track up the south side and he hauled his gig as far as the track went. There was rough lowland on that side, several leagues wide, at the outer edge of which the basin wall rose high and steep.

There is a section right down through the middle of a buried volcano, in that wall, as if the missing half had sunk along with a great block, which, together with the sinking of other blocks, some think made the many-armed basin of that octopus lake. There are thirty thin sheets of lava interleaved with as many of ash built up about and over the top of the neck, and over all has flowed a thick sheet of basalt from some higher vent.

All the highland on either side the basin, which stayed up while those blocks between were going down—all that is covered with basalt. We found much of it gently domed as if it had flowed from pipes like that in the section. There are several bare plugs up there pricking through, like Kachaik down in the basin floor. Guanacos were feeding on stretches of stiff heather sponge that spot the basalts. Guanaco bones lay bleaching on high ledges in the basin walls, where lions had fed and condors cleaned up after them, and we found a tawny vizcacha, one of those giant rock squirrels, asleep in front of a cozy little den. Those vizcachas are so well camouflaged that Chace has spent an hour trying to point one out to another fellow.

Chace must have had some idea of the calamitous history this foothill country lived through before the ice came and massaged it and relaxed its harsh contours so that man and beast could travel over it. He met an old fellow, who claimed that he "had been up in back in the early nineties where there was a live volcano and got out with only one horse. He was so close up to the hot ashes his other horses lost their hoofs. I see some of them ashes up back of Frank's. I see where they'd settled in a gully, maybe ten feet deep. The wind couldn't carry 'em away there, nor the water couldn't. They went clear over to the Falklands the time the volcano broke. I heard that sometimes you'd see the smoke of it."

Chace was never high up our south side of the basin, but he has gathered sheep and cattle on the other side. The surface is so cut up there about the head of the little valley that breaks down through the wall between Kachaik and Frank's that it was always very difficult to make a clean gathering in that part. Chace found the skeleton of a man, in one of those deep gullies, whom they had hunted for a year.

It was no easy matter hauling the gig up that cart track on the south side of the lake. Chace's dozen pingos had to strain hard at their lazos to persuade the cart up sharp inclines in the rough lowland.

There was little wind in that early winter month of May, but Chace has seen the wind come tearing down there, loaded with dust and gravel, at such a rate that a team will hardly face it. A Frenchman, Bonvalot, who held the first claim on that side wore a dust mask in the windy season—the only one Chace ever heard of, although you might have thought he was wearing one himself if you had met him riding into that wind. The violence of the wind increases down the basin to a narrows at the entrance, funnel mouth upwind. When you come through the narrows from the small end, "and the wind strikes you, it pushes you, like as if instead of wind there

was a load of hay pushin' you. It'll blow your horse sideways. I've had to get off and tie the cabestro around my waist and get down on all fours like the horse and creep along, leadin' him. If it's really blowin' I don't think you could get by there at all. It'd smash a horse up."

Chace drove on through another camp, and across the narrow neck of a peninsula, the Maipú, to the head of a narrow arm of the lake where he came to the end of the track. The Maipú is big and mountainous like the Chacabuco. A narrow channel separates the two. An Englishman, Giles, had taken out the whole of the Maipú, and some of the mainland.

Jimmy Radboon had the next camp, but you could not get a cart in there in those days, and Giles had let him build his galpón on his land, right at the head of the track. Jimmy had had such success transplanting Montenegro's china and raising daughters by her that he had gone in for transplanting other things. He had hope of making wine from a black currant that he had found a long way back, close beside a glacier, and got going on his camp. He had transplanted a kind of strawberry that he found still higher up than the currant, at the snowline, and a hollow red berry, too. The daughters were better tamers than the professionals. One of them had put twenty beautifully tamed horses to her credit that year. Jimmy thought that more water goes out of San Martín than goes down the Pascua to the Pacific. He had seen a guanaco swimming across the arm of the lake between his place and the Maipú one day and when it got out to about the middle, it began whirling round and disappeared. He showed Chace a curious longtailed duck, a proper tail nearly as long as the body, not pintail, that swam against the current in quick water and dove after its feed. The male was black and gray and white with stripes on his body and on his head. His mate was brownish all over. They call him a torrent duck. A bird man of the New York Museum tells Chace there are seven species, widely distributed in mountainous regions right up to Colombia. "When you worry him he'll lift

fifty feet between dives and when he's tired, he'll hide between a couple of rocks. You never find him in a lake. God only knows how they build their nest. They put down sticks till they get up above where the water'll come, and build on top of 'em. The only nest I ever see was built that way. It was about two foot across at the bottom and tapered up. The top where the nest was, was about a foot across. They feed on a black worm that's in all them stony rivers, under the stones. You put a piece of meat into the water and inside of a few minutes it'll be all covered with 'em. They're black, about an inch long, like a slug with a lot of legs."

THE gig took the water at the head of that arm between Jimmy's and the Maipú. Chace found sheep on an island which almost closed the mouth of the arm, the Isla Doble. He was to get intimately acquainted with the owner of those sheep and with those sheep one day. He hugged the shore beyond that where the water was wide, for fear of squalls, sailing a little but rowing most of the time. He passed the camp of another Frenchman on a little peninsula called McKenna, and the cattle camp of a Chileno beyond that, who made cheese. Cheese is a luxury in that land of meat and mate. What that Chileno's is like we don't know, but there is a Dane, Matsen, up at the head of Lago Viedma, who makes a memorable plain cheese, that we ate a horseload of.

Beyond the cheesemaker, on the Río Obstáculo, across the line, dwelt Toby Braxton, beyond the furthest claim of Argentina—the Millionth Map shows two boundaries at that point. "Toby'd bring in two or three hundred sheep and when the lions and the big red foxes'd killed the last of 'em he used to take out the skins, along with enough lion and fox and wildcat skins to buy another couple of hundred." When Chace landed there, "Toby had just washed his clothes and hung 'em out on the bushes to dry. When they was dry he brought 'em into the shanty and hung 'em up.

I was readin' there and all at once I see one of these shirt sleeves wavin', and liftin' up and down, and I went and examined it. When it'd been out on the bush a big rat had clim up in the shirt and hunted around to make him a nest, and he'd brought the rat in with the shirt. I called to Toby, 'Toby, Toby, come here quick!' He come in sayin', 'What's wrong with you? What's wrong with you?' I says, 'Look at that shirt of yourn.' He see the sleeve wavin'. He let a yell out of him and he jumped back. He hated rats worse'n poison. His father was a professional rat catcher in England." That must have been a big wood rat. Chace never saw a town rat on an estancia.

He rowed south of another island, the Isla Central, where a fellow was grazing sheep and had a steam launch to haul his wool. There he came in sight of his first glacier, across an arm that led south: a wall of ice, he thinks two or three hundred feet high, serrate at the upper edge, and a league across, sheer from the water. Behind it lay a tortured mass of ice between huge dykes of rocks and mud and fallen trunks—ice so dirty that he could not have told it from the dykes but for the intricate crevassing in it. Long narrow boulder trains came writhing down it. Beyond the dirty ice he could see clear green ice and white snow reaching upward into cloud that hid the Cordillera. He sailed by that glacier and at the far end of the arm (the brazo, as they call an arm) lifted an ice wall twice as big—two leagues across. He landed alongside with the confidence of ignorance.

At another season when the ice was moving faster he saw that wall break thundering off and raise a twenty-foot wave that washed up into the forest on the brazo's sides and came rattling back, dragging big rocks and fallen trunks. There was a high rock island a little way off the front and blocks of ice came to rest there with big tree trunks sticking out of them and boulders big as houses. They hear that breaking-off plainly, away down at Kachaik, and there is a sound, a strong ground jar—a *zoom*—that you hear when you are digging post-holes

leagues and leagues out on the pampa. Chace used to think that meant earthquake but later set it down to the calving of those two glaciers.

Icebergs were few in the winter despite the fact that the lake seemed to be nowhere frozen, and that yellow violets and snapdragons grew right beside the ice, and gayer flowers bloomed in sheltered little canyons, cloud-roofed sometimes and sometimes sunny, all winter. But fleets of bergs go down the lake in spring and autumn, pale blue, and green and iridescent, intricate play of light and shade over the sun's carving of them. Chace remembers one that stood sixty feet high, and another five hundred feet across. There was a high arch on that one that framed the mountain.

He did not happen on any nuggets on that side of the lake. He did no panning of the gravels. The prospecting expedition a dozen years before had not got far enough up country to do any panning.

He coasted down that brazo and up another, but found it so shallow and so blocked with drifted tree trunks, that he desisted. Then he passed out of the sunlight. Under a cloudy sky he kept on between the mainland and the north side of that Isla Central and turned up still another brazo. He had to tack against light contrary winds for a while. Suddenly a twelve-foot wave came roaring down upon him. It looked like a tin wave. Spray was driving level over its curving crest. It cut off the wind and there was no running from it. He had to climb it. His boat stood straight up, on her stern, but everything was well lashed down and for his part he found it easier to stay with her than with a pingo rearing as straight up as that.

It took him a week of hard work to get up that brazo. It rained all the time. The walls rose sheer to a cloudy roof that dripped rain day and night. There was no telling how deep down they plunged into the dark blue water. Landing places were scarce. The brazo seemed to be coming to an end at last in a wall as steep as those of the sides, when it began to blow hard. There was a

little bay handy. He tried to get in, but it was all choked with mud and stumps. There was another alongside all foaming white. He turned into that, thinking it might be the outlet, but found he had to row his bobbing boat against a current. Not far ahead he saw a wide cataract break through the cloudy roof and come plunging down through dense forest of big trees to lose itself in forest at the bottom. He kept on upstream, passed under some leaning trunks that arched across, and came into a broad pool, foaming and boiling, so hedged about with trunks and limbs and vines all interlaced that there was not a breath of air there. Flowers grew about its edge in such profusion as he had never dreamed of. There was a mat of morning glories pink and blue, up from the water's edge. Fuchsias drooped to meet them—some of the branches so heavy with flowers that they broke. Long crimson trumpets hung among shiny holly leaves above the fuchsias. All of a sudden, lying in his boat there, he saw the wall of color illumined, and fifty green humming-birds dashed across a shaft of sunlight that came streaming through a western window. The cloudy roof had parted somewhere up the brazo and let the low sun through.

Next day he pushed on up around a right-angled bend in the brazo, up between high cliffs, all streaked with cataracts and waterfalls hung from the clouds, on past the mouth of a river spitting mud, called Río Ventisquero, Glacier River, suggesting little glaciers as sources of the cataracts.

There was cypress forest on both sides the brazo there, where it could find footing. The trees had been getting bigger and higher westward, and at the outlet, where the Río Pascua leads off the lake water, some of them were twenty-five feet around, and more than a hundred feet tall, "straight as a candle and not a limb for forty feet." Among them grew some curious small trees, boles clean and straight, not more than fifteen feet high, wide crowns of frond-like leaves that made them look like umbrellas. Each had a grove of nurslings about it,

smaller and smaller the further off they stood. A slender one of those boles made Chace a bar to launch his gig with, that he could not break—he did his best to. There was a smell of iodine in the wet forest that he traced to a big tree with bark three inches thick. “I cut it with my pocket knife and it was red inside. I gathered some of the wood for a fire. It’s brittle, but it only smoked till the tears poured down my cheeks and I had to try somethin’ else for firewood.”

He found the trail the Commission had cut, down the Pascua, and a hut or two they had built, and tools. The Commission got a thorough soaking there. They are said to have reported two hundred and twenty-two days of rain. One wonders why any of them stayed there long enough to keep that record. There is no glacier in that valley now, but there is a great confusion of glacial dump, a fourth moraine, the last that the ancient glacier left in the retreat.

Chace sailed back down the arm, coasted the north shore of a much wider part of the lake and was rounding a point they call Cape Horn opposite the end of the Cancha Rayada peninsula when his spritsail suddenly split with a bang and took the water twenty yards away. He had had the sheet in his hand and only a half-turn round a cleat. The gig came about in a flash, hopping like a cricket on a field of watery haycocks that the sudden blow had pitchforked up. It was over in a minute. You can see those williewaws come roaring down the slopes, whirling up leaves, twisting off branches, but at this place there was bare rock, down from the sky line high above him.

He found himself in the mouth of another brazo. It proved to be a very long one, parallel to the first half of the outlet brazo and oddly enough, itself the principal inlet brazo of this octopus lake. The sides were steep but not so steep as those of the other arm, and he could land almost anywhere except in places where the forest came “right down to the water’s edge in a tangle that even a dog couldn’t get through.” The sky line was

bare rock on both sides, so steep that you could get up on top in only a few places.

There was a grassy stretch on the Chile side in open savanna for a long way back up. This was the first unclaimed stretch in Chile that Chace had found worth considering. He thought it would serve very well for their sheep, but kept on up the brazo on the chance of something better. He found a cloudy river, the Río Mayer, flooding in at the end over a swampy mess of mud and fallen trunks, a landslide, he thought, from the west wall, precipitous there. The river starts clear from lakes further north that Chace did not know about then and gets its cloud from glaciers ambushed along its course, which pour in rock flour, ground off their beds, tinting the head of the brazo too—it is so slow to settle. On the way back he shot a wild cow on the Chilean shore at the end of a heavy cattle trail leading up that side. He thought the cattle must have come down the Mayer. He camped there intending to follow up that trail and see where it led, but when he woke in the morning he found his salt gone. He kept it in an ostrich neck—it was gone neck and all. He could not find a single crystal. He seems to have been rather more dependent on salt than some meat eaters are, for he gave up and took to his boat.

He sailed on down and landed on the peninsula, where he found a young Englishman he had known on the coast as a remittance man waiting for a title. He was running five or six thousand sheep on the peninsula. Chace left the gig in his care and set off for Santa Cruz to report to the Swiss.

He came in with Whitter the next year carting a little steam launch of Whitter's with which they proposed to tow the gig and a barge that they planned to build.

"This Whitter was a French Swiss and when he got a few drinks he'd always want to do that yohodelin'. We come along and there was an old fellow, a Spaniard, had

a boliche along the track. There was quite a crowd and some pretty hard-lookin' citizens. We got there and started drinkin', and the old Spaniard had a young fellow waitin' on the bar, and the old fellow went out to cut some firewood. He was out there and Whitter started to do his yohodelin'. He hadn't let out but one, and the old fellow comes rushin' in, sayin', 'Who's hurt? Who's hurt?' He thought somebody'd been knifed. After that when Whitter'd start to yohodel I'd sing out, 'Who's hurt?' He'd get mad. He said I was jealous because I couldn't do it."

Whitter approved the camp and they went back together thirty or forty leagues to the Cañadón Sarjento, where Whitter bought three thousand old ewes. "When we was comin' up with 'em, we see a meteor one night right before we got to the Angostura. It come so close we ducked. It looked as big as a bushel basket. It was like as if a candle flame was bein' pushed into the wind. When it passed me it seemed like it was a hollow of fire, like as if a flame had parted on each side of a wick and blowed back even. You could feel it strike the side of the mountain."

Neither Chace nor Whitter was superstitious, but they might have fared better that year had they taken the warning and turned back. Many of the men they knew would have done so. Chace was always meeting with rank superstition. "They'd just built a woolshed on Dead Man's Plain when I come along one day, and they'd started a house there. It was about half finished. It was rainin' and the house was up on posts, and here was a gang of fellows underneath the house and in the dog kennels, anywhere out of the rain, and this big new shed was all finished. I says, 'Good heavens, why don't you walk that little distance? Would you rather sleep down here and get wet, in dog kennels?' 'Well,' they says, 'I'd like to see anybody sleep in that shed. It's haunted.' They said when the shed was finished they'd went up there and made their beds and went to sleep, and along about midnight the shed door come open and a

fellow stomped down the shearin' board. One said, 'What's the matter with you? Why are you wakin' everybody up?' Nobody answered and he lit a match and there wa'n't nobody there. He got up and shut the door and went back to bed. He just settled down, and open it come again, and that fellow started stompin' down. He lit another match and there wa'n't nobody, and they all grabbed up their beds and got out of there.

"And there was a shanty I heard about, that they called Puesto Diablo. They tore it down at last and took it away. The first fellow went up there, he was married, and his wife went away and left him there alone. The next day after his wife left he went to the farm and asked for another man to help him. This other man went up and then he went away. When he went away, down come this first fellow and asked for his accounts. He said that when he was alone and got to bed and covered up and got off to sleep about midnight, off come the bedclothes on the floor. He lit the light and picked 'em up and covered himself again and off they come again. He thought somebody was playin' a joke on him. He got his revolver and looked around. As soon as he went back, off come the clothes again, so he got up and come down and asked for his accounts. An Englishman went up, and the next mornin' he come down and asked for his accounts. He said he just got laid back and it felt like somebody grabbed him by the throat, chokin' the life out of him. He fought and then he fell on the floor and he come down. A Spaniard said they was all cowards and he'd go up there and sleep. The next day they picked the Spaniard up about daylight with his feet all cut to pieces by lava rock where he'd run across the pampa tryin' to get home."

Chace and Whitter camped at the upper end of the Angostura the night after the meteor, on that big lobe of high terrace where it was easy to hold their sheep, because of the narrow neck, and the precipice all round the edges down to the river. A dozen travellers joined them before night, shepherds and gauchos. "We was all

drinkin' mate and tellin' stories around the fire in the bushes and a Chilote that had come along to help Whitter and me with the sheep, an old gaucho he was, when it come his turn he says, 'Did you fellows ever hear about how St. John come to be a follower of Christ?' We said, 'No.' So he told the story like this: St. John was a gaucho, and when Christ come along St. John followed him for a little out of curiosity and they travelled along, and it got on toward night, and Christ he says to St. John, 'You bein' a gaucho, there's a flock of sheep. See if you can catch a nice fat lamb for supper.' So St. John he took his lazo and went out and lazoed a nice fat lamb and took it to their camp and Christ says, 'I'm goin' up on the hill to pray with my disciples, and while we're up there you can make an asado. Just save the kidneys for me, no más. The rest'll be for you and the disciples.' So St. John he set in makin' an asado, and he got it all cooked nearly, and Christ and the disciples didn't come back. So he wondered if the kidneys was well done and he cut off a little sliver and it seemed to be well done, so he cut a sliver off the other kidney. He forgot himself and pretty soon both kidneys was et up. Christ come back with the disciples, and St. John he stuck the asador in the ground, before 'em, all drippin'. But just as soon as Christ looked at it he says, 'Why, where's the kidneys?' Down there an asado's got to be perfect. I knew a capataz once that give a man the sack for servin' an asado without the kidneys. St. John, he says, 'This lamb didn't have no kidneys'. 'That's queer,' says Christ, 'he must've had 'em.' 'No, no, this lamb didn't have no kidneys.' They finished eatin' the lamb and Christ said no more about it and the next day they started marchin' on. They come to a river, and Christ and the rest started walkin' out on the water, and St. John, he says, 'I can't cross the river like that. I'll drown. I'll sink.' Christ, he says, 'Just spread your poncho on the water and step on the middle of it.' And he done that and started floatin' across, but when he got in the middle of the river he started to sink and when

the water got up to his knees, Christ he sung out from the other side of the river, 'Did that lamb have kidneys?' 'No, Señor, it didn't have none.' By that time the water'd got up to his waist. Christ he says again, 'Did that lamb have kidneys?' 'No, Señor, he never had none.' The water come up to his chin. 'Once more I ask you, did that lamb have kidneys?' John he says, 'No, Señor, no kidneys.' Then the water went over his head, but his hand was above, and he waved it and motioned 'no' with it. Christ says, 'There's a man of character. When he tells a lie he sticks by it. We'll have to save him.' And his poncho come up and he was saved and he followed Christ to the end.

"After he told that story, for a long time any of us crowd that was around there we had that for a byword. If there was anybody tellin' a story that wa'n't reasonable, one'd turn to the other and say, 'Did that lamb have kidneys?' They used to tell Arabian Nights stories everywhere down there night after night. Of course I knew those, but this story was so different I remembered every bit of it. I kept wonderin' what was comin' next. I can just see him settin' and drinkin' his mate, his whiskers down to here, and all of us watchin' him, not a sound, listenin' just as sharp. It was in a big lot of bushes with a fire in the middle and all settin' around this side, with two or three mates goin', a proper wind blowin' outside. And the galgos and sheepdogs layin' around. We could hear the horses chewin'. They was picketed just far enough off the fire so they wouldn't get into it.

"The next night he went on with that yarn, somethin' like: after St. John was saved from the river he followed Christ. And as Christ went on he was curin' all the sick and St. John didn't believe in doin' somethin' for nothin', so he went on and he'd see somebody comin' to Christ whose family was sick. The first one had a daughter who was on the point of dyin' and he'd heard about Christ, so he come and St. John stopped him and says, 'Look here, the Señor is very busy now, but if you'll give me a couple of hundred dollars I'll see if I can get

him.' The chap put out the money in gold, and they went on and there was another man that his son was sick and St. John got him to put out four or five hundred dollars, and different ones come and St. John'd get 'em to put out fifty dollars, and he was puttin' money in his maletas and keepin' quiet about it all the time. At last he got money enough so it was all his pack horse could carry, so he decided to part off and start a little farm of his own. That night he took off the packs and wanted to count his money and he opened his maletas and the money was all dead leaves."

CHACE bought fifteen hundred ewes of Santiago Frank on the way back and they bought a hundred and fifty rams of the heir-apparent on the peninsula. The ewes were all over six years old and their teeth were so badly worn down with the grit there was in the grass they fed upon that their owners were glad to part with them for very little money, but Chace and Whitter reasoned that there would be no grit in the grass on their camp and that the ewes might thrive there two or three years, long enough to get a flock started. When a sheep is over eight his teeth are so far gone that you do not waste dip on him but kill him and take his skin and burn his carcass.

They crossed Chace's ewes, hog-tied, in the launch and the gig, loading both pretty close to the water line every trip. The rams and Whitter's ewes they let run on the peninsula for the time being. There was snow at that end of the lake where there would have been rain at the other. The winter had been a bad one and the grass was late in starting and they had come in early. There was still much snow about, and the only feed was soggy matted fog. The ewes ate that and gradually died off to the last one.

While his capital was slipping through his hands thus, Chace built a comfortable log cabin and went to house-keeping in it with a couple of cats.

"I had to go across and get some cats because the

mice was eatin' up all my provisions. They was wood mice, different from field mice. There was a little black bird about as big as a robin that used to hop around the camp fire pickin' up pieces of meat, so tame he'd almost eat out of my hand. The she-cat'd try to catch him. He wouldn't fly but he'd run quicker'n what she could and she'd bring up against the bush that he'd dove into. They'd keep it up for hours like it was a game between 'em. She never caught him neither. He wa'n't like the blackbirds in the States or them in Tierra del. They're so thick down there that if a shepherd leaves his shanty door open when he goes out, when he comes in at night he'll shut in a pieful.

"One time I was out and found a big red fox in one of my traps. I killed him and brought him home on my horse to skin him. I could see the cats through the door, on the bunk sort of happy, singin' and sleepy. I tiptoed up and just poked the fox's nose in and then his head. They got his smell. The tom was up on his feet, puttin' up his back in a proper arch, and layin' back his ears and spittin'. The she started up the wall of the shanty, and went all the way round, right on the wall without stoppin'. There was a row of dishes on a shelf and she went right through 'em all. Then they both leapt out of the door and cleared. I couldn't get 'em back for days.

"It was one of them big long-legged red foxes. He's so big you think he must be a wolf when you see him runnin', but there ain't no wolves in that country. He's a cannibal too, like a wolf. They'll kill a full-grown sheep. You never find 'em outside the forest. There was never any of 'em fat like the pampa fox. They was always poor and rangy, followin' the lions. I often see 'em eatin' a kind of red berry. You couldn't never catch 'em in a box trap. We used to have to rig a kind of well sweep with a wire noose on it that would get 'em round the middle and squeeze the life out of 'em in no time."

Chace's account of the mechanism of this trap, even with pantomime, puzzles me past the possibility of recording it. The mountain fox was red right through,

just as the pampa fox was gray, but there was one halfway between the two with black hairs in a red pelt. Chace saw two foxes on Lago Viedma that a fellow had caught, smaller than the pampa fox, no bigger than a slim house-cat, almost white, a slightly bluish tinge to the hairtips, very sharp little nose, and a tail as bushy as the pampa fox's.

"I was alone a good deal up there and I had a good deal of fun watchin' a pair of grebes on a little lagoon on the Cancha Rayada. They're them big divin' birds, more or less like a loon, dark brown-colored. The he-one has a sort of cap of feathers that he raises up. He'd be guardin' the nest out on the water. He'd catch sight of me and he'd begin screamin' to the she-one, 'Look out! Danger! Come away here to me!' And she'd be all cozy and private on her nest, but she'd get up to stop his screechin' and she'd fetch a big half-circle away out, skimmin' low, and doin' her best to make me think the nest was somewheres else. Then he'd begin scoldin' at her, 'I'll bet you never covered the nest up. You females don't know enough to come in out of the rain. I'll go and fix it proper'—and he'd shoot back to the nest straight as an arrow, and he'd gather up a stick or two and put 'em on the nest and come splashin' back to her, sayin, 'There, it's all right now. Takes me to look after things!' I could almost hear him sayin' it."

He found eels, twelve to eighteen inches long, at the head of a brazo along the north side of that peninsula, the only true eels he thinks he ever saw in Patagonia. "They was all laid out dead just after a fire in the timber that'd burned down to the water's edge." He heard of eels at the mouth of the Gallegos, living in the mud there, but they were said to look more like worms than eels as Chace or his Scotch informants knew them.

If Chace had used his wits harder on that sheep venture of his and burned off the fog when he first found the camp in the winter, and let the fire run up among the trees to make room for more grass, his venture might have been successful, lions and big red foxes permitting.

But sooner or later he must have lost out. A man with no more capital than he was ever able to scrape together very rarely wins out with sheep down there. As it was he gave up, and went to work putting up fences and sheds for William Ford on the Isla Doble, whom he had heard of as "Father of the Fufu gang," in the days when Ford was shepherding out on the pampa.

They grew alfalfa and oats—twelve hectares—without windbreaks. We never saw any planting done in that windy land, even of grass seed, except behind windbreaks. The most effective garden windbreak we saw was about twenty feet high, not a solid fence—the wind would vault that and crush the garden—but pointed palings an inch or more apart, that frayed the wind so that the most delicate plants were safe behind close hedges set in the lee of it.

There was a bush, the *leña dura*, on the Isla Doble growing about twenty feet high, perennially green, that the sheep were very fond of. Chace used to lop off the tops that they could not get at for themselves in the winter. When they saw him come out with his axe they would come running from a long way and crowd round him, baaing.

"Forde" was a Welshman who enlisted in the American Navy shortly after landing in the United States. He was overlooked when his ship left the Falklands, being so damaged in a drunken row that he was ashamed to show his battered face. He was always wishing himself back in the Navy and used to keep himself as neat as if he had been. He wore a beard exactly like King Edward's and trimmed it every Sunday morning. Chace trimmed the garden hedge not quite so often, but we judge from the pride with which he speaks of it that King Edward's gardener could hardly have done better by it.

CHAPTER IX

OSTRICHES

It was not until Chace set out with the company of prospectors that he began to get really acquainted with the rhea. "That ostrich down there's the comicallest bird I ever see. Take him dancin' all by himself on the top of a little hill, gettin' his legs limbered up for the day. He'll run a half circle, and do a dance, and then a half circle and dance again, leapin' up and kickin' his legs in the air. I've seen him keep it up for ten minutes."

Chace had expected a bird as big as Hatcher's picture of phororhacos when he first saw those three-toed tracks on the Pampa Triste. It puzzled him to the last to see such big feet and such stout legs with so little bulk to carry : a roc's egg of a body, hung no higher than Chace's belt, kilted loosely with soft gray feathers behind ; head set something like a rattlesnake's, at the height of Chace's chin, shot up higher when the snake takes a look about, out of big eyes, stupid brown eyes, with a wide blunt beak between them, and a black bib below that. And that's a big Rhea darwini.

The young Darwin found his bird in the eighteen thirties and took home a specimen he had pieced together from the leavings of a hungry *Beagle* party ashore at Deseado. He had thought the bird a half-grown northern rhea till he bit into it. Chace says the bigger northern yellow-leg is not nearly such good eating as this little black-leg—is not good eating at all, in fact.

The lone eggs, faded almost white, the guachos, which he found lying about and no nest near, puzzled him till he found they nearly always point some nest or other, a half-mile off, it may be. If one hen is on the nest, another, in simultaneous travail, will have to drop her egg outside. A cock may have fifteen prolific hens to his single nest, so there must be eggs laid outside,

and when he has got his nest, his nest, if you please, full, and has shooed off the hens, so that he can begin his three or four weeks' sitting, there remains much laying to be done, further and further off, by hens still dutifully looking toward the nest. A hen lays one of those big azure bombs every three days for fifty days, somewhere, and that is all she does do.

Cock does the rest. At the right time he has set out hunting up disengaged hens and fighting other cocks for theirs. There is no blood spilled, but feathers fly. Cock cups his little wings, bristles his chest feathers till he looks as big as two cocks, poong-poongs, leaps up and rakes his bristling rival with those three blunt claws, now from in front, now in sidewise kicks, passing and repassing in a cloud of feathers. Old Cock keeps it up till Young Cock's had enough, and makes off, stiff-legged, wagglng what's left of his feather kilt. He leans well forward. Big feet seem trying to catch up with little head. He will be lucky to hold four or five hens that season.

Old Cock has enough of fighting, after a while, and goes herding his hens to take up a claim on some long slope, or on the side of a knoll, never on the top, choosing a windward slope as often as a lee. He scratches a wide hollow in the lee of a little rock or low bush and lines it with green grass. He can keep a good lookout downhill, but it often happens, when you come riding over a knoll, that a gray hummock leaps suddenly up almost under your horse's belly and you may be left sitting on the nest yourself. The cock will circle back after a while but your pingo will not.

A bird, surprised feeding, will often freeze beside a bush with his head erect. "You won't hardly see him a hundred yards off. There's so many stems and twigs like an ostrich's neck. And a little striped young one can hide beside a bunch of grass, and without they peep, you wouldn't know they was there."

Old Cock does not let his hens out of sight while they are filling his nest. He grazes about them like a stud

about his mares. Chace has watched them stroll up early in the morning, one after one, to drop a thick-shelled bomb and stroll off again unconcernedly—watching through glasses a long way off, of course. He has found as many as forty-five eggs in a nest. He never counted the guachos about one. Nearby guachos some cocks roll in with their bills, so the B. A. Zoo people say. Chace has not seen that. Perhaps it is Young Cock who does it, not being too well supplied. It would take nine to eleven hen's eggs to fill one of those big blue shells—that would make five hundred to a nest.

Chace once sighted a cock and his hens running an oddly crooked course, careening as they ran. He galloped up alongside, unnoticed. They were kicking a little gray fox, rolling him end over end, first one and then another "coming up compadrelike" just before the kick. The little fox saw Chace between kicks and made for him. The rheas saw him too, and ran away. Chace stopped. The fox squatted right under the horse's nose, and looked up, all bloody and panting, tongue hanging out. Chace looked down and said, "All right, old chap. You got off that time. Don't try it again." That particular fox probably stuck to guachos after that. He has to roll his egg, by the way, till it breaks against a rock before he can suck it.

The nest is much safer when all those conspicuous hens have been shooed off, and the cock can sit low on the eggs and lay his neck along the ground and pass for a hummock. Riders are scarce. If he distrusts that camouflage in an emergency he has warning of, he will crawl off, carrying his head very low—as when he frightened the mate—for a couple of hundred yards, and then rear up, and, if the man's dogs are sheep dogs, decoy them off with drooping wings like a tired bird, until he has them well away, and then he will "leave 'em standin'" while he fetches a wide circle back to the nest.

The puma seems to take no interest in eggs or running rheas. He must surprise his bird. Chace has stalked him—tracks fresh in the sand behind bush after bush,

showing nervous claws and switching tail, and beyond the last bush has come upon a headless long neck spouting blood.

The cock sits on his nest continuously for those three or four weeks, except for his daily half hour's feeding, or when he sneaks off on decoy duty or gets up to go billing about among the eggs, shifting the outer ones toward the center, Chace thinks.

The Indians say he saves one egg out from the beginning, burying it so that it will not hatch, and breaks it at hatching time, to attract flies for the first day's feeding of his rhealings. The B. A. Zoo keeper says so, too, but Chace has often hunted for that egg and never found it.

Chace has tried stealing an egg when the cock was well out of sight, taking it a long way off to scramble it in the shell, but every time when he has come back for another breakfast, he has found the eggs kicked every which way, and the cock off collecting hens. He has seen a cock destroy his eggs thus and start over, three times, in an enclosed pasture. Once the eggs were within a day of hatching. Chace says there is a better way to cook eggs than scrambling, by the way, and that is to run them through with a red hot asado iron, skewering a half dozen, say, for a sufficient company, and roasting them before a little fire.

It is something of a trick to get those eggs home at the gallop. You spread your poncho out full length, lay the eggs along it, roll them up in a woollen tube, tying between eggs, tie the ends of the poncho together and throw the loop over your shoulder. "I seen Billy Stewart eat three of them eggs in three hours. He sucked the first one and poached the second, but he had to take the last hard boiled. When a gang of us fellows comes into town from camp we go into an eating place and we'll each order a half dozen boiled eggs, that's hen's eggs, of course, and pile up the shells in the center of the table. And after that, havin' had half a real egg apiece, we'll each order a cold roast turkey—that's about like eatin' a young ostrich."

When the brood hatches, it is a lean exhausted cock it runs with, cropping grass, roots, barberries and quartz pebbles. But he gets back his strength and spirit in a couple of weeks, and begins fighting other cocks again, this time for their broods. Chace has seen one feeding in the midst of a flock of a hundred and twenty chicks of different ages, spoils of there is no telling how many fights.

THE rhea is not afraid of any sheep dog. He runs with the sheep on pasture and feeds along with them on the drive, right under the dog's nose, but no rough dog can get near him at folding time. He does not mind sheep dogs, but he will give a galgo no handicap.

Hunting avestruz with galgos is the real sport down there. Guanacos are not much fun, and those huemules come up to your pistol's muzzle and watch you skin your supper, but ostrich— You will be stalking a feeding point, mounted. Perhaps you will not get nearer than three or four hundred yards, if the point has been much run. Your horse will have his ears up, and be getting more and more excited. He will see the birds, before you do, and go clean crazy. You will put out your galgos with a "choo-oo-oo-oo!" And the race is on.

They make a clumsy start and may dash right by two or three birds, blind to everything but the first they sight. "That makes you crabbed when you're hungry." Your old dog leads off. Your young dog gradually forges ahead until there is about thirty yards between them. "It looks like they cleared twenty-five foot at a bound, doublin' up when they leave the ground, stretchin' out full length in the air, landin' doubled up, as regular as a piece of machinery." The rhea runs blind, too, to everything but the leading dog, wings cupped if there is wind to help him. He runs straight, up hill and down dale, till the leading dog gets too near. Then he comes about, at full speed, opening his outer wing, drooping his inner so that with his leaning that way its primaries'

tips mark dust. He is going so fast that, if he misjudges the wind and opens out too much, the turn may wrench his knee joint for him on the inner leg, so that the end of the lower legbone may tear through the skin. Chace has seen a bird, intent upon that leading dog, strike an iron post on the straightaway, bound back fifteen feet and fall dead, his strong dodo-like shield of a breastbone a mass of splinters, the post bent badly. "Them fence posts don't show up good in the sun. We often don't see 'em ourselves until we're just on 'em." The galgos cannot outrun an old cock when he is fresh, and no dog could make those turns. The leading galgo shoots ahead, trying his best to slow down for a turn. His second cuts the corner and grabs for that inner wing. He often misses, but when he hits, the jig is up. The ostrich turns a somersault. The first dog heads back as soon as he can come about. They kill or half kill, and are off after another bird.

But they are not always off after another bird. Chace ran one old cock, that had outrun his galgos and everybody else's for a year or two, a league—pegging along, whip going, behind a receding streak of dust. He came up with the dogs at last, lying beside their bird, tongues hanging out, so far gone that he had to get water to put on their heads. He has seen a dog burst in such a race.

No horse would ever keep a strong cock in sight, but for the zigzag circle that he runs—a circle sometimes only a hundred yards across, but often a mile. You ride inside and cut the corners, slipping off to wring necks when the dogs have not quite killed. Sometimes you come up in time to throw your avestrucero before the dogs get hold. The two balls, whirling the twisted marehide cord taut between them, wind it about the long neck and hang dangling until the cord entangles the swift legs and the bird falls stumbling forward.

It is something of a trick to pack all that meat on your saddle horse. You dissect off the legs at the hips, leaving the slit sleeves hanging. Then you dissect the knee joint without cutting the long sinew, so that the

lower bone hangs dangling at the sinew's end, big foot sticking up. After that, the leg sleeves have to be tied together to make a loop, through which you can slip those dangling legbones with the big feet on them, like toggles in a loop of rope. You sling the body high on one side your horse, and the pair of legs low on the other, and have a balanced pack. That kind of toggle comes in handy in stringing smaller birds together for convenient carrying.

SOMETIMES when you put your knife through a rhea's skin, there is a smell so foul that it makes you sick. If you persist in skinning you will find bubbles between the flesh and the skin. If you go further and get inside you will find thick worms eighteen inches long, twisted amongst the guts, outside them.

There is good meat on the rhea's rump, unless a poor dog has grabbed there and spoiled it. That pecano is better than fat guanaco or mare's tongue or raw kidney—"raw ostrich kidney tastes somethin' like raw eggs. It's different from any other kidney. It lays in a hollow in the bone. There's one big one and a little one jointed to it at the end. When you cut it, it seems to be full of little bunches, like as if it was put together like a sponge.

"All his inner workin's are queer. There's a big sack at the end of his gullet. It's got walls and a linin' like an ordinary stomach and there's a little egg-shaped sack just off of that. There don't seem to be no gizzard. I've found as many as twenty quartz pebbles in that big sack when I've cut up an ostrich down on the beach." All this primitive apparatus seems fitting for a bird who looks as if he ought to be a fossil.

The cooking of the pecano is not for amateurs. Chace first saw it done in Ferrero's toldo, but Jimmy Radboon really taught him how, up on Lago San Martín. You build a hot fire; throw in sizable pebbles that will not split in the heat; cut off the neck and tie it; if you have not

already done it, slit the skin up the inside of the legs to the wings, across the breast and down the other side; dissect off the hams, leaving the slit leg-sleeves hanging; make eyelet slits along the edges of the gash in the breast, and across the wide part of the leg-sleeves where they join the body; pass four wingbone bodkins through them to make a square mouth to your sack and keep it open. You bone the body sack then, leaving the thick rump meat stuck to the skin, and cut the meat across, making thick slices all stuck by one edge to the skin. You block the anus with a slender pebble red hot, and set bigger, less hot pebbles between the slices. The pampa pebbles come in handy for that. You shake in salt from an ostrich neck pouch, draw tight the mouth of your skin pot, with sinew under the bodkins, or with the leg-sleeves sometimes, and set your pressure cooker before the fire, turning it until the meat is done. One rump makes a feast for four or five men.

Musters says the Tehuelches, before they got their mounts, used to take their rheas snow-blinded, or pen them in icy water long enough to numb their legs. Chace says you can take them easily when they are heavy with wet feathers. Their feathers do not shed water, but they swim wide rivers, for all that.

This numbing and snow-blinding makes one fancy that rhea, along with guanaco, whose pads crack and bleed with every winter's cold so badly that many stall and die of hunger, and parrakeet that hovers, shivering, in the smoke of winter camp fires, have misjudged the climate. Handicap enough, one would think, without the stretching of the sheepmen's nets of smooth wire fences—a wide mesh, leagues wide, but an ugly hurdle that snares many, and that many balk at, and die behind.

It is not only meat and eggs and that fine pot that the rhea carries. There is the pepsin in his stomach, the marrow pomade in his bones. There are the pounds of golden yellow grease—an inch and a half outside and big lumps inside, ideal stuff for butter and cooking, or for helping guanaco jerky down, or for mixing with colored

dusts for paints and dyes. There are long sinews in his legs to dry out and shred for threads of any thickness. There is the neck pouch for keeping salt or tobacco or yerba dry. And there are the dainty striped blankets of week-old birdskins no bigger than your hand, with the little wings sticking up, and the white blankets of the breasts of older birds, and the soft feathers from the inside of their legs for boas, for trading only, and the long feathers where their wings join their bodies. You might call Darwin's rhea Purveyor-in-Ordinary to the Steppe.

CHAPTER X

HUNTING WILD CATTLE

WHEN the prospecting venture, that first took Chace to Lago San Martín, failed and the company broke up and "Old Chace" and "Old Gus," as the two young men called each other, were left alone in the mountains, Chace got a chance to try his hand at cattle—wild cattle—with a group of carefree fellows, living what seemed to him the ideal life in a country where there was still no thought of shanties or fences or any of the restraints that go with those things. That year bulks so big in Chace's memory that we got an impression when we first talked with him that it had been many years.

We must hold the reader and the merry men and their cattle apart for a little and give him a glimpse of the country the cattle ranged in, or rather that they escaped into when pressed too hard.

Chace and Gus rode south from San Martín to hunt up Long Jack on Lago Viedma. They rode through rough foothill country across the headwaters of that Arroyo de le Meseta, which does such a curious back-handed turn to get into Lago Tar, and whose waters vacillate between the Atlantic and Pacific at the bend. It runs in a deep gorge where they crossed. There are bones sticking out of the sandstone walls of that gorge, of preposterous animals. Had they chanced to see a thighbone, like that of a certain dinosaur in the Museum at La Plata, that makes the biggest of the prehistoric animals found anywhere in the world before, look little, the scales might have dropped off their eyes and let them see the country stocked with the kind of game that used to range there. They had both used stools of single whale vertebrae dug from the walls of the Gran Bajo de San Julián and they had heard talk enough about the ancient animals, but they never got an inkling of what they were.

They rode on blind to all that sort of thing. They crossed a couple of headwater branches of the Shehuen, crossed a deep basin with a salt lake in the bottom of it, dammed in by disproportionately high moraine; crossed the Paso de los Indios whence they looked out between basalt cliffs down green grassy slopes to a most lovely lake: no tangle of arms like San Martín, but a long wide sheet, deep blue, set deep in a bezel of mauve rock, pale ripe grass about the bottom of the bezel. The rim on their side of the lake was sheer lava cliff embayed in wide scallops. If you come riding along on the level top of that lava, past some boulder big as a house that the retreating ice sheet left there, stopping to look down at a little naked guanaquito lying in the lee, whose skin is doubtless masquerading in New York under some strange name and color—if you come riding over this lava, just before you reach the edge you will be stopped by a wide crack, where a big slice has come away and slipped a little down. Leaving your horse, working out onto the crest of the slice and looking down across wet green vega at the bottom of the bay you will see the tops of other slices slipped further down, and beyond them, others, broken and tumbled about in the slipping, and beyond them others still, more broken and tumbled and less evidently what they are, until you cannot tell whether the lowermost is slippage or dump from the side of one of those huge old ice tongues that filled this basin when the ancient ice sheet had withered down to tongues. The bezel of the octopus lake was checked with slippage, too, in some parts.

“The kind of place that always used to put me on tiptoe was goin’ along them mountains and them big straight barrancas—take along towards spring when it was freezin’ nights and the sun strikes on ’em in the mornin’ and they start throwin’ stones at you from the size of an egg to a ton. I was comin’ along with an Italian and I had a lazy horse. All at once I looked up and this stone was comin’ right towards me. I tried to get the horse to move a couple of steps a little quicker, but it was like hittin’ a wooden horse. I got him to move a

little faster and he had a long tail and that stone went by his hind heels and swept his tail out like that, and dropped down below about a hundred feet. I was ridin' along a narrow guanaco track, just wide enough to put the horse's foot in. I looked back and the Italian was settin' there on his horse and he had his mouth open—it took him a minute before he could shut it. That was the kind of place I used to feel timid. Any other place I never felt timid, not till after it was all over, but there I always had my eyes and ears on the lookout.

"Another time I was ridin' behind McLeod comin' down along near Lago Argentino. We had a little trail along where the big barrancas are. We come where it dropped down to the river. It was just wide enough for a horse. All at once we heard one of them stones let go. We couldn't see it but we could hear it comin'. McLeod he whipped up his horse and I yanked mine back, not knowin' just why, and that stone come down between us. It sent the river splashin' up. It must have weighed three or four hundred pounds."

They found Long Jack the Belgian on the lake shore living in a sod hut roofed with mare's skins, running a big manada. There was a German with him who had come out hunting bones for some museum in his homeland, but he had drunk up the museum's prudent stipend before he found any bones, and he had eaten of the calafate berry. They stayed a while with Long Jack but saw little of the German. He seemed to have a mania for hunting bones and had taken to hunting gold as well—perhaps in the hope of getting transport for his piles of bones. It was from Long Jack that Chace got that intimate picture of Tehuelche chinias.

Long Jack was a proper settler, but he always tried for plenty of clearway between himself and other settlers. He liked the back country, as far back as he could get. When Chace next came that way, some years later, he found a Frenchman running sheep on Jack's camp. Jack had no pull at headquarters. Chace had to travel all the way to the end of the lake to find him. The biggest

glacier he ever saw comes grinding down from the cloud-hidden snowfields of the Cordillera into that end of the lake, only a few leagues from the camp Jack had retreated to. Chace had come that time to buy a trupilla of colts from Jack, and they rode off together to where the horses were—in a long cañadón a mile wide at the bottom. “The sides sloped up a long way and there was good feed on ’em. And there was cliffs up against the sky on both sides and all round the end so they couldn’t get out and Jack didn’t have to do nothin’ but build a mile of fence across the mouth of the cañadón and he had five or six leagues of good camp behind it. We rode in through a little gate about a half a mile, and we could see the horses high up on the faldeos. Jack pulls out his Winchester and I thinks to myself, ‘I wonder what he’s goin’ to do with that,’ and ‘bang, bang!’ Of course it echoed like thunder and every horse started tearin’ down the mountain side. You’d think they’d break their necks. Long Jack put some salt on the ground and the horses come and tried to get in his pockets and clim all over him.”

Jack had a “palapique” house up there where there was plenty of straight timber: handsawed slabs, ends sunk about three feet in a trench, well tamped in, seams caulked with rags and guanaco wool, gable roof of gouged slabs laid tilewise.

The proper nomads who ran mares and “caught” ostrich feathers and guanaquito skins further north, squatting on other men’s camp, as late as 1920, used various kinds of shelters, from tarpaulins up to “churiza” houses. A man who wants a “churiza” house plants corner posts and doorjamb posts, stretches wires over them about six inches apart, puddles clay so that it will stick thickly to a meter length of bunch grass rope, laid up two-strand, sloshes the rope length about in the puddle, loops it over the third wire up, weaves it in and out between lower wires, lays up the whole wall so, jamming the grass woof tight as he goes along, daubs on more clay when the first dries, and gets eventually a wall that will

resist any weather indefinitely. Such a shelter is more effective than a tarpaulin in forcing tribute from the rightful tenant. Chace has known twenty thousand pesos paid down for riddance, but the same squatter is as likely as not to bob up again in another quarter of the same property and have to be bought off once more. On the Chile side at Lago Buenos Aires we found the subdelegado in warm sympathy with the perennial intruders—he called them settlers—on a big property. On Lago Argentino we found an intruder fencing right across a big estancia's wood road so that the carts were being forced out into swampy land.

That first night on Viedma Chace and Gus were waked a dozen times by the braying and snorting of an ass, tearing round and round Long Jack's manada through the bush. When a mare has nothing but her stallion to depend on she puts her trust in flight, and he does nothing but urge her on, which is rather hard on colts which have not passed the clumsy stage. Guanaquitos fare better, for they pass that stage much earlier.

Long Jack's ass was a eunuch, kept for no purpose but to ward off lions from the stud's harem. There were no mules in any of the manadas, whether of squatters or proper settlers like Jack. The only mention of mules in Chace's story is in accounting for the naming of that canyon Mulakaike at Heyesen's after the mules of a traveller who had come through long before his day, and in speaking of a Welshman, "Jones Grande," who raised mules a long way north of San Julián.

When Chace heard us call those asses "eunuchs," he said, "I shore with a couple of big Austrians once that was eunuchs. We didn't know it then but it come out in the B.A. paper when they was tried for killin' their father, after their mother told 'em that he done it when they was babies so he could sell 'em to the Turks. The court let 'em off."

CHACE had gone so daft on the San Martín country that he seems to have bored Long Jack with his accounts of it. He would say, "That there's a lake. This here's just a body of water." The "body of water" measures something like eleven miles by forty-five. Jack gave him three or four boxes of the German's Winchester cartridges—men shared cartridges as they did bread and tobacco in those days—and advised the pair to go back there. He told them that three members of the Fufu gang had started out from the Canals at about the time he did, with a big manada headed for that country. Gus knew all the gang and Chace had been hearing about them ever since he struck Patagonia.

They set out eastward to cut the trail. They had to cross a huge glacial dump off the end of Viedma, humpy with little drumlins and long eskers serpentineing. But for that, they might have ridden down gentle gradients in the bottom of an ancient outlet that Viedma once had, that way. The lake being thus blocked, now empties awkwardly south into another big "body of water," Argentino, and the overflow from both goes flooding down that biggest of Chace's rivers, the Santa Cruz.

The Fufu gang had come up in easier country, "outside" as Chace would say. The pair overtook them at the lower end of the Angostura on the Shehuen, that narrows where so many ox carts were to upset in future years. They had "made locamento" for the night in a cave. They thought they were stopping the night only, but they lived in that cave three years.

They had all heard of Chace, sympathized with him and Gus in the miscarriage of their adventure, and seemed inclined to be friendly. One of them, the Scotchman, Charlie Wilson, was getting ready to go down to the Paso Ibañez on the Río Santa Cruz to get provisions for the winter. Chace and Gus chipped in fifteen pesos apiece. Chace never parted with his last centavo—always kept a little under the buttoned flap of his broad belt.

It was Bill Downer of that company who held Chace

with his hawk eye. They were steel-gray eyes that sent out sparks "when he was wild." He had a hawk's nose, too, and a red moustache—a wiry fellow. He and two companions had been washed ashore from the wreck of a Newfoundland schooner rounding the Horn. They made their way overland up to the Straits through pretty wild country and shipped on a local schooner with a Chilean crew.

One day when the schooner was beached, awaiting cargo, and the crew was ashore, all but Bill, the captain ordered him out to help move the kedge anchor and went overboard immediately himself. Bill went below to get his seaboots. He had turned the forecastle upside down finding one, when he heard the captain call up from the mud, "Come on, you ——." The old man had no milder language at his command probably, and though Bill's own ordinary talk was less mild, he ran to the rail, called back, "I'm coming!" leaped down with the one boot on and stopped the foul mouth with mud. What he said to the old man while he was punishing him must have made him blush, if he could appreciate it. The further north those shipwrecked sailors came from, the more foul-mouthed they were, Chace thought.

No woman or child, though, ever heard Bill curse. There was a dear old lady, Mrs. Lewis, keeping house for her son on the Río Chico, many years later, who came to think the world of Willie Downer. Bill used to ride in Sundays to sing hymns and eat hot scones and honey there with other fellows gathered from leagues about, themselves and their horses all in their Sunday best. When a rival once referred to Bill's fluency in malediction, she rebuked him saying gravely, "I have known Willie Downer for years and I have never heard him use an indelicate expression."

Jack Snow, one of Bill's shipmates, was considerate in a higher degree of the company he died among, in the Falklands. An ugly blow that he suffered in an explosion had spoiled life for him, and one day he

dug a grave, laid himself out in it, and put a bullet through his aching head.

It was not only the captain of the Straits schooner who got disciplined at Bill's hands. Once when the schooner lay alongside the Punta Arenas wharf Bill's chums went ashore, leaving Bill on board with three Chileans. The Chileans thought their chance had come to do Bill in, and went at him with knives to his bare fists. Bill always scorned other weapons than his fists. The chums saw what was going on and came running back. Bill saw them out of the corner of his eye, and said between his teeth, "Keep out of this. If one of you butts in, he'll have to fight me afterwards. I can handle it." And he did.

Bill never picked a quarrel himself. He would give the shirt off his back to a friend, and children loved him up and down the land, even those shy puesto children that would get wind of a stranger a long way off and take cover like partridges. Those puesto children were really shy. Chace remembers once riding down a faldeo with a friend of his, into a hollow where a married shepherd's shanty stood. "We could hear the children shoutin' and playin' and the dog barked and away they went into the shanty like rabbits into a burrow. We got there and all there was that showed up was the old man. We got off and we could hear the wife and the children in the other room and by and by the old woman come to the door to talk, and had hold of the door. She had on a long dress and you'd see the dress move one side and a head peek out, and at last the chap that was with me he got up and walked slow that way. He pushed the old woman one side and went in and threw the kids out the door, and you ought to see 'em go for the bushes. I don't know how many he dragged out, I lost count. You'd look out and there wa'n't no sign of 'em, and by and by you'd see a bush move and a head peek out and then back again.

"And there was a pipe major, McKenzie, tellin' me about a covey he started up. He come to a shanty and the shepherd said, 'Did you bring your pipes?' He said,

'Yes, wherever he went he took his pipes.' 'After supper you might give us a tune?' He said, 'Yes,' and after supper he blew up the bag and at the first skirl every kid's mouth went wide, and out into the bushes, scared nearly to death. But all them kids loved Bill Downer."

Any one of the Fufu gang would stand by a friend, right or wrong, drunk or sober. Chace has no tales about the other two who were at the Angostura, but Jack O'Keefe left a dent in his memory. "I was down to a horse race once at Tres Pasos in the Canals. Jack O'Keefe and some of the rest of the gang was at the boliche and there was a crowd that had been to the races. We was havin' supper. Old Forde, the father of the gang, had got some drinks down. There was a Chileno settin' just opposite him. Forde must have took a sudden dislike to him. Without a word of warnin' he threw his plate of hot soup into the Chileno's face. Then the row started. Somebody blew out the light. Jack O'Keefe jumped in between Forde and the Chileno. Everybody hit the man nearest. Nobody used a knife. It was all hand and foot work. The bolichero come in with a light and things stopped. There was a good few black eyes and bleedin' noses, but the fellow that got it worst was Jack. He bein' in the center of the row, he'd gone down, and 'd been walked all over. Nearly everybody havin' on spurs, his clothes was in shreds. Somebody'd put his heel on his nose and broke it. His body looked like somebody'd gone over him with a garden rake. He was like that, if he had a chum, he'd back him up right or wrong."

The members of the gang worked apart much of the time but used Forde's shanty, wherever he happened to be shepherding, for headquarters. They did not pool their capital, but what one had was another's in case of need. Billy Hilliard came into the camp of the French member of the gang, one day, "broke." Frenchy was away, but a fine trupilla of his was grazing nearby. Billy rounded it up, drove it into town and sold it. Ten days later he met Frenchy complaining that his

horses had all got away and he had been three days hunting them. Billy said, "Sorry I forgot to tell you. I sold 'em. I had to have the money." "That's all right, that's all right," Frenchy said, "I can quit huntin' for 'em now."

THE men, camped in that cave at the south end of the Angostura, had about four hundred mares among them and some fine studs. They had been crowded out of the Canal country, as Chace calls the green Chilean lowlands at the west end of the Straits, spread at the foot of ice-girdled peaks, and intricately channelled by fjords and narrow lakes. The ice lies lower and lower as you go southward, and more glaciers meet the sea there than fail to. It was a big change from that low wet country to this dry lava-coated upland. The mares were all used to being herded and gave very little trouble. Each stud tried to keep his mares apart from the others except when he set out to fight a more fortunate stud for his. There was one big sorrel who had eighteen mares, all of them old. He drove off all the young ones. You would always find him with the same eighteen.

One of the men rode round outside the furthest tracks every day. In bad weather he was likely to fail in this and come in at night without having seen a single mare. Bad weather would nearly always start the manada south for the canals. All three men would set off at daylight next day riding their bedding, mate kettles at their horses' throatlatches, yerba and salt in ostrich necks, and camp on the trail until they overtook them. There was good feed over a wide area, interrupted by big spaces where the surface was so hard that it carried no tracks. Tracking was a fine art in that country and the gang might be gone several days.

"One day they was goin' out huntin' the mares and Downer he says to me, 'Will you lend me your picazo, Chace?' 'Como no? He's right there. Take him. But he don't like strangers very much, Downer.' 'That's

all right,' says Downer. Downer was a man that would trade a good horse for a wild one just so's to conquer him. I held the picazo whilst Downer got the gear on. He'd arch his head and look back at Downer a little like they was a lion near him, but as long as I was there, sayin' 'Picazo' to him now and then he thought it was all right. Downer lashed his boleadoras across the pommel of his bastos—if you can call the front end of that platform on a horse's back a pommel—so's to have somethin' to hang on to, and he swung on. I let go and stepped back. The picazo turned his head and smelled Downer's leg. Downer give him one lick but he didn't get a chance to give him another. Maybe the picazo didn't put him off, but he didn't stay with him very long.

"That picazo was a horse I had off Hope for pay for runnin' up a wool shed for him. I asked Hope if he'd let me have a horse instead of a check. 'Como no?' he says, and he brought a couple of hundred into the corral and says, 'Take your pick. That bayo there took me to Sandy Cruz in a day, but he'll kick at the stirrup. And that zaino's a good horse, but he's a little hard-mouthed.' He kept on tellin' me one thing and another about the horses, but I had my eye on a fine upstandin' picazo—that's a black, with a white star in his forehead. I says 'You're sure you don't care which I take, Hope? Then my fancy's that picazo.' 'Bueno,' says Hope, and he says to two Indian tamers there was there, 'Put your lazos on that picazo.' When he said, 'Put your lazos on,' I knew I'd done for myself that time. I was no tamer. Them two Indians put their lazos on and drug him up. Hope he says, 'Will you ride him home?' I says, 'No, I'll not bother to change the gear from my manchado. I'll just lead him over to Frazier's.'

"When I got to Frazier's, out come young Dunham—one of the young fellows that come down with Hope from the North. He was a good tamer. He says to me, 'What you doin' with that picazo, Chace? Don't you know three Indian tamers have give that horse up?' 'That's all right, my boy,' I says, 'You fellows think you

know all there is to know about horses. Can I put the picazo in the little paddock?' So I put the hobbles on and put him in the paddock.

"We started shearin' and every chance I could get, I'd slip out to the paddock and try to make up to the picazo. I'd go out early in the mornin' and late at night—any time I could without nobody seein' me. At first I couldn't get within twenty yards of him. He'd snort and clear away as far as he could get. But by and by he got used to me and got so he'd smell my hand and let me scratch his head. All week the chaps'd be askin' me, 'When you goin' to ride the picazo, Chace?' I didn't intend to ride him at all, but I says, 'Sunday I'll ride him.' Come Sunday mornin' they all says, 'You goin' to ride the picazo?' I says, 'Sure, I'm goin' to ride him.' I got my bozal and I caught him up. He let me put the gear on him. I tied him up to the palenque. They says, 'When you goin' to ride him?' I says, 'You fellows are in an awful hurry. I'm goin' to have a smoke.' The whole gang, about twenty, was gathered there. I finished my smoke and knocked the tobacco out. I thought I'd put my foot in the stirrup and make out I was goin' to ride. I knew he'd start to jump right away. That was the yarn about him. I put my foot in, and he looked round and smelt me. He didn't jump. I eased myself into the saddle, and started off at a trot sayin', 'So long boys, I'm goin' for a ride.' After we went a ways I just said, 'Picazo,' and away he went at the loveliest gallop you ever see. I give him a good ride, about an hour and a half. When I got back they all wondered how I done it and I says, 'You fellows don't know nothin' about it, you just been around in this little Patagonia.' I didn't know myself how I done it. Every Sunday I'd give him a ride. I'd go in the paddock and say 'Picazo' and he'd whinny and smell me.

"I left him at Frank's after the fire and he was a month without ridin'. I come round one day and they said, 'You'll never ride that horse. He's a wild horse now. Every time we round the horses up he jumps out of the

corral.' I went up and sung out 'Picazo' and he stood still and looked at me, ears back, and then he come and smelt me all over. I geared him up and mounted him. He smelt me again and we rode off. I went down below and shot a condor and tied him on to the picazo's rump and come back, with them big wings flappin', and he never minded a bit.

"Before I left the Angostura I had him in a corral and I went to catch him. Somebody'd taken my bozal. I just put a rope round his neck. I went to gear him. Just as I got the blanket on, one of them little williewaws swept down and whipped the blankets round him on his hind legs. He started, headed down hill, and I tried to check him gently with the rope and he must have stepped on a rollin' stone at the same time and he rolled over, and his neck snapped like a pistol shot. I never felt worse about a horse."

THERE were no wild mares so far back as the Angostura, but there were plenty of wild cattle. Chace has found wild cattle in the course of his stay in Patagonia all the way from the Santa Cruz to the Chico, but none very far back except on the Mayer, north of San Martín, and nowhere so numerous as between the Chico and the Lago Cardiel near that winter camp. He thinks they may have bred from escapes from some herd being driven south to the Canal country from the Río Negro long before his day. He has shot bulls ready to die of old age, with no mark on them.

The Río Santa Cruz was a bad one to cross and many might have got away there. Chace once spent two or three days forcing a big manada of mares to take the water when there was only one man to help him. The Fufu men had had a time of it crossing their mares. They were yelling and whipping and throwing rocks, but the mares kept swimming back and climbing out until Charlie Wilson rode in with them. That started them across. They were tremendously excited, trying

to climb up on each other's backs. Charlie was in the thick of it. Suddenly his horse went down into a hole and he came off. Charlie thought he was done for, but he grabbed the mane of a strong swimming mare and got onto her back. She shot across with him, clear of the point, but the minute she had him on dry land she put him off.

All of the cattle in the back country were big and fat and handsome and seemed to Chace to have nothing in common with the rangy longhorned "Texas steers" working on the coast. The mountain cattle looked as if they had blood. He never found any of a breed that he knew on the coast. There were some magnificent black-and-whites that he thought must be Ayrshires. He has a pet theory of their having bred from cattle which had swum ashore from some wreck among the islands on the Chile side, and worked across the Cordillera, but they could hardly have done this south of the Aisén.

Chace had barely got acquainted with the Fufu men when a half dozen fellows came down from the North with a small drove of tame cattle and went into camp near them. These men wore little black sombreros, and tawny ponchos woven of guanaco wool much bigger than the dark Chilean ponchos that the Fufu men wore, and chiripás, those blanket diapers that discouraged Rounsville, of some tight-woven striped gray cloth, and mare's hock boots, and silver inlaid spurs, loose-hung rowels six inches across, that jingled so that you could hear them above the lowing of the cattle. A poor rider who wants to stick a bad horse ties those rowels so they will not turn, and jabs them into the mesh of his wide braided rawhide cinch when he mounts. That locks him on, so that he cannot be put off until he is willing.

Some of the men wore six-inch belts to supplement their abdominal muscles and some silk sashes wound around five or six times. The silk was better armor against the knife than the leather.

Their gear was all white rawhide, intricately braided, on splendid horses. That leather was all cut from one-

color hide, off cattle bred in moist country on good feed where hide grows tough. Two-color hide wears unevenly. Gear mattered to Pedraluca and Peralto and the boss, Manuel Castellano.

Pedraluca—"Old Dick"—was the best gaucho in Patagonia, as particular as any man about his gear, but his clothes he wore till they dropped off him. In camp in lieu of alpargatas, he wore old shoes, soles flopping, laces trailing. He was an old man for the gaucho business, past fifty. Short, thickset, broad shouldered, stooped. Gray matted hair hung to his shoulders, round a face the color of mahogany, wrinkled like a dried apple.

He was asthmatic. Chace saw him struggle for breath in foggy weather later on at Monte León, so weak he could not throw his lazo. There was a fellow there making miss after miss on an ugly bull while Chace and Dick sat watching on their horses. Dick lost patience. "That fellow's afraid of the bull," he said, and therewith rode up alongside and let the bull step into his noose. He had often done that when he was too weak to throw, but whether he threw the full length of his lazo or did it that way, he always got a foot and a horn.

Up in the dry high country at the Angostura he was full of the old scratch. It was all the younger fellows could do to keep up with him. Dick's father was the best of the gauchos brought down to the Falklands from Uruguay to rid them of wild cattle in very old days. He had Italian blood—had been a bull fighter in the Montevideo ring. He could throw a charging bull—the only man in the Falklands who could. Dick explained to Chace, how a mountain of a bull can come to grief at the bare hands of a little man facing his charge. He comes at you with his head turned sidewise, one horn carried near the ground, the other pointed up your way. You catch the low horn, knuckles toward you, and the other, palm toward you, and just a little twist will make the low horn dig in and upend him. Dick's training started soon after he left the cradle. When he was about

ten his father would give him a lively colt and ride alongside, and if Dick put a hand down to take hold of anything he would get the handle of his father's rebenque across his knuckles.

When his father died Dick went over to the Islands, and gave his share of the estate to his sister, all but fifty pounds which he brought back in the *Rippling Wave*, in a bag, in half crowns and shillings. When the schooner's boat put him ashore he set the bag down on the beach, threw his tattered old coat over it and went up to have a drink. He remembered it after he had been drinking about an hour, and there it was—nobody would look for silver under a coat like that. People used to say to him, "Why don't you go back to the Falklands and live high on your father's money?" And he would reply that he could earn just enough to buy all the drink that was good for him. If he were to have more money, the foxes would get him too quickly.

He was earning his drink this time in Manuel Castellano's service. Castellano was an Argentine. He had brought down those tame cattle as the nucleus for a big herd that he hoped to gather and tame from that fine wild stock.

The gauchos had no cattle dogs, only galgos for hunting. Chace saw little of cattle dogs. What he did see looked, some of them, like mastiffs, some like stag hounds and some like bull dogs. Their feet were big and spongy-looking but they did not wear out like sheep dogs', because there was so little running to do—the cattle tended to keep together. The dogs were trained to take hold. They would try for an ear or a nose—you can handle the worst bull by the nose.

Peralto, another of Castellano's men, was a crack Argentine gaucho. Chace saw him get three cows in one run when he was killing for hides out there. He used a thirteen brazada—seventy-foot—lazo as everybody does, end buttoned to his cinch. He used to swing a six or eight-foot loop, honda at the far end, holding two or three coils in the loop hand, and a half

dozen in the other. His horse would stand, side on, to the bull after the cast, and lean against the taut lazo, while Peralto sprinted up and stuck a knife in, back of the fore shoulder. He never seemed to be off his horse more than a minute.

Peralto died hard a good many years later in a row in a boliche. He went to his saddle for his cleaver to settle with the other fellow and, while he was coming back with it, got five .38 bullets through his chest, but he kept right on coming and managed to get in fifteen cuts before the knife fell out of his hand.

THERE were no wild cattle immediately south of the Shehuen where the Fufu men were, and Castellano shifted his camp up to the north end of the Angostura on the other side of the river where the cattle were thick. There was a big rookery of little blackheaded gulls with forked tails like swallows' on a lagoon near that camp. Chace thinks that lagoon must be dried up now because the last time he passed near there he saw no gulls in the air.

Killing of cattle for gear and beef was a small part of the gauchos' work. They were after live cattle, but the Fufu men were killing for gear and meat and sport. Their mares made them so little trouble that they had plenty of time on their hands, to hunt cattle and run ostrich.

When they found cattle running on low ground and got after them the cattle would always make for the sharp broken surface of the lava on the high pampa. They bred up there and had many little winding paths that the hunters did not know, and their hoofs were like iron. Chace has seen plenty of horses with hoofs that might be called iron, but never any of such good metal as those. A bull did not have a man to carry, but there was as much weight on his hoofs as if he had. There were times when every horse in the whole company went lame on his hoofs. They got badly cut, too, on the sharp lava.

The cattle would find ways down cliffs where no horse could follow them. Chace has seen a cow go over a cliff, has made a long detour to skin the carcass at the bottom, and found nothing of the cow there but her tracks. When he would shoot one halfway down a slope she would generally roll all the way to the bottom.

"It was fun to see some of them surly old bulls. There was a lot of pure snow-white bulls, not a black hair on 'em, white as the driven snow, immense animals. They'd just drop their head and watch you come in sight, and turn their head and watch you out of sight. If you didn't make any move they'd just stand. When we didn't have nothin' to do, one fellow'd pull off his poncho and wave it and start ridin' around in a circle yellin', 'Toro!' The bull'd mutter and rake the earth up. Then another fellow'd come nearer. The bull'd be gettin' wilder. He wouldn't know which of us to chase. Another fellow'd come nearer yet and he'd make up his mind and charge. We'd clear. For the first fifty yards you'd have to have a good horse to get away. Then when you'd got a little ways off you'd pull your horse to one side and he'd go right by. But a cow'll follow you right round, dodgin' as quick as a horse. Very often you get a horse gored by a cow. A bull always goes straight. I don't know if he shuts his eyes. I've shot 'em when they was comin' onto me and they didn't have their eyes shut. You shoot 'em between that curl in their foreheads and where their horns start out.

"Once in a while there's a cow that ain't got horns. I see a fellow throw one of them and get off to kill her and before he could get to her the lazo slipped. As soon as she'd knocked him down she kneeled on him and started kneadin' him. Dick Pedraluca and I was comin' and Dick put his lazo on her."

Chace was not very good with the lazo, but if he could get within thirty yards he could bring an animal down every time with his pistol. "The first time I ever shot off horseback there was a lion runnin'. I put my dogs away after a point of sheep and this lion jumped up and I

after him. I fired three shots at about twenty meters and he had three bullets in him when I skinned him. When you're shootin' cattle off a horse, you want a horse that'll stand in the face of a chargin' bull and trust you to get him.

"I used to go out with my old Colt revolver and get up into a bunch, and quite often I'd knock down three while they was lazoin' one. They used to have that as a great joke, the 'Americano lazo corto.' Quite often they'd make a run and not get near enough to throw. One time Dick he says, 'I'm gettin' too old to use the lazo. If that Yanqui can shoot two or three on a run, I'm goin' to get a rifle.' He got a rifle off Bob Sutherland. We see a point, and old Dick he after it with the rifle but he couldn't hit within a hundred yards of 'em. He empties the rifle and throws it at the nearest cow and pulls off his lazo and gets one.

"When a man's got a cow roped wrong so't he can't throw her, you can make your horse charge her from the side and knock her down with his chest, if he's a good one. The other fellow'll start draggin' right away and you'll jump off and hamstring her. You can't ball a cow. There's somethin' about her run that keeps the balls from tyin'. I've seen a horse get that cute you couldn't ball him—as soon as he felt the balls he'd stop dead till the balls fell off, and then he'd be off again."

Castellano would not have anything caught for his herd but two-year-olds. The gauchos would lazo and tie down at night. They would hobble three legs and tie a cow to a bush by her horns. Next day her horns would be sore at the base and it was much easier to check her when she made a run, being dragged to camp by two lazos. They would take her into the tame bunch and couple her to a tame cow for a few days. She would soon give in.

There are brutal ways of holding wild cattle that Chace saw used in Patagonia, but not by Castellano. One was to cut a strip from the underside of a bull's neck from his chin back to his chest and let it drag so that

he stepped on it. Another way was to chop off the toes on one fore hoof back to the quick. By the time the hoof had grown out the animal would be content to stay. They do the same with mares. Chace has seen a mare's hoof squirting blood so that you would think she must be crippled for life, but she has grown a good hoof again.

BIG red forest pumas came down and got some of the Fufu mares up on the lava, but the tracking was very difficult and the pumas went unpunished. Castellano had no trouble with lions on his side of the Shehuen. Lions keep clear of cattle. A bull will always go on the warpath when he smells the blood of a killing and a cow will always avenge the killing of her calf. Whether it is a bull or a cow tearing up the lion's bush, the bellowing will soon call up enough of the herd to make short work of the lion.

"The bulls'll come and tear up the ground wherever a cow's been killed. One night the crowd was sleepin' out in a half circle behind a windbreak of bushes. There was a Chileno stoppin' with us catchin' ostrich feathers. He was on watch. He thought he see a bull tearin' up the ground right close to camp. He waked me up. I got up and crawled over with my revolver and it was a bush. So I made up the fire and made me a good cup of coffee. Downer he waked up in the moonlight and he see me drinkin' my coffee. We'd been plannin' to start out early next mornin'. So he up and dressed and had a cup with me and then I says, 'Well, it's most midnight. I'm goin' to turn in.' There was a blue ring around where he spoke after that."

The tuco-tuco made the men no end of trouble. He had some of the country honeycombed with his burrows. The horses were forever breaking through and throwing their riders. "Them tuco-tucs burrow so deep in this here light ground that a horse might get in, to his knees and break his leg. I was with an Indian once and we

was chasin' ostrich across the pampa ; and he went into one of these tuco-tuc grounds, and there must have been roots underground, and the horse got a hind foot in, and when he fell he tore the hoof off, and we had to kill him right on the spot—a fancy horse, too, that belonged to the Indian.

“Another time I was ridin' an alazán and went down over a ridge chasin' another horse, and I didn't know it was tuco-tuc ground, and I was runnin' as fast as I could. He went right down with his fore feet and started to turn over. I give a yank and tried to get him up but I couldn't, so I put a hand on my pommel and I swung over and struck on all-fours. And I could see him turnin' over slow, with his head between his front legs, and I was scramblin' on all-fours as fast as I could, so't he wouldn't kill me. He come down on my right foot and burst the sole off the instep of my boot and strained some bones and sinews so I couldn't put on a boot for a month. I was lookin' back, and scramblin' for all I was worth. When he was turnin' he seemed to almost stand still in the air, and he come down on this one heel. I've seen horses, when I was drivin' a troop along, or a point of mares, and you'd be runnin' for all you was worth, and you'd strike into one of them tuco-tuc camps and see one or two turn over ; and as soon as they found they was in there they'd slow out of a dead run, and you'd watch 'em pickin' their way through. They'd slow down to a trot. But none of us ever laid eyes on one of them tuco-tucs in that camp.”

There was another little animal something like e guineapig, that the Indians called “cuiche,” and tha English, “cavy,” that they thought then was responsible for all the mischief. Chace says he really lives in a bush. He has seen a fox wait around like a cat and catch one when he was running for his bush. The real tuco-tuco the Indians call “caruda.” Chace has only once or twice seen him stick his head out of his hole, after turning in an incredible quantity of water to flood him out. Everybody down there knows the “tuco-tuco” sound that he

makes, but Chace never found anyone clever enough to locate him by it except an Indian squaw. That is why so many mistake the animal that they can see for him. Chace has watched the squaws spearing tuco-tucos in their burrows, driving down pointed wires in just the right place, every time. They have not increased notably since the foxes were killed off. Perhaps they are not fox meat. But you rarely find them in large numbers on heavily sheeped camp because of the many sharp little hoofs that break through and kill the young.

The little gray fox was everywhere. "Old Dick he hated them foxes. Every time he see a fox jump up he'd after him and kill him if he could, and he'd say, 'There's one fox that won't have a feed off Old Dick.' Generally those fellows who are always drunk end that way, go out behind a bush and die and you don't find 'em till spring, and then there's nothin' but bones."

NONE of the Fufu gang could match Dick or Peralto with lazos, nor Chace with their guns, but they liked the sport of roping cattle—were always trying to get young bulls for Castellano, rarely succeeding. Chace never mentions them as working with the gauchos.

One day the Fufu men set out early, with that Chileno who was stopping with them, and Bob Sutherland who had come in with sheep to stock Santiago Frank's camp. The Chileno roped a fine young bull with extra long horns, and called for someone to tie him down. Chace said he would if they would let him shoot him first. Charlie Wilson cried off too. "Up comes Bob, six foot two and as strong as the bull, and he says, 'Are you fellows scared of a little bull? I'll tie him.' The Chileno'd heard him brag and when Bob got pretty close he slacked his lazo. Up jumps the bull and goes straight for Bob. He threw up both arms and started to run backwards. He caught his spur in a little low bush and fell over a hillock. The bull couldn't see where he'd fell to, and away he went. We was all laughin'.

"Then we went to see if we could pick up the point. Bill Downer and I split off together. Bill was ridin' a blue-eyed horse. They're the meanest things that ever lived. You can't never properly tame one. Most of 'em are black with some white on 'em. Before we started that mornin' I says, 'What are you takin' that horse for?' Bill says, 'I'm goin' to lazo off him. I'll tame him proper or kill him.' We went along and all at once we see a big point, about thirty head, on a side of a hill. Downer says, 'I'll take below here, so if they break down hill I'll have a chance to lazo on level ground. You get above 'em.' As soon as he'd went a hundred yards he was out of my sight, because it was all shelves. I sneaked around up above. The cattle see Bill and started to clear. I tried to get around to head 'em off. Away I went tearin' and I got a capsize. There was a hole had got washed out some years before and it had grown up with mata negra bushes so they was level with the ground. We didn't see it till we was in it. Away I goes over the picazo's head and he turned two or three somersaults after me.

"When I got up I couldn't see Downer nowhere nor the cattle. I caught the picazo and made toward where I guessed they was. By and by I looked way down below in the valley and I see two objects dodgin' around. I started pickin' my way down. I got there, and here, was Downer, and a bull chasin' him with half a lazo draggin' behind. He sung out to me, 'You're a great fellow to go out with. Where've you been? I been here an hour with this bull chasin' me.' I says, 'I didn't know where you was.' He says, 'See if you can get him to chase you, so I can get a hold of the lazo.' I come in with the picazo, and the bull charged me. I dodged and he stopped. Downer picked up the end of the lazo, made an awful quick knot, turned his horse—snap goes the lazo again. I says, 'That lazo's no good. Take mine, or let me shoot him for you and have done with it.' 'No,' says Bill, 'I'm goin' to tie him down and tame him.' He took my lazo, and lazoed the

bull again. The bull come straight for him. This blue-eyed horse when Downer tried to turn him that time he put his head down and started buckin'. Downer cleared for a bush on his feet and the bull come bump up against the horse. The horse run and my lazo snapped. Here was Downer on foot and the bull after him trailin' two lazos. I was goin' to shoot, but Downer sung out, 'Don't shoot. Get my horse.' So away I goes. I looked over my shoulder and here they was playin' hide-and-seek round a calafate bush as big as a shanty. I brought the horse close up. I slung him the cabestro—them halter ropes are twenty foot long. Then I sung out to the bull, and Downer he patched up a lazo out of his halter rope and the two pieces that was hangin' to his cinch, and he lazoed him again. And that time the cinch broke.

"It was gettin' toward sunset and I rode up and shot him. That's the only bull I ever shot that didn't bellow. Any bull just before he falls'll throw up his head and make a moanin' bellow. I shot him back of the fore shoulder close to the heart. He went to his knees and kept strugglin' towards me till he fell dead, the most vicious bull I ever see—just kept comin' with the blood spurtin' out of his nose—died chargin'.

"We made a campamento right there. I was goin' to make an asado. I had a couple of ribs of beef all ready and I hears a war whoop, and here comes Old Dick Pedraluca down the cañadón with a two-year-old bull ahead of him. The bull was comin' straight for me. He was so close, and I was so far away from my pistol all I could do was dig for a bush. Old Dick was tryin' to get the lazo on him, and the bull was chasin' me round. He got so close I thought I could feel his breath before Dick got him.

"That night some fellows had come up and had a barrel of liquor, sellin' to the Indians, some of that wachikai, and Old Dick he hadn't had a drink for a long time and as soon as he heard they had it he went over and started drinkin'. We turned in. By and by along about

midnight when they kicked him out he come stumblin' back. He'd go up to somebody and say, 'Who's this?' and wake us up. We'd say, 'What's the matter with you, Dick?' He'd say, 'Get up and fight Old Dick.' Nobody'd pay any attention to him, and the wind was blowin' and the clouds was goin' across the moon, and Dick he pulled off his hat, and the wind was blowin' that long hair of his and he says, 'Come down, ye mountains, and fight Old Dick! There ain't a man here that's got the guts to.'

THERE are still wild cattle in Patagonia. We found them as late as 1928 between Argentino and Viedma on the headwaters of the Guanaco back of the fences, right up against the Cordillera. We were riding north along the western edge of that wide reach of layered rock that underlies the habitable part of the country. The reach seems to have been from ocean to ocean once in very ancient times. We rode, not on the topmost layer but on edges of lower layers, sharply upturned and neatly bevelled off, telling of one of the mountain-making times the continent has suffered, and of one of the times when mountains were levelled down—events long before the blocky heaving-up of the uneasy continent into the present snowy Cordillera and the long slope to the Atlantic. We rode at five or six thousand feet, looking down first into one, and further on into another of two valleys that lay end to end across the wind, along the Cordilleran front. That high front rose from their further sides gently at first and then abruptly.

We had seen no men or animals for a week and were not a little surprised to see a sheaf of strong trails break from roble forest skirting that front, lie exposed for some leagues on ledge and scree up the bare head of one valley and down the bare head of the other, and plunge again into roble forest. Letting our eyes range over the forest we noticed two riders crossing a glade, apparently hunting tracks, but they gave no sign of seeing us. The forest

wedged out in a tangled mat upward—there is no getting through those mats, you have to scramble over the tops of them. There was a short stretch of green grass above the mat, and bare scree above that, and above the scree high-colored cliffs against gray sky. On our side there was forest below us, but none about us. There was no grass and there were no tracks, except those that the ancient ice had left, polishing the bevel. It had left also a thin sprinkling of pebbles which troubled the bare feet of our horses.

We were checked presently by a wide deep valley that lay right across our course. A clear stream swung in wide meanders down green bottom—fine feed for the animals which had made those heavy tracks, but there were no animals in sight. The meander bends nipped into a big moraine that reached a long way down our side. And on the other side green fans oozed swampily from forest edge and checked the spread of the meanders that way. That side rose high and steep above its forest skirts. A big morainal dam, swung between rock piers and rock abutments right across the valley, walled off the green bottom from a wide reach of barren sandy bottom upstream. The dam had held back a big lake once but was breached now, and there was only a little one in the wide sandy flat. The north side of the valley was forest-skirted there, like that below the dam, and green feed rimmed the lake but there was nothing grazing it. The lake's further shore was bare dark rock, steep to the crest of a high rock dam. A cataract foamed down this from an imprisoned lake behind it, and behind that lake another cataract foamed down another black rock dam from a still higher lake—all this dark rock, back to a saddle against the sky, looking like the foundations of the continent, between tremendous walls of parti-colored rock heaped on them. That wide sheaf of tracks we had seen lying along the foot of the Cordillera led into this valley out of a sister valley from which we had started that morning. The sister valley was lush with green feed but seemingly devoid of any life

but geese. A cold glacial stream went braiding through its meadows, and we had caught glimpses of a big dam-maker at the valley's head, although there were no finished dams about.

We had had a mind to camp on the middle lake behind that first rock dam in to-day's valley, could Hidalgo find a way up to it and had sent him on some hours ahead with the caravan, but when we set out to track them we found their trail veer off, among fresh cattle tracks below the big moraine in between two meanders. And presently we met Hidalgo riding toward us between two ragged swarthy fellows, smoking a cigarette, which he rarely did. We wondered if he rode so of his own free will. The men were well-mannered for all their rags—rather dissolute faces we thought they had. Both were insistent that we should not go to that lake. They said they were holding wild cattle there which our caravan might stam pede.

We camped obediently where they bade us and the next day crossed the morainal dam on foot, on our way up the north side to get a look at the country. We noticed innumerable cattle tracks in the forest above the little lake, and fresh dung, but did not see a single cow. They must have been keeping cover, like game. Two bulls broke out toward night and came tearing down through the breach in the moraine. There was much wild galloping back and forth among the meanders and much splashing through water before the bulls were lazoed and tied down. As many as six ragged fellows had come galloping out of the woods on fine mounts before the job was done.

There may have been eight bivouacked there, all of a feather. Hidalgo put the uneasy mind of one of them at rest, telling him that the Punta Arenas police had come in and reported him shot by them and his body thrown into a lake. Hidalgo thought that two of the men had probably been long enough away from Punta Arenas to think themselves forgotten by the police, and feel safe in hiring out to some estanciero on this inconspicuous job

of drawing a dead line between his fragile sheep fences and the wild cattle.

Chace was not surprised at hearing of wild cattle in there although he had never seen any there himself. He thought them more probably bred from escapes from the estancias that have come into all that country since the days of his wild cattle hunting. And as for the company that hunted them he thought we should have been still more prompt in doing the bidding of Bill Downer or Peralto or Dick Pedraluca or Ned Chace.

CHAPTER XI

PUMAS IN CAVES

CHACE left the cattle camp penniless, in rags and cowhock boots, but it did not take him long to reclothe himself and fill his pockets with tattered little checks and bills, knocking about on the coast from one conventional job to another. Things had become painfully conventional down there. The country was fenced up tight—partly his work—between San Julián and the new wire cable ferry across the Santa Cruz. He had suggested that enterprise to a couple of young Austrian outlaws from Chile with their pockets full of placer gold from Tierra del. They had been afraid of sheep because land tenure seemed so uncertain to them. A town was growing up at the Paso. It has got to be much bigger than Santa Cruz now—there are empty houses in Santa Cruz. Beyond the ferry Chace came into his own again.

“The lions at Monte León Estancia was gettin’ to be somethin’ terrible. The padrón made me an offer of a troop of horses, eighty pesos a month, all found, and ten pesos a skin, and I took him up.”

He made his headquarters at a shepherd’s shanty in a deep cañadón about a thousand yards back from the beach where the big sea lion rookery was. “There was Little Johnny Stewart and Jack Sloper, an English chap, shepherdin’ there. It was bad weather that winter, a lot of snow, and there was a lot of chaps without work that was travellin’, followin’ the coast around, below the snow, and sometimes there was as many as twenty stoppin’ there for three or four days or a week.” Of course they could not all get into the shanty. Chace never slept inside, himself. They had fenced a big circle with high bush to keep off the wind, used to build their fire in the center and cook there. Everybody except Jack and Johnny slept around the fire. They burned big incensio that held fire all night long and scented the air.

One night Chace was spinning a yarn by that fire

and his listeners were all laughing. It was about an affair that several of them had seen but had not thought funny until they heard Chace tell about it. His friends were always importuning him to recount the day's adventures. He could not improvise them to the guitar as the gauchos do, but he had a gift for telling them, humorous-side out. The two shepherds were in their bunks, and there was a newly-arrived stranger, Bill Simmons, a middle-aged Englishman, standing in the doorway listening. At one burst of laughter he came rushing out saying, "That's a lie, Chace, that's a lie, Chace. I never stole that money. The police ain't after me." "I says, 'I don't know whether you ever stole any money or didn't. I wasn't talkin' about you.'" Then he turned around and went back to the shanty. There was a loaded Winchester there. He took it and set on the edge of Sloper's bunk, and watched the door. He thought somebody was comin' after him, comin' to kill him. Next mornin' Johnny Stewart told me about it. They hadn't dared to go to sleep all night. They'd watched to see if anybody'd come in. If they had, Johnny'd have jumped on Simmons before he could shoot.

"I says to Johnny, 'We'd better go see the boss about him. It wouldn't do to have a crazy man there and shoot somebody.' The boss says, 'I know him from down south. I knew him years ago. He's a bad boozier and he's queer in the head. You just tell him to come in, that I want to see him.' We'd left Jack O'Keefe in the camp alone with Simmons, and when we got back to camp Simmons'd gone. O'Keefe said along about mid-day he took the Winchester and said he wanted to go to the rookery to shoot a sea lion. We'd taken all the cartridges away, but O'Keefe had three or four in his pocket, and he give Simmons three, and let him go with the rifle to shoot a sea lion.

"Simmons didn't come back that night and we didn't know but what he might be in the bushes ready to shoot us. Sometime in the night we thought we heard him come back. We heard somethin', an animal or somethin'.

The dogs barked and then it went out of hearin'. The next mornin' we looked to see if we could find him. We got our horses and started followin' his tracks. The snow'd thawed a little the day before and he had hob-nailed English boots on so we could track him in lots of places. He didn't go to the rookery. He went by that, and we tracked him to another shanty there was in a little canyon. He'd been there and he'd taken some bread. There was a Norwegian passin' the winter there who'd left some bread on a shelf and this bread was gone. We tracked him out of this canyon, and after that the ground was so hard we couldn't track him no more.

"In the direction he was travellin' there was a shanty that belonged to Monte León in another canyon about two leagues further along. There was a German-Chilean called Hubolipski spendin' the winter there. So we just galloped on to there, but Hubolipski hadn't seen him, so we thought he might have gone into the port of Sandy Cruz. We went to the port but we couldn't hear nothin' about him, and we went back. Nobody had seen nothin' of him at the shanty.

"We got out five or six men and hunted back and forth, back and forth, all over, for three or four days, but we never did find no sign of him. Nobody ever see him again.

"If he went near the cliffs where it was so steep up and down and overhangin' he could have fell over, and could have gone into the sea, or he could have gone into a lion's cave. I didn't never find him in one." The police heard about all this hunting. A rumor got abroad that Chace had killed the man. The Argentine law holds a man guilty till he is proved innocent and the boss had some difficulty in getting Chace off.

"It was a bad winter and the lions kept comin' in from outside. I'd go out in the mornin' and cruise round along towards the pampas—they'd stop about a league away from the pasture—and get their tracks, and some of 'em their feet'd be that wore out from crossin' the

snow they'd leave blood, like a dog with his feet all wore out. A lion's feet's as tender as a cat's. He won't go on crusted snow if he can help it. He goes round a little puddle like a cat. If he can find sand in the bottom of a canyon he always follows it zigzaggin' along, the way the water went, dodgin' the rocks. I'd get their tracks and follow 'em down into a cave and then I'd go in with a light and shoot 'em."

The country was full of caves and almost every cave had a lion or a family of lions in it at some time or other. None of the shepherds or the gauchos were at all keen about going very far into them. The pampa was built up of layered rocks, some hard and some soft, and much canyoned. There were pits in the surface, here and there, some of them deep enough to hold twenty feet of rainwater or snow. The water would leach down from the bottom of one of these through the rock layers and break out at the edge of some porous layer on a canyon side. If you found a little pile of fresh-looking pebbles, there was a chance that your crowbar might open up a big cave. Usually you would find one in the canyon side big enough to crawl into or even walk into, and there would always be an opening at the bottom of a pit where the water had leached down, making a sort of chimney that the lion used for a bolt hole when it was not too steep. Now and then you would find a cave at the heart of a round hill that had got separated off from the pampa, canyons on all sides.

On one hunt Chace's dogs had cornered a lion in such a cave. They had gone in at the main entrance down near the level of the canyon bottom. Chace had found no bolt hole but had found a little pile of fresh gravel on the side opposite the dogs. "I had a crowbar and it was in toska, loose blocks—that's a kind of limestone. I began breakin' my way in and I could hear the dogs plainer and plainer, and by and by I see the lion's tail between lumps. I kept on breakin' him clear till I could see his back. He'd got away back to the far end of the cave away from where the dogs was. They

couldn't get to him, but they was barkin', and I was workin' that still with the crowbar he couldn't hear me. I was liftin' off the lumps one at a time. By and by I got him all uncovered. He was pretty, red as any fox, and his hair shinin' like a lookin'-glass, all in a glitter—and smooth! I said, 'God, Johnny, if we only had ropes, we'd take him alive.' I watched him for five minutes, but we didn't have no ropes, so I poked him with a stick in his ribs to get him to look around. He snarled. He was pretty. Then I had to shoot him."

In the main entrance a cave was usually wet and muddy in the bottom and hard layers would project out from the sides as dry shelves. "There was a big cave right in the side of a high clay cliff and it went in awful deep; I was never to the end of it, because when you get way in, though you don't notice nothin' in the smell of the air, the light'll go out of itself and I thought there might be some bad air in there. Quite often lions used to be up in that cave, and Johnny used to go in a little way to see if lions had been there. One day he went in with a candle in his hand, and just as he got inside the mouth of the cave, there was a lion layin' on one of the shelves of rock, and Johnny not thinkin', the lion reached out and whipped the candle out of his hand, and Johnny made a double-quick out of there.

"A lion don't see nothin' but the blaze, and he'll strike at it. You go along the bottom of the cave, but he's lookin' at that light and he don't like it. He's watchin', and when the light gets close enough, he'll slap it out with his paw. Johnny was holdin' the candle above his head, and as soon as the lion see it comin' close he smashed out at the blaze.

"Now there's a funny thing about them lions. You go into a cave lookin' round and quite often you leave a box of matches in the cave, so if you happen to get round there again, there they'd be. Now, if you leave one of them boxes, a lion'll chew it up into shreds. I've wondered if it was the smell or the taste, or what, but you'll find it chewed up into small pieces.

"There was one time I'd been trackin' lions in soft snow that had froze. I found the kill—a good fat ewe all et up, bones clean. I found where they'd slept—but there wa'n't no tracks leadin' away. I hunted all around and then I see they'd gone back in their own tracks, steppin' careful all the way. I could see claw scratches on ice in the tracks. I couldn't tell how many there was. I followed the tracks into a cave.

"I lighted a little mutton-grease rag torch I had and I see two eyes in the dark. He was up on one of them shelves. I fired and the torch went out. Mutton grease always does go clean out. Kerosene flares up again. I see them two eyes still there in the dark. I thought that was funny—couldn't see how I could've missed, but I fired at 'em again.

"After that shot I heard him thrashin' around. I lit the light and there was two of 'em. We dragged 'em out—there was a little Dane along with me we called Charlie Chico. Then the dogs went in and we heard a lion roarin'. I went back in and there was a hole in the back of the cave leadin' to another cave that was too small for me and there was another lion in there. We went around the hill—it was another of them round hills—and we found a place where water was drippin' out. We broke out the clay and once you got in about two or three feet there was a big cave. I got in with the light and I see him back of a big lump of clay. He stuck his head out and looked at me. I shot him, and where he was, it was too narrow for me to get in. So I calls to Charlie Chico. I says, 'You could climb in there and get a rope on that fellow.' Chico he says, 'Is he dead?' I says, 'Sure, he's dead. I shot him.' So Chico he grabbed the rope and crawled in. Then there was a war-whoop and out he come on all fours—and talk about white! 'He ain't dead at all!' he says. 'When I went to go in he squawled at me!' So I crawled in and there was a live lion all right. That was the only time I ever got four lions in one cave—two she-ones in one side of it and two he-ones in the other."

CHACE practised so faithfully with his big .44 pistol that he could always depend on it to put a bullet just where he wanted it. A half inch above the eyes is the safest place if you have a bullet as heavy as that, with plenty of good powder behind it so you can be sure it will not glance off. Even that big bullet would be very slow to take effect almost anywhere in the lion's body.

"Johnny Stewart and I jumped up an old lion and two young ones. I just had three cartridges in my .44. I'd been doin' target practice, like I done every day, and I hadn't thought about runnin' across a lion. We was ridin' along a washout when up jumped a she-lion and two cubs. They must have been about eight months old. They went runnin' up the bank. I got the cubs while they was runnin', but it took all three cartridges. I could see the lioness clearin' away over the top of the bank. We couldn't find no tracks up there, but there was one of them pits with a hole in the bottom of it goin' down at a pretty good slant. Johnny he had a Smith & Wesson .38. He offered me that. I didn't like it. She was old and I was afraid the ball'd be liable to glance off her skull. I took it though and crawled down in. I could see her standin' up and roarin'. I says, 'I'll put a bullet in the soft place just above the point of her breastbone. Maybe I can get her heart.' She made a flounce. The light went out. I couldn't see a thing. I started to back out, holdin' the rest of my bullets. I got hung up on somethin' sharp stickin' down from the roof and there I was hangin', kickin' and thrashin', and there she was, kickin' and thrashin', too. I got clear, but I says, 'I'll never go into a cave again with a .38.' I says to Johnny, 'You go and get the Winchester. I'll stop here and get her if she comes out.' It was three miles to the shanty. When Johnny come back I lit the rag and went in again. There she was crouched in a corner, snarlin' and spittin' blood."

JOHNNY Stuart fell ill on Chace's hands with something that sounds like pneumonia in Chace's account of it, and interrupted the lion-hunting for a few days. Jack O'Keefe was stopping at the shanty. He prescribed kerosene. They soaked a thick long woollen stocking in it and laid it across the patient's chest. It slid down to his waist during the night and he woke in the morning with a blister across his belly just the size of the stocking. Then Chace took a hand, saying, "The best thing for a burn is flour." So they sprinkled on flour. That dried up the blister, but hardened into a cast that hurt Johnny so much when he tried to breathe that he did his best not to. He thought they had killed him anyway and that it did not matter much whether he breathed or not. It occurred to Chace that he might soften up that cast with oil, so off he went to the rookery after blubber. That softened the crust and helped heal the burn and Johnny pulled through.

Chace never hesitated to use heroic methods on himself. He got out a well-rooted tooth once, that was driving him nearly crazy, with a pair of blacksmith's tongs that he had filed to take hold properly; and another one some years after that with a spike and a hammer, but the end of the spike slipped and took a sound tooth along with the unsound one.

The *farmacia* where he got the blubber was only a thousand yards from the shanty and he used to go down often between lion hunts and watch the young seals playing in big clear pools the ebb tide left in the lava bottom. The old seals lay on the rock outside until they got chased in, and then they would dive and swim and catch rocks in their mouths that the men threw at them. There were thousands of gulls about.

"WHEN Johnny got well, he and I was ridin' along. There was some little peaks like turrets. There was a condor settin' on a turret, about five hundred yards off down the canyon. I had a new rifle, a 30-30. I says

to Johnny, 'I'm goin' to try this gun.' It made a noise like a cannon and the condor flew off and a lion jumped out and started runnin' downhill toward us. The condor must've been watchin' him. He couldn't tell where the shot come from and he was runnin' straight towards us, but the dogs got excited and got between me and him so't I couldn't shoot. They run him into a cave in the side of the canyon."

Chace and Johnny hurried up on top to see that he did not get out at the bolt hole. The bolt hole went down twelve feet as steep as a chimney. There were some narrow ledges in the sides near the top and Chace climbed down as far as he could, on them, and lit his rag on the end of a long wire and pushed that down and bent over after it trying to get a look at the lion. He saw nothing and pretty soon the light went out. He was pulling the wire back to light the rag again, wondering why it had gone out. "I was standin' there straddlin' in this here chimney, fixin' the rag, and my revolver was layin' on a ledge. I heard a noise and here was the lion down below me between my legs lookin' at me with his mouth open. I rammed the revolver down his mouth and shot him. He'd put that light out and he was followin' it back. That's the quickest I ever moved to get that gun. He'd have chewed my legs up a good deal if I hadn't got him."

Chace's dogs once tracked two young lions, male and female, into a cave that had but one entrance and that from above, one of those steep chimneys that he was always a little reluctant to venture down. He left his friend to guard that entrance and hunted about on the canyon side until he found a little opening which he enlarged with his bar until he could just squeeze in. He squirmed in, pushing his light ahead and when the cave opened out so that he could crawl on his hands and knees, the light showed the lion advancing round a sharp corner, one paw uplifted. Chace fired and "clamped down" in the dark as flat as he could. The cave was perfectly silent after the echoes died and Chace lit a match and saw his lion dead. He could not get

at the female from that end. He backed out, climbed up to the chimney entrance and got his friend to let him down by the legs headfirst till he got a sight of her. He had never tried that kind of shot before. There was a rush down below, after it. His friend hauled him up. They listened: nothing. Chace took the rope in then by the lower entrance, and found the two lying dead, side by side.

"THERE was an old Scotchman come to the shanty one night and said a lion'd killed three of his dogs, and chased him. I didn't believe him. He asked me to go out with him the next day. We started early in the mornin' and he said, 'There's the bush the lion come out of.' We started ridin' up to the bush. When we got about eighty yards from it, out come the lion right straight for us, with his head down and his back humped. Our horses was that scared they reared up and I couldn't get a chance to shoot. As soon as we got away a hundred yards he got back into the bush. We come up from another side, and out he come again, straight for us. At last I says to Sam, 'I can't never get a shot off this horse. I'll get off and you lead my horse and ride back and forth and the lion'll be watchin' you, so I can come up from behind on foot and I'll see him before he sees me.' Sam kept ridin' his horse up and down and leadin' mine, and I had to laugh, he had these wooden Chileno stirrups and I could hear his boots goin' tickety-tickety-tick. I come sneakin' up back of bushes and got close up to his bush and I looked in, and he was watchin' Sam on horseback, and I shot him. He'd have killed anythin'. He had Sam's dogs in the bush, and had et part of one. His tushes was wore down nearly to the gum.

"There was another old Scot I knew that spent a week torturin' a lion that had killed his fancy dog.

"Dogs'll get a lion up against a bush, barkin' round him, keepin' just out of reach. If a dog gets too close,

the lion'll reach out and grab him and draw him under his belly and lean over him, fightin' the rest—not havin' time to kill him. If there's a smart old dog in the lot he'll run up behind the lion and nip him in the rear. That'll make him turn around and the dog under his belly'll get away.

"That old Rover of mine he was a great hand at that nippin' business. I can see—one day Johnny, he'd killed a lion when he was out alone, and he had some pups at home. He was thinkin' how he'd have some fun with them pups. So he put the lionskin on and come crawlin' along home. The pups was so scared they just lit into the shanty, but old Rover, he pulled off and nipped Johnny behind. You should have seen that lionskin fly into the air, and Johnny doin' the Highland Fling! 'I didn't know that dog of yours was here,' he says."

A lion got Chace's dog Chingue at a cave entrance. Chingue had been scratched in the hunt before that. He went crazy this time and got too close and the lion took the top of his head off. Old Rover disappeared on the last hunt. Chace never knew what happened to him.

CHACE wore lionskin "chaps" that winter. He used to peel a skin off over the lion's neck and if he gave it a good stretching it would narrow down to just the right width for a chap-leg. If it were a big lion he would have to cut it off back of the fore shoulder to get the right length. He would cut off the hind legs, leaving just enough of one to make slits in to pass his belt through.

"A lion won't very often get more'n two or three sheep out of a point before they'll outrun him. He always kills with a stroke of his paw. Sometimes you'll find the skull split, sometimes the whole top of the head'll be gone. You often see sheep come into the dip with only one eye or like enough an ear hangin' or the whole side of their face. You always have to kill 'em if they've been hurt by a lion. They pine away. I have an idea

there's poison in his claw. I've seen signs where I judged an old she-one had been teachin' her cubs to kill. I could see where she'd been chasin' the sheep back to the cubs and they'd been clawin' and bitin'. I'd find sheep alive and scratched and bitten around the neck—young ones. I don't believe grown lions ever suck blood but the cubs may while they're learnin'. I've known lions to eat skunks and Belgian hares."

That hard winter, big red pumas from the forest came down. Chace found a mixed litter in a cave, one gray and one red. He never found more than two cubs in any puma's litter, though a female he killed once was carrying five. He thinks the old males eat the young males. A year-old cub brought up in camp is apt to go in the back. A young puma's back is very long and easily hurt—can be broken with a small stick.

THERE were fences to be built at Monte León to hold the sheep that the lions did not kill, and Chace went to work on them when the hunting season was over, with Antonio the Andalusian. Everybody thought Chace and Antonio were "bad chums" because they never spoke while they were at work, but Antonio was one of Chace's very best friends. It was one of those sudden intimacies so common down there. Antonio was full of fun and kept Chace laughing with the things he did. They had to grub up mata negra for their fires, rather hard work, until Antonio set one of the wild bulls, that roamed the camp, at that job. He would yell, "Toro, toro!" wave his poncho and dodge behind a big bush, and the bull would set to work grubbing it up for him.

"There was any quantity of foxes there. One day we'd made asado in the middle of the day and finished eatin'; then we'd drew away from the fire ten foot and laid back, havin' a smoke, and the foxes come and started pickin' up pieces of meat and grease. We'd left three or four ribs stickin' on the asador; so one of the foxes spotted

this on the asador, and reaches up and gets hold of it. Antonio says, 'No, Juan, you are entitled to only what we throw away.' He fired at him and the bullet only broke his front leg, and Antonio jumped up to grab a stick to put him out of his misery, and the fox started spinnin' around. Antonio'd go at him with the stick and when he struck, the fox'd be somewheres else, and he kept chasin' him round the fire, and then the fox straightened out on three legs and Antonio never got him. Every time when he come down with the club, the fox wouldn't be there.

"Antonio had a horse that used to stay with him like a dog. He'd graze around him when he was layin' on the ground drunk. I've seen him straddle Antonio if a stranger come up, and lay back his ears and bare his teeth at him.

"My madrina I'd caught and tamed myself. I'd caught her out of the manada and had her on hobbles, kept her there about three days where there was plenty of grass, and each day I went up to her with a curry-comb. The first time she reared up and wouldn't have it; the next day she was restless, but she liked that scratchin', after all, and the third day she was lookin' for me. We'd fence a mile and a half each side camp. She'd come round to our tent two or three times a day and take a look in, all the horses followin' her. At evenin' she'd come and stumble over the tent ropes till I'd come out and curry her. We'd change the tent every eleven days and she'd follow the fence and feed all day, keepin' the tent in sight."

THE Government surveyors always laid the land out on north-south, east-west lines, and set conspicuous corner-posts, some leagues apart, and inconspicuous line stakes about twelve hundred yards apart. The fencers would find the stakes with a compass, and use flags to run the line. In rough country they moved their stuff with pack horses; in easy, with bullock carts. Chace

used to go out with the cart himself to see that materials were properly spaced, dragging a stuffed sack at the tail, by a wire measuring the distance between wooden posts, twenty or thirty yards as the case might be.

They usually set a light iron post or two between two heavy wooden ones—quebracho if they could afford them—and there were pickets every few feet along the wires beside that. All the posts and pickets were bored for the six single-strand wires they used on a sheep fence. They would sink the wooden posts a foot and a half in hard ground, and three feet in soft, in as narrow holes as the awkward pebbles would permit them to dig, so that they could tamp them solid. The iron posts they would drive about a foot. When they had to cross bare rock they used to make a wire net about four feet square on the bottom and load it with rocks piled up around the post.

They did about a league in eleven days. They would cut two hundred yards from a coil of wire for braces and weights and nets, halve the remaining thousand yards, and stretch both ways from a center post, set halfway between two braced posts. They would pass five hundred yards through the bottom holes in all the posts and pickets on one side that center, making fast to a permanent ratchet stretcher on the braced posts, to be used after the fence was strung, for loosening it in bitter weather when the steel wire tends to snap. They would do the same on the other side, and then stretch toward the center, first on one wire, then on the other, as the center post tended to lean one way or the other under their pull. When they had made the ends of that bottom wire fast to the center post, left standing true, they would repeat the process with the top wire. They carried powerful little tighteners called "Australian Samsons" on their saddles. The remaining strands of the fence they strung through the holes in the posts and the pickets like the others. Finally they would space the pickets and fasten them top and bottom, using a six-inch flat bar with a narrow

slit near one end, that they called a "California," for twisting the tie wires. Of course there were all kinds of difficulties to meet on uneven ground, and the length of the possible stretch through all those holes varied.

The law required a "Portagee" gate every league, but they did not always live up to that. When a man had to cross between gates, he would choose a place where there was a long stretch between wooden posts, and if he were alone, knock back a few pickets, bunch the upper wires with the help of his halter rope, throw his poncho over the bunched place and step his horses over. When there were several men driving stock, they would lift out the iron posts and two of them would force the fence down flat, standing on pickets. The stock would cross between them with no risk of getting their feet entangled, and when the men stepped off, the wire would spring back as taut as ever. When the fence was not so tight but that a man could pull out a couple of iron posts where it crossed a sharp rise, it would lie down flat of itself.

"AFTER we'd done fencin' we had nothin' to do for a while, so we decided to visit Johnny McLean that was shepherdin' on the next camp. He used to get a lot of lions in this camp he was on. Part of it run right down onto the coast, and lions come there in the winter. There was a lot he got by poisonin'. So we went to visit him, and he was busy about his sheep and I strolled out on foot from his shanty, that was right in a deep cañadón. I went over the ridge and into a big gully that had been washed out and there I see lion tracks, big and small. So I followed 'em up and come to a cave, and I see by the way it was wore that they'd made a home and was livin' there.

"I went back to the shanty and Johnny come in, and I says, 'There's an old lion with young ones, livin' within about a thousand yards of your shanty. What kind of a shepherd are you anyway?' He says, 'That's im-

possible.' 'Well, I'll show you,' I says, and next mornin' we went over there. I had seen where there was a bolt hole. This bolt hole went down slantin' about eight foot deep, then joined to the cave. The entrance was in the bottom of the gully. I says to Johnny, 'I'll take the revolver and squat down in front of the bolt hole here, and you put a dog at the lower end, and they'll start to bolt out, and I'll shoot.' So he put the dogs in, and I could hear 'em barkin' and the lions growlin'. I had to squat down and I could look down into the cave. Well, I was lookin', and by and by Johnny asked me if I see anythin', and I turned my head to answer. I heard a rush and a noise and I looked around—and here was the lion right in the air, right over me. She'd probably been watchin' me, and when I turned my head she sprung out over me. I fell on my back and lifted the revolver and fired. I caught her in the chest, and by the force of the bullet, instead of fallin' on top of me, she fell back into the cave. She was badly wounded, and started to crawl away in there back of some lumps of clay. I knew she was crippled and wouldn't get away, so I waited for the others. Another come along and I shot him dead. Then there was no more come. But I could hear the dogs tryin' to chase 'em out, farther in the cave.

"So I sung out to Johnny and Jack O'Keefe, 'Come on and we'll drag out the two I've shot,' and I jumped into the hole and put a rope on the dead one, and they drug him out.

"Then I could hear that the other one was alive, but she was badly crippled, so I thought to myself, 'I'll have some fun with them fellows.' So I took a rope and made a clove hitch and slipped it up her tail as gentle as I could, way up close to the butt, so when they pulled it'd tighten and not slip. She lay there, heavin', pretty near dead. I got it as far up as I could. Then I sung out and they started to pull. Of course she pulled heavy. She was diggin' her claws into the ground, and they was pullin' her backwards. At last they got her hind feet out of the cave and just as they done that, she

opened her mouth and let a squawl out at 'em. So they dropped the rope and went over backwards. When she struck down below, I fired another shot through her head and killed her dead.

"'Well,' I says, 'she's dead now,' and they drug her out. They didn't know how badly crippled she was before, so they told all round the country that I went down into a cave, and made fast to a live lion and got them to drag it out.

"We could hear the dogs in there barkin'. They evidently had a lion they couldn't move. I says to Johnny, 'I got to go in again. You come along behind me this time and hold the light over my head.' So we started into the cave, Johnny behind me, holdin' the light high up. I got in thirty feet and I could see a lion ahead snarlin' at the dogs, side face to me. They was keepin' five or six feet away, so he couldn't reach 'em with his paws.

"I'd been usin' Winchester cartridges in my Colt and I'd got all out of 'em. I was usin' a cartridge made for the Smith & Wesson—Russian model—and less powder, and shootin' 'em in a revolver they don't carry so high. A Winchester cartridge 'll always carry high at close range because there's so much powder in 'em, and I reckoned on allowin' for the jump. I'd forgotten about that and I wanted to hit back of the ear, and I aimed at the butt of the jaw and fired.

"When I fired, the light went out, and the lion made a roar and rushed right straight towards us. I pulled myself up to the side of the cave to give him all the room he wanted to get out, and Johnny when he heard the rush he dropped the torch and clim up on to my back, and clung as tight as he could around my neck, and I couldn't use the revolver or do nothin'.

"The lion run by us, and then we got out, and the dogs had him stuck up in a bush. The bullet'd went through his lower jaw, and broke it so it was hangin' down loos and flappin'. The dogs had him in the bush there and I shot him.

"THERE was a boy, Ross, at Monte León that year, catchin' ostrich feathers with galgos. He got two hundred kilos of 'em—three thousand pesos' worth. He didn't know much about shootin', but he liked my shootin' and I taught him all I could. He got so't he could beat me with a rifle, and from what other people told me, I guess he really got to be a better pistol shot than what I was, but he was always nervous with the pistol when I was around. He went to the war, and was a sharpshooter. He took it just the same as if it was Patagonia. He'd go out and bring in so many German helmets, just like he was bringin' in ostrich feathers. One of the officers give him a piece of land in Africa.

"I knew another Scotchman after the war who had been a sharpshooter. He was a bit funny. You never could get him to say a word. Anybody'd start talkin' about the war and he'd clear away. I was ridin' with him one foggy day and the fog was sort of breakin'. He was ridin' along and all at once he says, 'Let's get back to the shanty, Chace, and get a fire goin'. This kind of a day I'm always seein' faces and hearin' voices.' "

Chace wanted to get into that mêlée along with his friends, but he had lost his birth certificate, and after he had spent six months up in B.A., hanging around, trying to wheedle a passport out of the consul, he gave it up and came back south.

CHAPTER XII

51° 30' SOUTH

CHACE and the Andalusian knocked about Gallegos more or less, the capital of the province where the Governor lived, much more of a town than any others Chace had to deal with down there, except Punta Arenas. It was on a very poor harbor, with a fifty-foot tide and a high bore—another of those forked estuaries.

"It was just another of them little tin towns, and it set so low you'd think it'd go out on one of them tides. I see the tide come clean up into the middle of it once. Just the chimney of the Hotel Londres was stickin' up out of the water.

"When the tide wa'n't tryin' to drown it the wind was tryin' to tear it to pieces. I was ridin' into town one day and a league before I got there I begun to see sheets of iron all twisted up and broke, scattered out all over the pampa, and when I got into town half the houses hadn't got no roofs on.

"Them houses ain't very strong. Even the calabooze was only tin. One time there was a lot of gringos drinkin' in a boliche. They'd been havin' a row, nearly a pitched battle with some Argentines. All at once some one see the Argentines comin' back, clatterin' up on horseback with their bolas and their knives out. There was a big ox cart stopped in the street. The gringos didn't have their horses. They gathered up a lot of beer bottles and run under the cart. When the Argentines come by they bombed 'em with the beer bottles. The police arrested all the gringos and locked 'em up. And they put their shoulders against the side of the shanty and opened it up and walked out and nobody did nothin' about it.

"In them days after a rain you wanted hip boots to go from one house to another. There'd be lagoons all over the place. One time I see an English fellow—

had on one of them two-peaked caps, deer stalker's caps, and checkered knee breeches and golf stockin's. He'd rigged up with a fish basket on his back, and right in front of Maurice Braun's there was a big lagoon about a hundred yards long. He comes up there with a camp stool and throws out a line. Then he reels in a big flat salt codfish. So solemn and not a smile. He'd keep reelin' in this here salt codfish. People watchin' and he settin' like a wooden man. I've often wished I could have known that fellow. I can't make out how he got that fish back into the water.

"One of the sights of that town was to see Charlie Wilson and Billy Hilliard walkin' down the street together. Billy he'd broke his left leg and Charlie he'd broke his right and they'd healed up short, and when they was walkin' they'd fall apart when they put their short legs down and come together again when they put their good legs down. They was like a pair of shears.

"A British ship come in one day and all the sailors had shore leave. A policeman spoke to 'em very polite in Spanish: 'Good day, gentlemen,' he says, 'welcome to our port. We hope you will enjoy yourselves.' There was an English chap just bummin' round Gallegos that winter and this policeman he'd run him in several times. He was standin' by the Hotel Londres when the policeman said that to 'em. The sailors says to him, 'What's that blinker sayin?' This bum says, 'He says all you gringos are good-for-nothin's and he hopes you drown.' They made a rush for that policeman and over he went over a board fence, and they went up the street swingin' their knives on the end of their lanyards, singin' 'Rule Britannia.' They took up the whole street. Them lanyards was each of 'em eighteen inches long.

"Dick Pedraluca he was awful proud of being a British subject, bein' born in the Falklands. I see him one time in Gallegos when he was pretty drunk, scrappin' with an Argentine. He knocked him down with a lucky swipe and took off his hat and put his foot on his chest and says, 'I'm a British object! Rule Britannia.'

"I had a good joke on some of them English and Scotch chaps that was workin' on a farm up the Chico. I'd been to the port and I heard the troops was comin' to round up Argentines that hadn't served their time in the army and they was takin' all gringos whose papers wasn't in order. I rode back to the farm and the last league I let my horse out and got there all in a lather and I tumbled off and made for my maletas. There was some chaps around and they says, 'What's the hurry, Chace?' And I says, 'The troops are after gringos to make 'em serve in the army and I'm off to the Cordillera!' You'd ought to a seen 'em scatter for their maletas and their horses. I didn't tell 'em it was a joke till they was all packed up and ready.

"There was two North Americans robbed the bank in Gallegos while I was around there. Two young fellows, a tall one and a little one, nice-appearin' and pleasant. They hung around town for a while. They was supposed to be lookin' for camp to take up. They got to be chums with the bank fellows. One mornin' one of 'em says to the other in Maurice Braun's store, 'What time is it?' And the other says, 'Time to get that money from the bank.' They'd made a deposit when they first come. They went along, and a few minutes later the storekeeper he heard horses' hoofs poundin' down the street and he says, 'By God, I'll bet them Americans have robbed the bank!' There was a couple of hundred soldiers in Gallegos then—all the Argentines have to serve in the militia. They put out after 'em and a lot of fellows went too on fast horses but they didn't get 'em. They'd planned it all out good. They knew the day the bank would have a lot of cash in to pay shearin' checks and they'd been so friendly with the bank clerks that when they went in and said, 'Stick 'em up,' the cashier said, 'Don't bother me with your nonsense. I'm busy.' And they said, 'This is business. Stick 'em up.'

"They'd come down from the north from Neuquen. They had splendid horses they'd stole from the police up there—had the police mark on the hoofs. And they

had 'em trained to cross any kind of water. They'd stopped with Frank Lewis on the Río Gallegos a while and every mornin' they'd chase their horses into the river and swim 'em across and back. Frank says, 'Why do you do that?' They says, 'We might have to cross a river some day in a hurry.' And they'd found fords in the rivers that nobody else knew. They was careful about themselves too. The little fellow once—somebody asked him to take another drink and he held his arm out straight, lookin' at his hand, and he says, 'No, I've had enough. I don't never want my hand to tremble.' The United States police sent that little fellow's picture down to the Argentine police. They wanted him for some murders and train hold-ups.

"There was a woman in the gang, but she wasn't there then—come from Texas, I heard. She'd set up six bottles on the ground and come along at a gallop and break every one of 'em. She got shot up in Chubut. There was another young American that disappeared the day before they robbed the bank. He'd been up to the Klondike and he'd drifted down to Gallegos. He was a piano tuner.

"Some of them fellows down there think North Americans are a pretty wild lot. They don't see many of 'em. There's only a few in the coast towns and not any anywhere else. I didn't see hardly a one for a long time after I come to Patagonia and I never see any in the back country exceptin' three fellows that I took out with me once. They see movies of the Wild West in the port towns and they read about Buffalo Bill in Spanish. I had a Texas saddle and a cowboy hat and they used to give me a wide berth.

"There was a Punta Arenas bolichero, thought he was putting' an American brand on some of his liquor to make it sell. He was usin' that German acid that comes in little vials. You can make any kind of hard liquor you want with a pail of water and one of them vials. And it is hard! An American oilman took a drink of it and smacked his lips and said, 'That's the real Squirrel

Brand.' The bolichero heard him, and he had labels printed with a picture of that big rock squirrel on 'em."

THE land about Gallegos is lower than that to the north. Otherwise it is much the same along the coast, but inland, beyond the heads of the estuary, there are big wet meadows that carry many more sheep to the league than the best land further north does. The Gallegos Chico meanders through one, nearly a league wide at its widest and eight leagues long, Chace thinks. The meadow lies so low that the river floods it in the spring, marooning sheep on high spots, drowning hundreds, in spite of the shepherds' efforts to get them up the steep valley sides, only a hundred or two feet high, onto dry pampa. The pampa is really grassy at 51° 30'; the yellow bunches are close set and all the space between is filled with finer grass. Black buttes prick through the yellow here and there, like old volcanic necks. That low-lying meadow is dangerous for the sheep at all times. There are muddy-bottomed water holes all over it, about which the turf quakes when the sheep tread it. The footing is bad at pool edges, and sheep are always slipping in and getting mired and drowned. You will see their bones washed out in the spring floods. The horses raised on that meadow seem to get about on it with less risk than the sheep, but many a man who did not know the pasos, riding a northern horse, has been drowned trying to cross in the spring. It is bad enough at any time. A man may get safely across the river and drown on the vega. The Gallegos and the Coyle further north were like the Chico, as Chace recalls them, but when he last saw the Coyle, the meadow had gone bone dry. "You used to need a boat there, but now you can gallop a horse anywhere, if you mind the big cracks."

The sheep which bring their carcasses down from inland estancias to Armour's frigorífico, in these days since the country has been fenced up and the drives have been confined to streets, get no inkling of all the wetness.

They have to travel the last week in clouds of dust, without feed or water.

It is not only on drives, though, that the sheep suffer. There is one camp on the sea thereabouts where Chace has seen them so desperate for water that they drank from the sea until the salt water physicked them and they died. He has seen that happen at Santa Cruz and San Julián.

Sheep can go indefinitely without water if there is an occasional dew, feeding right along almost as well as if they had it. But if they happen to find a water hole on dry camp they will hang around it and get very poor if you do not drive them off, and crowd into it so that many get bogged and drown—so many that it is impossible to make a thorough cleaning out. Such water holes become very nasty, but the sheep go right on drinking at them. Chace has seen a man drink dirty dishwater in such country contentedly.

He has seen horses on that dry camp just bags of bones, shaggy with hair so long that he thought it must have been several seasons' growth. He could see no possibility of those horses getting anything but dew, and that very irregularly, for a couple of months at a stretch. There were no springs on that camp. The only water it ever had was shallow pools of rain water or snow water.

Chace has occasionally ridden a criollo pampa horse three days without water. The horse would get "narrowed up like a greyhound," and Chace would be hard put to it to keep his gear on. But three or four days on good feed with plenty of water would fill him out again. This sort of treatment would soon kill a horse from the wet lands. "Same as a dog from the Falkland Islands or Tierra del. If he can't get water whenever he's thirsty he'll just die. A Patagonian dog sometimes don't get a drink all day. He pants pretty hard, but you let him rest till he cools down and he'll keep right on workin'."

Those wet-country horses are wide-chested, tender-hoofed heavy clumsy brutes that will die under a man when the little pampa horse has weeks of work left in him. The pampa criollo is so little that a saddle reaches almost from his withers to his croup. His chest is narrow but deep, and his hoofs are black and tough and he stands with all his legs well under him. When Chace has been moving from one camp to another in the shearing season he has watched other fellows with vega horses start off at daylight—very early in those latitudes—has sat around sucking mate and smoking until eight o'clock, then cinched his heavy bedding and shearing gear on his little criollo, added himself to the load and set off at the criollo's pace, passing one tired-out vega horse after another during the day, abandoned. A criollo can cover a long distance in a day and come in fresh under a heavy man who rides him with a light hand, live weight. "You'll see a horse sweatin' under a light man and you'll see a heavier man change with him and the horse'll cool right off. He'd been sweatin' from nervousness, bein' fidgetted. I used to let my horse trot or take a hand gallop whichever he wanted until I'd feel him breathin' too hard under my leg. Then I'd stop dead and jump off, slack the cinch and let him rest about five minutes. It don't do no good to let 'em walk. You got to stop dead and let him get his wind."

Chace had to make a long ride for the doctor once to Santa Cruz. He reckoned it at more than thirty leagues. "The way I know it was full thirty leagues—we used to pay three pesos a ton for cartin'. We never intended to pay for more leagues than what it was, and we paid for thirty leagues of cartin'." He knows he started after six because they never had coffee before six, and he got into the boliche just as they were serving supper, which he says must have been about seven. He fed the horse alfalfa that night. He had taught him to eat that against just such an emergency. "You have to tie up one of them criollos for three or four days with nothin' but corn or alfalfa in front of him before he'll touch it,

and you'll find he's chewed up all the wood he can get hold of while he was comin' to it." He was off again at eight in the morning on the same bayo, perfectly fresh to all appearances, and got into the estancia at supper time. The horse didn't seem in the least fagged. He thinks there was always more endurance in a dun—a bayo—than in any other color down there, although some bays come pretty close to it—zainos he calls them. That bayo had a habit of taking the bit in his teeth when he wanted to get back to his *madrina*. One day, when he had some twenty-six leagues behind him and four leagues to go, he got the bit in his teeth and ran the whole way Chace gave up trying to hold him in, and knotted the reins tight round the pommel, to rest his arms. Chace had the bit so firmly in his own teeth while he was telling of this incident that we had to make him repeat it to hear it clearly.

He was riding another *criollo*, a *picazo*, on a long journey when a companion's horse, a good horse badly ridden, gave out nine or ten leagues from their destination. They tied up the sick horse and shared Chace's between them, one riding a thousand yards, tying the horse for the other fellow and walking on. A man can tire a horse out very quickly by forcing him to slow down to his walk. Chace has seen a horse killed that way. "A dog can't keep behind you all day." They got in about midnight and the man set off on Chace's horse next day to bring his in, but found him dead. On the way back he met some fellows having trouble rounding up a bunch of wild colts, and Chace's horse turned to of his own accord and headed them off for them. "And that fellow wouldn't let me rest till he'd got that horse off me. I says, 'If you want that horse it'll cost you two hundred pesos.' It was a *picazo* I got off the Indians and it only cost me seventy, but he wanted it that bad he give me the two hundred."

You rarely find a good horse down there, gentle. That *picazo* was no exception. One day in mounting beyond a gate on the last league of that thirty-league

stretch Chace's icy boot slipped in the stirrup. The picazo jumped and threw him on his back. He had a grip on the reins close to the bit. He always held the reins so, when he was mounting. "I held on and pulled his head down so't he couldn't get at me and worked and worked till I got my foot out, but I couldn't get up till I let go. I knew he'd clear when I let go, so I got hold of the end of the halter strap first—that was twenty foot long. He cleared all right but he whirled first and give me one in the ribs with both hind feet, but I hung on and as soon as I got my wind, I made him do that last league—why, when we brought up before the hotel you'd think instead of a picazo he was a blanco—foam from his ears to his hoofs."

Those were bare hoofs. All those long rides of Chace's were made on barefoot horses. There were good blacksmiths in those days, Scotch; Swedish, Norwegian, Russian Finns, but you rarely saw one of them working on a horse and never on an ox. "There wa'n't nothin' that them fellows wouldn't tackle. They was better'n any of the mechanics that come down later. There was two Swedes that used to melt up brass and copper, and they'd make white metal bearin's and the like o' that. There was a couple of leagues of light railway near Punta Arenas that broke down and the fellow that come out from England special to fix it couldn't do nothin' with it and an old Scotch blacksmith went in and took the engine apart and made a piece for it and it's runnin' yet."

CHACE and Antonio "shore" on an estancia at the head of the Chico fork of the estuary. There are islands in the Chico where the meandering river has dug into the downstream side of a big bend until it nipped through to the upstream side of the next bend. Ducks nest on the islands, "great teal, blue teal, little teal and teal as big as a robin," safe from the foxes. Foxes like duck eggs,

when they can get them, better than ostrich eggs. The duck will always fly up when she hears Don Juan squawk and show him where the eggs are, in the long grass. Chace and his friends used to ride over to an island near their lambmarking pen and squawk their maletas full of eggs.

There was a big rookery of ibis on the river all summer. The museum specimens look only half-size to Chace. They were always sticking their long hooked beaks deep into the ground, what for, Chace could never make out. When he cut them open he always found them full of black beetles of which they could get their fill on top of the ground. He often saw beetles rolling balls of sheep dung into their holes, which might have suggested larvæ to him—Hudson found ibis further north eating larvæ of a certain beetle and nothing else. Chace never found any larvæ in an ibis crop, though he has seen the bird eat maggots greedily in the pigpen where the estancia butcher threw his waste. He often found lizards along with beetles in the crops, as if the ibis took a lizard for a chaser now and then.

The pampas swarm with lizards, lightning quick little ones and sluggish big ones. "You offer one of them big ones a stick and he'll take hold and hang on like a bulldog, only he stiffens out like a rod of iron."

That ibis will get as tame as a hen and sit on the house roof and keep watch there better than any dog on the ground. He will sight a stranger three or four miles away—never miss one—and fly a big circle toward him, clanking all the way out and back to the roof, then off again and again, clanking all the time. You would think there was a dozen of him. You find him all over the country, from the coast to the mountains.

Chace calls the plover the politest bird in Patagonia. "He always bows when you pass. We always take off our hats to him." He is almost as noisy as the ibis—used to be protected in bandit country because he was such a good watchdog—but he and his mate work so well together in decoying enemies away from their

unconcealed nest, that in spite of the racket that they make, it would be impossible to find it if you followed their lead.

Hunting goose eggs, you can depend on the gander to help you out. When his nest is full he will stand up on a hummock, white and alone, and at sight of you fly straight over the nest calling to his mate, "Lie still! Danger! Danger!" If you follow his lead, you will ride right onto her.

The gnats were so bad for two weeks after they started shearing, that all hands had to knock off. "They get into the houses, and the window-panes'd be black with 'em. When you're ridin', the horse'll get crazy with 'em. We used to carry a bottle of kerosene and every once in a while get it out and wet a cloth and pass it around their ears and eyes. The mares used to come runnin' down and roll in the mud, and cover themselves until you couldn't tell what color they was, tryin' to get away from them gnats. The bull dogs wa'n't so bad, but there was a kind of moosefly that was more savage'n the gnats."

EBERHARD, on whose estancia the chums were working, was a sea captain. Chace thinks every sea captain's ambition is to own a farm. When a gringo estanciero had gray in his hair he always addressed him as captain.

The captain's daughters could outgaucho even Jimmy Radboon's girls. Chace saw them ride horses that the tamers had given up. They rode English saddles in divided skirts. Many women down there ride bastos, in long skirts, sitting sidesaddle fashion. How they stick those platforms at the mad pace they ride, Chace has no idea. "With them long skirts on, longer'n their feet, they'll mount and dismount like a bird."

One day Chace saw an Australian gaucho miss a clever horse in Eberhard's corral, several times running, and Emily, who had been watching outside, came vaulting

in, and threw the horse at the first cast with the Australian's lazo. It is not a matter of strength, of course, but a trick of tripping him.

Emily had twisted her knee working with one of her colts, and asked her father's tamer to give him a ride or two while the knee was mending. "That's a fine excuse," said he, "you wouldn't stick him." It was a bad colt. Emily fired up and said, "Don't you dare touch him. I'll show you when that knee is right." By the time the knee was right the horse was pretty wild. The corral was on a hill about four hundred yards from the garden. He went bucking with her out of the corral and down the hill and into the garden. "You see cabbages and turnips flyin', but not Emily. She stuck him till she tired him out."

The Eberhard girls had their own brand. It was a mark of quality to get one of their taming.

THE captain was planning to sell out on the coast and had taken out new camp at Ultima Esperanza, right up under the Cordillera in Chilean territory. He was loud in his praises of the Canal country. The girls could not wait to get there. The Fufu men had filled Chace's ears with tales of the mild winters back there, and rich pasture, and gold, and splendid mountains that check the roaring fifties.

This incredible country actually lies in the fifties and many of the glaciers from the Cordillera come grinding right down into the sea at fjord heads and at fjord sides there. One would expect an Arctic climate, but some of the finest sheep camp in the Patagonia of the old maps, before the word got narrowed down to four of Argentina's territories, lies in the narrow chunk that Chile owns between her border and the Straits.

Chace set out for the Canal country with a Scotchman and twenty horses late in the year. The weather was cold when they started, but very little snow had been reported. There is nothing mild about the winter in

the fifties in the east. They left the direct track up the Gallegos River, and went down the Chico to collect some money that McKenzie the Liar owed the Scotchman. They had not gone fifty miles when they ran into a snow storm at an estancia. The manager dissuaded them from going on, telling them it was worse ahead but they waited, hoping for better weather, until one day at the end of a week Chace found the horses eating wool from a dead sheep in the paddock. They packed up after that and started back through three feet of snow where they had come over bare ground. They had to take turns breaking a way for their weak horses. It took three days to do twelve leagues to a shepherd's shanty on the Chico, an outpost of the Tres Hermanos Estancia, where they found snow-free ridges among basalt buttes. The estancia was named "Three Brothers" from a group of three of these.

But they found twenty other travellers with their trupillas, ahead of them, marking time like themselves. The English shepherd, Pike, was hospitable, but his provisions were inadequate. A shepherd was entitled to all the mutton he wanted, but otherwise had to find himself. The Yanqui got the men together to see what could be done about it. They all chipped in and sent one man to break through to the farm store three or four leagues off, with a pack horse, to buy provisions. "We made it the rule first for one man to cook to-day and one man to-morrow, but that way there was a lot of the provisions wasted. Then I says to 'em, 'In this way of cookin', the man who takes on to-morrow has to throw away a lot of stuff, and don't know what to do with it.' I says, 'I'll go in and cook if I don't have to bring firewood and water, and you'll help wash dishes.' So they all agreed to that, and we was a happy family.

"Them guanacos—there was thousands of 'em in that camp, come in from outside on account of the snow, just like we was. They'd work across the ice onto an island. We'd sneak down and rush across and scare 'em off the island, and when they got onto the ice we'd shout

—everybody with big clubs. They was as clumsy on the ice as bullock. They wouldn't split and throw their hips out like them, but they'd fall when we got 'em nervous. And when they fell we'd kill 'em with the clubs. Then we'd take off their necks. There was a gear-maker that made cinches and bozals. He'd pay us a peso apiece for all the necks we took off.

"Our horses didn't mind the ice. They didn't have no shoes, but they can walk better on slopin' ice than what a man can. They go mincin' along with little short steps. I've seen one of them criollos up by Lago Argentino carryin' a fellow so drunk it was all he could do to stay on. There was slopin' ice in the trail and it was a place where the fellow'd gone over a cliff and got killed if he'd tried to do it on his own feet. He wouldn't have dared do it, sober.

"I had a shotgun, and there was a stream that run by the shanty, and there was a lot of spring-holes that didn't freeze over, that was full of these little teal duck; and there was mountain quail that always come down when there's snow—thousands of 'em. I used to take a couple of hours off in the afternoon and go up with my shotgun and shoot teal duck and mountain quail, and I'd keep enough hung up so that when anybody had to take the pack horse down to the farm store for provisions I used to load on mountain quail for the boss, and he used to give us good measure, and so we got a lot of provisions we didn't have to pay for. We passed that winter fine!"

CHACE had better luck the next year with Bricktop and a Dane, Bensen, who had been washing gold on Cape Virgin and had heard about the Canal gold. "So to pass the winter we decided we'd go up to Ultima Esperanza and have a look around."

Chace is not very clear about the back country south of the river. As I remember it: it slopes up gently from

a low sea-cliff on the Straits, seems to step up at intervals, smooth yellow grassy pampa, treeless. There are few valleys, and those inconspicuous; milky lakes, white-rimmed, continually stirred by a whistling west wind that makes stray rain drops sting; always a cramped horizon inland. The fences even in 1928 were a long way apart and estancia headquarters surprising distances apart. The holdings seemed to be immense. There was not a sheep to be seen anywhere along our track, of the millions between the Gallegos and the Straits. At Laguna Blanca Estancia, named for the biggest of the white lakes, shearing was going on in January and there were sheep there waiting to be shorn, and a dozen ox carts waiting for their wool. The buildings stand close up under a high step as if for shelter, but the wind seemed only to run the faster down that slope.

We found the step a big moraine of tumbled hills. The old ice sheet crept a long way further out down here than it did in the forties, all the way to the coast and beyond, I believe. We found smooth grassy pampa behind that moraine sloping gently up all the way back to another, and smooth grassy pampa behind that, sloping up to big basalt buttes near a bend in the Gallegos where that river comes down from the North as the Turbio.

The Turbid River swings round the corner of a basalt plateau that looked very black against the murky sky. That meseta seems to be a much-wasted remnant of one of those big lava flows that Chace found so hard on the feet of his horses and dogs wherever he approached the Cordillera. They seem to have broken out of cracks and vents and flowed far out over the high pampa. This one had wasted a long way back east from where it broke out.

We kept on rising gently westward. The grassland gave place to forest. We had crossed the border from Chile into Argentina some leagues before we got to that bend in the Turbio-Gallegos. The border runs arbitrarily due east and west up to the bend. Now in

the forest we crossed it back into Chile, where it swings north on the continental divide on outlying patches of that old lava sheet, or on hills of softer rock, still standing high because their lava caps have only recently crumbled off.

The border goes on climbing across shallow breaches to one deep breach. Beyond that it lies at five or six thousand feet along the battlemented western edge of one of those big basalt sheets. Then it swings west again, for a short run, not arbitrarily this time, but following the erratic continental divide there. Then it climbs to the crest of the Cordillera, where it turns as definitively north as may be, meeting with various misadventures on the way, where Cordilleran crest and continental watershed do not coincide.

A little beyond the border post where we crossed, we passed out of the forest and looked a long way down to blue Pacific water in the fjord of the Last Hope, Ultima Esperanza, and to patches of green lowland bordering it. Captain Eberhard's hogs must have been running somewhere down there, if any of them were still at large. He had let loose several on his first reconnaissance, looking forward to future Schlachtfeste.

We found wide patches of that lowland sunk deep behind those high mesetas of the marches, in an old upland crumbled away to great piles that the map names "Whales" and "Castles." The lowland patches are not all equally near sea level. One very big patch stands several hundred meters above it, and, unlike the lower patches, is parched-looking. It sprawls out through a big breach in the border barrier across an imperceptible divide, to merge with low-lying pampa outside, that slopes gently down to the Atlantic. Streams, that flowed across the big yellow patch from wet country on the north, high and rugged, where the border makes that jog west, should on any normal plan go spilling out through that breach, but only the strong west wind pours out that way. Westward the lowland patches are green strips, most of them, squeezed in between the huge castles and the

whales and big piles with less appropriate names. They lie along the sides of deep blue lakes, rockbound. Some lie in corridors, where ice and weather have gouged out wide sheaves of dykes crossing the grain of layered rock that fills all the wide space between the border and the Cordillera—rock bent and crumpled, crisscrossed by innumerable dykes, some yielding to the weather as in the corridors, others resisting and stalking across the country like stone walls—all this messed-up rock gashed across by big faults—huge blocks of it hoisted, others dropped. The surface between corridors, bevelled off smooth once, lies rather lower than the big piles, and the weather has etched it on the grain of the crumpling, so that tough layers stand up in ridges.

We saw hardly a sheep, even on the greenest of the lowland patches, of the hundreds of thousands we knew to be running in those parts, and only now and then a guanaco or an ostrich. It was high on rough wooded slopes just under the upper limit of the forest, in little glades, that we found the sheep, wild as deer. There were broad ways hacked through the forest for the gathering of these wild things. Lower down we found mares grazing over wide leagues of burned forest, silver gray, half the trunks prostrate, piled crisscross in such a tangle that you would think only a Pegasus would try to graze there.

At the far end of the green strips we came out on a very wide green lowland just a little above sea level, glorious for galloping, right under the Cordillera—all that tough green turf just a thin skin over a vast mass of glacial vomit that had filled in some one-time lake or fjord head. There was a blue lake behind us on one side, and a blue river went meandering out across the green until a gray one joined it and the two went braiding grimily toward some hidden fjord head, and out that way the forest hem of the park was breached, and leagues of the green were soiled, by fresh glacial vomit.

A formidable array of peaks and glaciers rise clear of the forest: peaks not part of the snow-burdened mass of

the Cordillera, but outposts of it, almost clear of its flanks: peaks of that same layered rock heaved high and smelted black on great domes of molten granite that welled up beneath it—black smelting ice-girdled now. One of the big domes is riven into splinters of bright granite, from whose black caps, above ice ruffs, snow pennons whip, ten thousand feet above the parkland. A setting for gods or demons rather than for the terrestrial mice and men we have to deal with. Men had been busy burning the upper slopes of that forest hem so recently that the boles were still standing, but they had all turned silver gray. They had cut a wide sheep street through it just below the upper limit leading to a valley, high and green and snow-rimmed.

CHACE and his companions hunted gold in this country fruitlessly, along fjord sides and lake sides, until the Liverpool Irishman and the Dane got tired of camping, and struck out for Punta Arenas. Chace chummed up then with a Falkland Islander, Angus McDonald, and stayed in.

At that time the Explotadora Company was buying out settlers on the lowland patches, preparatory to raising sheep on an immense scale. When we came through, about twenty years later, the Company was running more than two million sheep, there and across the Straits, besides ten thousand horses for handling them, and as many oxen for hauling the wool. In our roaming about on their hospitable domain there were times, however, when we should not have known that there were any sheep about, if Hidalgo had not brought us at each new camp the crackled juicy side of one on his asador, barely an hour free from his boleadoras. Besides those few we found in the forest glades, we were once or twice warned of the passing of a band of five or six thousand on their way to the shearing down some gravelly river bed, by a rumbling like thunder and then a pattering like rain on leaves.

When Chace and Angus got there in those early days the Explotadora were pulling down old settlers' cabins and wrecking their fences. The men tried for a contract, cutting posts for the Company, but failing, got a job fencing for a Scotch settler who was holding out for a high price, running new fences to show that he meant business.

That was under Cerro Dorotea on the fjord, named for one of Captain Eberhard's horse-taming daughters, Chace thinks. She used to fire up like her sister when Chace addressed her in a pseudo-German accent, "I tink I take vun horse dis mornin'." "She'd say, 'I don't talk like that. I don't talk like that.' I'd say, 'Who said you did? This is the way I talk.' She spoke beautiful English, better'n any of them Englishmen around there."

There was much German-English and German-Spanish spoken back there by Valdivian peons and settlers; and there was "Milodon Grande," whose real name was Albert, working a month at some pay job or other and then going off on a bone hunt with his chum, Albert, "Milodon Chico."

GILES and Carpenter, whom Chace got acquainted with at San Martín, had sold out to Explotadora for a fat price in cash and in shares that are still bringing them in a pound a day.

The Company bought out old Forde, too. "He drifted over to Monte León first, but bein' used to small camp and fences, he couldn't never find his way back to the shanty in all them gullies. So he went up to Lago San Martín and got that little island where he could run his sheep without them gettin' lost or him either.

"There was Russian Fred started a farm and sold out to Explotadora. Then he went up north and started another and got married. He had to go away once for several days, and when he got back he found his wife had been raped and her throat cut, and she was dead on

the floor. 'That's the only time I heard of that happenin'. He had two men that had been workin' there, a Brazilian and a Chileno. She always carried a revolver and wouldn't let any stranger into the house when her husband wa'n't home, but these two men bein' there workin' so long, she quite often had 'em up takin' tea in the afternoon. From the signs they made out that these two chaps had come up there, and she had give 'em tea, and they had grabbed her when she was pourin' it out and raped her and cut her throat, and cleared. Well, the police lieutenant got after 'em, and tracked 'em over into Chile. He stripped off his uniform so the Chile police didn't stop him, and went over as a man lookin' for work, and he kept followin' up where they'd been by makin' inquiries, until at last he found a farm where the two of 'em was workin'. One of 'em was shepherdin', and he went to this shanty, and when he see he was the man—he knew him when he was workin' for Fred—he shot him. Then he went to the farm, and the other man was the one who brought in horses, the campanista, and he come in with the horses and recognized the lieutenant, and tried to clear, but the lieutenant shot him. Then he got his own horse and cleared away back into Argentina before the Chileans could get him. But Long Fred never got over it and took poison up in B.A. after a while.

"There was Jimmie Buckham in there—he was a nice little fellow. He lived alone there in Puerto Conde, on the fjord where he had his house—a two-room house that he built when the land was first laid out for a town. We used to call it Buckingham Palace. He had a small cutter boat to go down the Canals tradin' with the Indians. And he had a dog, and I never saw anywhere a dog the equal of that dog. He'd understand every word Jimmie'd say to him. Jimmie'd say, 'Fetch the bozal,' and he'd fetch it, 'Fetch the cojinillos,' and he'd fetch 'em. He'd go out in the boat with Jimmie, and Jimmie'd give him the sheet and tell him to ease up or pull, and he'd do it the same as a Christian. And when Jimmie'd get drunk and fall down, this dog'd lay right

alongside of him and if anybody come along—well, the dog was a chum with anybody any other time, and if you stopped three or four feet from Jimmie and spoke to him, he'd be tickled to death to see you, but the minute you stepped up closer he'd be astraddle of Jimmie, growlin' and showin' his teeth. But one time Jimmie was drunk and the policeman was tryin' to take him to jail for layin' in the street, and the dog wouldn't let him get anywhere near Jimmie, so he shot him. Jimmie was clean crazy, he felt so bad.

"My chum, Angus, was the best natured chap when he was sober. You couldn't pick a fight with him, but let him get two or three drinks down and he was dangerous. The first time I see how bad he was, he asked Bob Sutherland to lend him a horse to go to a boliche to get another bottle. Bob says, 'I can't. That's a farm horse and if they see him with you on him, it's the sack for me.' Angus says, 'You won't let me have it?' and started for our tent. I had a revolver in the tent. I says to Bob, 'Jump on your horse and git!' And I got to the tent just in time. Angus had dropped to his knee to fire at Bob. I was goin' to give him a hidin' but he wouldn't fight. Another time he got to arguin' with Malcolm Nicholson, the fellow we was fencin' for. He'd have shot Malcolm that time if I hadn't had my eyes open. I always had to keep a watch on him once he'd had a drink.

"He was a good chum. He was full of fun. It was him and me played that joke on the mean man up there. And I'll never forget—one day we was settin' on a hill by our tent. The big tomcat was huntin' mice and tucotucs. There'd been a fire and a lot of trees had fell. They don't have no tap root. They fall in a year or two. I set there smokin', lookin' at the sheep. Lovely day it was. There was a fallen tree and here was a mouse under it. The cat come crawlin' along, paws all ready to grab. An old sow come wanderin' along, walkin' soft in the soft leaves. The tree was between her and the cat. The cat was waitin', all quiverin' and

ready. The old sow sticks the tip of her nose under the tree. The cat makes a spring at it, thinkin' it was the mouse. The sow says, 'Woof!' The tom he went up the mountain side, tail all bristled up, twice as big as natural. The old sow, she went down the mountain side, tail whirlin' round and round. We rolled right off the stone we was settin' on, and laughed fit to kill. Them two animals both so scared and neither of 'em ever knowin' what it was about. And the mouse got away.

"Them little green parrakeets used to come and hang around up in the smoke of our camp fire them cold nights. We done a lot of singin' around the camp fire. There was an Irish-American named Greeley helpin' on the fencin' job. He wa'n't in cahoots with them bandits, so far as I know, but he was always roarin' out a song about 'Brennan on the Moor'."

MUCH of the camp in this Canal country is very rich, but whenever we have asked Chace what is the richest camp he knows in Patagonia, he always says, "Meyers'." Chace never used a map while he was down there—does not take kindly to maps now. His mental pictures never include political boundaries unless there happened to be a guard on one when he crossed it. We have tried in vain to salvage the precise location of Meyers' camp from a flood of "total recall" accounts of sheep drives.

"They say Meyers used to run twenty-four thousand sheep all the year round on four leagues of his best camp. I've seen the grass on that camp standin' up that high you'd think there wa'n't a sheep on it, and there was thousands." It was Meyers who put the curse of the Belgian hare on Patagonia. He let out some for his own shooting about the time Chace was first down there. They were a long time crossing the Santa Cruz, but they did eventually, probably in a hard winter when the river froze. "When I went to Lago Argentino in 1922 you might see a few scatterin' Belgian hares a week. By 1928 you'd see 'em in front of the cookhouse—why,

they used to come down from the mountains like a flock of sheep. The dogs had got so used to 'em they wouldn't pay any attention to 'em at all. They'd come right up and feed on grass by the doghouses just before sunset. I've sat with my revolver and shot 'em as they come hoppin' down by the house and goin' into the alfalfa patch, and by sundown you'd see the whole alfalfa patch movin'. A man down Gallegos way told me they'd completely destroyed camps down there—they was as bare as a floor, and they'd even dug out the roots. They was killin' 'em a lot the last two years. Their skins was bringin' from forty to eighty centavos. There was a bad winter and a lot of 'em froze to death, the snow was that deep. They used to dig 'em up froze and take their skins off."

Killing the hares for their skins seems to have made very little impression on them. Lately white rabbits have been let go near Gallegos—so a Scotch capataz told Chace just before he came home. They are giving promise of becoming a worse pest than the hares. Camps that had grass two feet high are bare, even the roots dug up, the capataz says. It begins to look as if the rabbit and the hare might claim the country in their turn.

CHAPTER XIII

GUANACOS

WE got our first glimpse of a guanaco, looking where he called, high above us: "*Hein-hein-hein-hein*" in good nasal French, repeated many times, beginning high and fast, and ending low and slower and fainter—a little like a childish old man's laugh, Plüschow calls it.

We reined in our criollos and looked about for a big bird. A gray ostrich waggling his feather kilt, had run across our trail that morning, with his brood of chicks, but he had made no noise. A half-dozen flamingoes had risen silently before us on slow rosy wings. There had been noisy emerald flashes of parakeets in groves of wind-crooked antarctic beeches that we rode through. Halted out on wide green open, we listened, and it came again from high above us: "*Hein, hein, hein—*" We looked up a steep bronzed slope set thick with mata verde hummocks blooming yellow, and on the tussocked sky line made out a dark beaked head, mouse-colored on top, blue between great brown eyes, ears laid back so that we had not seen them. They came forward while we looked—no stubby camel's ears—long as a rabbit mule's, dark, pointed, a wedge of gray sky between them.

A turn in the trail brought the beast into full view against the gray, end on, taller than a man. At first glance, seeing him without his ears, he looked not so unlike the ostrich he runs with—long slender tawny legs, white chest, long neck white-throated, carrying high that dark narrow-muzzled head. He whinnied again and stamped, and showed clawed pads like a camel's. A band of females with a little one or two were suddenly visible, bounding up the bronzed slope. When they had passed out of sight, their guardian showed himself in profile, his neck set low on his chest like a camel's, but carried much straighter in a gentle double curve. There

was tawny roach back between that tall neck and a short tail crooked down like a dainty lady's little finger. There was white belly, drawn up sharply at the flanks like a greyhound's—wasp waist accentuated by the white's wedging up into the tawny. Hind quarters seemed higher than shoulders. His body might have been four feet high and five long.

This rather graceful little ancestor of the camel, and nearer relative of vicuña and llama and that walking woolsack, the alpaca, posed often for Chace, at all seasons, out on the level steppe, up on the high basalt mesetas, on gentle slopes and steep ones, all the way from the bleak Atlantic coast to the rock and ice steeps of the Cordillera.

CHACE never saw a guanaco prancing as Darwin did, or as he has seen the ostrich do, but he has often seen him stamp on some high point and heard him laugh that "*hein-hein-hein*" when he has been riding the range with his sheep dogs. It has usually been some bachelor bull that did it. That sort would whinny once or twice, then come bouncing down, stiff-legged, in almost meter-high straight-up bounces and run back and forth across the trail ahead, tempting the dogs until he had them off after him in spite of Chace's, "Come back there, Spring! Come out of that, Cuzco!" He would run them tired, then leave them in a bound or two, lying panting, and useless until they should get their wind and a drink. Then, on a basalt crag, he would stamp and laugh again at Chace—"hein-hein-hein"—till he got him "fairly crabbed"—especially if water were a league away, and there were sheep to be gathered nearby. Chace got even, now and then, with his old .44 Colt.

If it is galgos you have with you, or a rifle, there will be none of this practical joking on the old bull's part. It will not be easy to get a shot at him or to run him down, even if you are willing to risk his breaking your galgo's back with those clawed pads on his forefeet. Galgos

are fast, long-winded dogs, though, and killers. They will kill at your commands until they are killed, themselves. When there are three or four they will pull a big bull guanaco down if they can overtake him. Chace saw one big galgo running alone, grab chunk after chunk out of the back of a young bull's shoulder until the bull fell down from loss of blood. He has seen the savage Indian galgos rip the entrails out of a running bull and eat them, trailing from his belly while he ran. Those bulls are hard to kill. Chace ran one a thousand yards, thinking he must have missed, and found five hard-nosed bullet-holes in his belly, and his tripes all torn to bits. One old fellow, with a fore leg shattered by a soft-nose at the shoulder, flopping up across his neck and hanging there a while and flopping down again, outran his horse. It is a case of heart or spine.

IF you got that old joker that made you so crabbed, there would be no tientos for lazos or cinches to be spiralled out of his deep-scarred old neck. Even a young bull's neck is battle-scarred past using. But the skin of a doe's neck is sound, and the upper two-thirds of it is the toughest hide in Patagonia. The lower third is good enough for lacings for your saddle trees. There is a trick in getting it off though. Chace has seen a new-come gringo attach his lazo to a hide and try in vain to pull it off over the headless neck, with his horse hitched to the lazo's other end. Chace has let the condors skin guanacos for him sometimes when he has wanted a neck or two. He would kill, cut off the heads, rip up the bellies and ride on, out of sight. When he got back he would find the hides clear of the carcasses, turned inside out, every bit of flesh torn off and the necks intact. "You couldn't get it off as clean as that to save you, and they'll do a perfect job in fifteen minutes." When Chace has to do the skinning himself, he takes hold of the ears and cuts around below the jaw and over the head, and then peels the neck skin down past a big

bulge of sinew there is about the second vertebra and cuts off the head. He cuts nearly round the neck near the breastbone, and continues the cut along either side of the backbone to the tail. Then, using the back strip for a pull strap, he peels off the neck sleeve, easily, without the help of horse or condor. He plucks it clean of wool and cuts a long *tiento*, about a little finger wide, spiralling round and round the tube. A *lazo* takes eight *tientos*. It takes two for a *cincha*. You make one fast to one ring with a clove hitch and the other to the other ring and, working out from the center both ways, to prevent warping when the thing dries, you pass the *tientos* back and forth through the rings, twisting each *tiento* outside out as you go, making clove hitches each time.

If it is slippers you need, you skin a hind leg, slit the skin below the hock, peel it down whole from above across the hock, slip in your foot from below, using the strip for boot strap, the hock cup for heel, the tough back of the leg for sole, the soft front for upper, tie the open end of the tube with a *tiento* at your toe, and cut off the excess. Such slippers wear a month. Everybody used them in the days when boots were scarce, and they still come in handy in the back country.

Then there is that splendid sinew on his sides for sewing and plaiting. There is such a steady demand in the market for that, Chace thinks they must use it in the hospitals up north. It comes in handy on the pampa for sewing up wounds.

A skin or two will make a good windbreak. Even one is not so bad. The best of the back leather is not so tough as the neck, but it is fairly tough as the Indians tan it.

Those belly capas that the Indians make will serve ten or fifteen years for overcoat or blanket. A man can stay out indefinitely in any season with a sheepskin under him at night and a capa over him, his dogs and his *boleadoras* to get him meat, an ostrich neck of salt, another of yerba, and his little mate outfit. He can

drink the milkiest pampa water through his bombilla with a handkerchief about the strainer end. Strainer end in his mouth, Chace has blown up a sheep dung fire to welding heat to mend a stirrup iron.

An old guanaco or a sick one often has a gray stone in his bowel "from thumb size to palm size." The chinas use it for medicine, and get their chunkes to open up guanacos they find dying, to look for it.

GUANACOS were so plentiful in spite of pumas, before the sheep began to crowd them, and men were so few, that killings for slippers or necks or meat made no impression on their numbers. Nor did killings for the fleeces the chinas used in their blankets, leaving the hair in for the coarser ones, taking it out for the finer. The hunting of the young for capas did little damage in those early days, though the Indians have always prized the skins of the foetus and the newly born for the lightness and warmth and silkiness of the fleeces. You can see daylight through those skins.

But when New York discovered the guanaquito skin, the stock began to suffer. The estancieros helped on the slaughter—grubstaked Indians for it. They have always furnished guns and ammunition to their shepherds and paid fifty centavos bounty for each pair of guanaco ears.

Chace used to hunt a lee slope where the cows were calving in the sun. He would find a point of fifty sometimes. They would run, twisting their snaky necks every which way, down between their forelegs sometimes. He would jog along behind at a trot or perhaps a hand gallop until the chicos began to tire and fall behind. A calf at three days can pace a horse at a hand gallop and at three weeks can outrun a very fast horse. After two leagues, say, he would drop the reins of his geared horse—they never tied the ends together—slip off; leave him standing for a mark; mount a led spare, bareback, and, billy strapped to his wrist, go knocking lagging chicos

on the head until he felt his horse breathing too hard. He might get twenty odd, and then he would ride back toward his geared pingo, slowly, skinning as he went, and throwing the skins across his horse. "A chico you've missed that comes followin' you 'way back, parted from his mother, you can't brain him. He'll follow you home and that's how them nuisances get started. He behaves himself with the family. But if you're a stranger walkin' from the hitchin' bar to the door, he'll get you in the back with both knees and cover you with foul cud. Or if you happen to be ridin' a lively young horse you'll have your hands full, with that thing dancin' round you, ears laid back, and fangs bared, squealin'. If the boss finds out it was you killed him there'll be the mischief to pay, too."

There are organized drives now in October which are rather devastating. Fences get wrecked in the stampedes. The sheepmen built their fences high at first, hoping to stay the elegant little jumper in his migrations with the weather. Señor Bianchi, Gerente for Menendez Behety in Santa Cruz—Menendez family farms are scattered over the pampa from the Bolivian border to the Horn—described to us one of those high fences, in a bitter winter, festooned for leagues with struggling guanacos skewered on sharpened pickets, thousands that had dragged themselves free on the near side trampling their tripe on bloody snow, thousands more galloping off on the far side unscathed. "I would not like to be seeing that," said a Highlandman, hearing him. Few of the high fences were strong enough to stand such a strain and the estancieros soon abandoned them for the ordinary meter-high sheep fence that a sound guanaco takes in his stride. Chace has sometimes seen in a day's ride as many as eight weaklings caught in even such a fence.

In a bad season when the beasts were thin and weak, he has found piles of dead and dying behind one fence, and live ones struggling up the piles to add their carcasses. A German and a Frenchman whom he knew, once took

two hundred kilos of ostrich feathers from a pile he had seen at an awkward fence corner in a cañadón—the birds all mixed in with guanacos. That was not a “guanaco cemetery.” Those are wide acres, only one skeleton deep, by water, where the guanacos apparently come deliberately to die.

Many die of scab. The skin gets all crusted across the knees so that it bleeds when the brute has to move. He feeds apart from the herd, lags behind, drags himself along, stands humped up back of a bush and finally dies alone. Chace has seen fifty scabby in five hundred. Some men will not feed guanaco meat to their dogs for fear of mange, but the shepherds have no fear for their sheep. For all this tendency to mange, a guanaco's fleece is as free of lice as an ostrich's feathers are full of them.

Chace thinks the most serious menace to the stock is preponderance of males. He has commonly found one female in five in those guanaquito hunts and sometimes only one in a dozen. The females are well safeguarded from the possible consequences, though. One valiant bull looks after twenty cows and fights off all would-be suitors. He seems to stay with his cows the whole year round.

It must be a fine bull who holds so many cows when the pasture teems with fighting bachelors. And it is a vicious-looking brute he has to fight, blind to everything but him. Chace has ridden up to a fighting pair and killed them both with his pistol at short range. The aggressor comes lurching along, calling “*ach! ach! ach!*” in guttural German, long neck stretched out and dipping up and down, with that ugly head at the end of it, fangs bared, two long ones in each jaw, ears flat. And when they come to grips the two of them rear up and strike with blunt claws, and hook at each other's necks with ugly wide-open mouths and make deep gashes in them. The

vanquished runs for it, and the victor lurches after him.

After calving you will see points of a hundred to five hundred, bulls cows and calves together. There seems to be fighting going on all summer in those points. Outside you will find no end of lone bulls scattered about on their respective feeding claims until winter, when they too join the rest.

These bachelors fight among themselves all spring and summer and autumn—to defend their claims, Chace thinks. Each bull has his own dungpile that he will come to from a league away. And he has a pawed-out hollow on an east slope, or, when he is on the pampa, among mata negra bushes, and he has his special dust-bath too. He holds this claim till snow flies, and Chace thinks he takes it up again in the spring. Of course there are common dungpiles, too, always damp—travellers in regions where there is no other fuel find them disappointing. It is as if some prehistoric cultivator had had the brute domesticated and trained to manure piles.

The cows and the mixed points move off when sheep come on in large numbers and dirty the feeding grounds, but the old bulls are not so fussy about that. They stick it out and try to drive off the sheep.

They say guanacos do not mind brackish water. Chace has often found a guanaco where he had to drink it, but he has known one to go four leagues to a clear spring every day, passing several brackish pools on the way. He has often found a clear spring, with a run of not more than twenty yards above ground, in a wide desert, by noting the radial pointing of several guanaco trails. They drink at the milky pampa lakes when they must as all the stock does, where the incessant wind keeps fine mud stirred through the water so that it tastes like sweet bean soup. If you boil that stuff it will settle clear when it cools, but guanacos carry no mate kettles under their chins.

Chace has never known a condor or a fox to meddle

with the chicos, but he has known pumas to dog a herd from the mountains to the coast. A puma, one would think, would have to stalk such fast game very carefully, and perhaps he does. But Chace has found a dozen full-grown fresh-killed in a cañadón with condors feeding on them, and puma tracks about, but no trace of a struggle. The guanaco has not a chance when a puma once gets hold.

Chace has come upon such a kill suddenly startling the condors, gorged so that they ran, vomiting, flapping their great wings on the ground. A condor must taxi up into a strong wind to rise. When he leaves the ground he banks and comes round. You will often see him taxiing up hill to get to a cliff edge to take off. You can run him down with your horse on the ground inside of a hundred and fifty yards if he has not more than fifty yards start of you. Without a clear way he cannot rise. Even low obstacles will check his speed. When he once takes the air he rarely moves a wing. In all his watching of condors Chace never saw but one flap his wings. That one gave three flaps out over Lago San Martín.

CHACE always found time to puzzle out tracks. When his dogs were thirsty he would stop an hour or so by a spring to let them drink, take the bit out of his horse's mouth to let him graze, and sit quite still there and watch what went on about him, or fall to studying signs of what had been going on. He never found signs that suggested a puma's having lain on his back, waving his legs in the air to attract guanacos, as Darwin saw him do. Darwin says he tried that trick successfully himself, and shooting at curious comers only increased the crowd. But those were very early days. The modern guanaco can recognise a rifle as far as he can see.

He is still curious, though, and when Chace has wanted meat he has often sat down when he has sighted a point and waited while they milled about a long way off, came

closer, then veered off again, and so on until one came within range. The meat of a fat yearling is good eating. You can tell a fat one by his yellow color and the blue between his eyes, and he will be in the lead. Old ones are red and lag behind.

It is easy to get meat in fenced country when there are two men and they start a point near a fence. One rides two or three miles along the fence; the other starts outside the point, runs it toward the fence and then along it, "lettin' a yell out of him once in a while," until the guanacos meet the first man coming on with his bolas. They turn and break right by one or the other of the men, on both sides of him, close to him.

The guanaco has lived in South America a long time. They find his bones in caves up in Brazil. Darwin found fossil bones resembling his at San Julián. We do not know when he went south in his present figure, but he went all the way. He is down in Tierra del and that's as far as the continent goes now. He is better favored down there than further north, which is odd, for he has not adapted himself to climate in the matter of feet any better than the puma has. His feet crack and bleed pitifully in bitter weather—feet that jagged lava seems to do no damage to. Chace has found guanacos stalled and dying of hunger at the end of a blood-stained trail in winter, and he never saw one rustle grass through snow. They died by thousands in winters not nearly bad enough to kill sheep in any numbers. A guanaco is as awkward on the ice as any ox. He falls down on it and you can always "catch his skin" on the lower courses of the big rivers, by startling him out of an island refuge onto ice, as Chace and his chums did that bad winter at Three Brothers Shanty.

He regularly comes down from the high mesetas along the Cordilleran front, to the blue mountain lakes in winter, lakes only a hundred or two meters above sea level, bottoms below it. From the mesetas farther east he comes down to the rivers, those almost branchless rivers that furrow the pampa, so many leagues apart, and when

he has been grazing not too far inland he comes down to the snow-free strip along the coast.

Chace has seen the guanacos in the early days when a cruel winter threatened, come off those high mesetas in the west, "one followin' one," in endless file for days and nights. You always know that winter is at the end of those long files. Rheas march with them, and pumas sneak along their flanks. They often break file at a faldeo and swarm down any way they can, but always scattered, never bunched like sheep. They seem to like the mosses on the high mesetas, and the heather, and they are much safer there, except from pumas. You will often find a carcass on a ledge at the meseta edge, where a puma has dragged it. The scarps about the mesetas make good tenements for pumas. The guanacos had free way to the coast once on that long journey a harsh winter entailed, but now a bad fence left here and there makes shambles for the weak. There is always that welcome snow-free strip along the coast to head for, though, even when the snow is three feet deep a league inland.

CHAPTER XIV

BIG BEND AND ANITA

CHACE went on knocking about the country, adventuring, observing, trying his hand at all the trades there were to try, except oxcarting, year after year. One year everything seemed to be going wrong. He was bored with the look of things at San Julián and Gallegos and Santa Cruz. His madrina ate poisoned grass down near the Paso Ibañez, and died, and the trupilla "went splittin' all over the country lookin' for her. I didn't want the bother of breakin' the horses to a new one, so I sold 'em, all but one, and took a fencin' contract for Don Pedro Richmond, the chap that taught me my first Spanish.

"You can't keep a trupilla without a mare to hold 'em together. You sing out 'Yegua!' and she leads off on the trail with the horses canterin' after her in single file. You never call her any other name—'yegua' means 'mare.' She'll keep lookin' back, and if you slow up, she'll stop to feed, keepin' her eye on you. You get into a trot. She up heads and off she goes. If you want to turn out, you sing out 'Yegua!' again, and she'll look to see which way you're goin', and she'll turn out, too. When there ain't no trail you have to herd 'em. You generally have a stock whip along. She'll always be in the lead. You keep right on top of the last horse gallopin' across country." Chace's gesture for galloping horses is precisely that of the North American Plains Indians.

LITTLE accumulations of capital that Chace got together by wage earning had always slipped through his hands whenever he had tried to augment them by any more venturesome process. When he had drifted back to his beloved Lago San Martín after failing to get away to the war, it looked as if his luck had turned. Old Ford, with whom he had worked for two years on that little island,

had disappeared with his boat, and the island and sheep had been left Chace in a will. But one must wait seven years for a disappearance to be accepted as evidence of death down there, and in the meantime the estate was dissipating in the hands of neighbors and the police. Chace let it go on dissipating.

He was beginning to get disabused of any idea he may have had of making one of the mushroom Patagonian fortunes he had seen made, and as quickly lost. "Them fellows always seemed to think they had the Bank of England behind 'em." He was bound that any money he made should be come by honestly but he was an opportunist. There were chances enough to make it honestly but he rarely looked ahead very far and, when he did, was apt to misjudge the future. His services, however, were always in demand. He was never at a loss for a job when he wanted one, but he hated the estancia bell. "You might as well be in jail—get up by a bell, work by a bell, stop by a bell, eat by a bell, sleep by a bell." He loved the work of opening up new camp, but when the pioneer work was done and that bell began to sound monotonously in his ears he would get desperate and ask for his accounts.

His experience in handling men up to this time had been confined to gatherings of a few days' duration, or to fencing or building contracts of several months', which he would take alone or with a partner or two, using farm peons, and materials supplied by the boss. He was used to depending on himself and disinclined to delegate anything important. He had had plenty of experience in being handled by good and bad bosses and in watching, as closely as he used to watch the ostrich, the successful and unsuccessful handling of men much more difficult than himself.

He had had opportunity to go on the pay roll of one or other of the big companies, but he kept putting it off until after the strike. Chace was as little in sympathy with the strike as he was with the harsh methods taken to stamp it out, but it seemed to wake him up to a sense

that the free and easy days were over, and that the bell must be submitted to. He signed up then with one of the big estancias, where a friend of his was administrador. He had charge of two sections carrying about thirty thousand sheep, until both sections were dragged out from under him by a Government which seemed bent on breaking up big holdings.

The Menendez Company's holdings in that estancia were reduced at a single blow from a hundred leagues to thirteen, and the flock proportionately. The Chilean Government, moving in the same direction, shortly after we left, cut the Explotadora Company's holdings in half, reducing their two millions to one. We found Chace still hanging on at the mutilated estancia on Lago Argentino under a boss he did not like particularly, working at distasteful jobs.

All this was led up to by his accepting larger responsibilities than had been his wont, on small estancias, and by a period of contract drives. He liked the drives. He lost money on them and broke his back on one, but he lost few sheep and he liked the responsibility and he had the satisfaction of going up and down his beloved land.

HE was finishing Don Pedro's fences when a fellow came by with a tale of new camp he was about to open up at the Big Bend, about thirty leagues up the Santa Cruz, and wanted Chace to help him. When Chace had the walls of the house up the man moved in with his wife and family. He was in such delicate health that most of the responsibility devolved on Chace. When the fences were half up, word came from Tom and Cameron that the sheep they had bought had been gathered and they must come for them. Tom and Cameron often had to take over farms for debt, and always had sheep to sell. There were three or four thousand pretty scraggy ewes.

One of the peons whom Chace got to help him with the

scraggy ewes had recently come across the line in a piano box—peons seldom brought recommendations. "Swain was a Swede. They called him the 'Magallanes pirate' because he used to run a cutter along with a Norwegian in the Straits. They used to go to the Tierra del wharves at night, take on wool that was piled there waitin' for the regular boats and take it over to Punta Arenas, and sell it to Austrians. They'd go ashore sometimes and shoot cattle, and skin 'em and sell the skins to the Austrians.

"They was after him in Tierra del. They meant business, dead or alive. He stowed away in a house in Punta Arenas for two or three weeks. Then his friends nailed him up in a piano box and smuggled him to Gallegos, and his friends there let him out. He got into a row with a little nigger in a boliche. The nigger cut his forearm, cut all the tendons—a deep gash right across. A tipsy German doctor sewed the ends of the tendons together. He was workin' for me before it healed. He didn't get killed for several years. Tryin' to hold up a boliche they shot him."

Once this fellow breached the wall of patience behind which Chace tried to entrench himself. Chace was gathering in a difficult part of the camp where the pampa was all cut up into clay hills. The old ewes had had their broken mouths full of dip so many times that they had learned to take cover in much smoother country than that. All the men were green and lazy, and as much inclined to keep cover as the ewes. The pirate had insisted on borrowing a fine horse of Chace's to intercept a camion on the track, driven by a companion in crime who was to drop off a case of gin for him. He was gone a very long time and Chace had got into a bad temper, gathering alone in the heat, when at last he saw the fellow coming at full gallop. He was fighting drunk and challenged Chace. "'Come on and fight me,' he says, 'I've challenged all your peons and not a one of 'em 'ill fight.' I says, 'Get off that horse and come on. You're just the man I'm lookin' for. Come on! Get off!'

And he wheels away and never got off. That night I see him up by the shanty and I told him he'd had a pretty close call comin' up to me that way when I was all het up with them ornery ewes.

"He never tried to fight me again, but I caught him startin' to fight a Brazilian the next day. I took the knife away from him and he started cryin' like a child. I always figgered I'd never have to shoot one of them fellows myself if he come at me. I'd kick him in the shins with my heavy boot and get the knife away from him. I didn't want no murder done on the place. If there's a murder on your estancia the police keep humbuggin' you. They'll get a big fine out of you and as long as there's any money goin' they'll keep on houndin' you down to town to make out proofs. I've known bosses that was hounded that much they had to get out of the country because of a murder that was done on their place."

The police always seemed to rub Chace the wrong way. Even the Comisario Chico for whom he had so much respect never got any help from Chace or from his friends. Chace noticed one day a thin thread of smoke rising from a thicket of tall mata amarilla. There were no horses about, and Chace looked in and found a fellow drinking mate, a big black Argentine, whom they used to call Negro Diaz because he was so black. Chace could see his shining tirador studded with silver coins, the full six inches wide, and all the way round. Diaz would give anything for a coin he had not got to put on that belt. It must have weighed ten pounds. He asked if there were any police about—there were none—and while Chace and he took turn and turn about at the bombilla, Diaz told how he happened to be there. He had been correcting a woman he was keeping in the village, with that tirador, when the racket she made brought in three police. He had knocked the sabres out of their hands with his cleaver and had had just time to leap into the saddle and cut the halter rope. A fourth policeman had opened fire on him

with a Mauser pistol, but he was going too fast and got away. He had been lying low for a couple of days with nothing to eat. Chace brought him food and promised to make a signal smoke if the police came round.

"That Negro Diaz he was a queer fellow. He used to come to a shepherd's shanty and if the shepherd wa'n't there, or if he was, he'd start in and clean up the shanty, scrub the floor and the table and the benches, and after it was cleaned up he'd take charge as long as he stayed. If he see the shepherd drop anythin' on the floor, he'd say, 'We don't want to live in a chanchería.' He always had fifteen or twenty horses, and not a one of 'em was his."

One of Chace's peons had to be handled like a dog that needs praise. Loco Steve was a Swedish sailor who had poked another fellow too hard with his marlin-spike. His seven years at the convict settlement at Ushuaia had made him a little queer in the head. Nobody but Chace could get on with the man and he had a hard time making a living. "He was the hardest workin' man I ever had as long as I'd say to him once in so often, 'You're a great worker, Steve. Don't believe I'd ever get them sheep dipped if you wa'n't here.'"

An old Panama Canal digger, a Colombian, was too much for Chace. That was the only man he ever refused food and lodging, for as long as he wanted it. The fellow came to him early in the winter, on foot—that is to say, "broke." There was no work for an extra man at that season and this one never lost any of the fat he was putting on at Chace's expense offering to "spell" a regular hand. When dipping started two months later, he was still there and Chace offered him the full-pay job of cook, his own cook being confined at that critical time. It was just rough cooking. He accepted. The dipping was unusually hard and protracted because of the fog, heavy fog every day so that a man could not see ten feet ahead of him, and Chace had barely enough peons for the dipping. The man quit in the middle. Chace gave him his check, called all the men together and said to them, 'As long as

I'm boss on this camp, if this fellow ever comes to any of your shanties and you give him a bite or let him pass the night, you'll get the sack. After all I've done for him, him to quit me now just because he's lazy, is too much.' They all knew how I'd kept him for nothin' all winter. I had to take a man off the dippin' and make the bread myself every night."

An Argentine tamer that Chace employed had blue eyes and long silky golden hair that he used to spend hours combing and wear done up on the top of his head under a Basco cap. He had to stand up before a firing squad when the troops put down the strike. They made a show of burning his body because he was accused of rape—the only case of that that Chace heard of during the strike.

AFTER a couple of years at this first estancia in the Rincón Grande, Chace took charge for a young French Argentine who was starting another, adjoining. The young Frenchman came of a wealthy family and his aunts kept him supplied with money. He inherited a considerable sum that year and went abroad with it, telling Chace that he had established credit for him at the bank in Santa Cruz. He had, doubtless, but when Chace got around to wanting money he found there was not a penny for him in the bank. The young gentleman's fancy lady had been proving expensive. Chace had four thousand pesos of his own in that bank, which he drew on to run the farm as long as it lasted. It did not last until the young man came back. The sheep got pretty scabby. Chace stuck it till he had them clean, at the young man's charges, and then washed his hands of that job.

Both these camps were small, but while he worked on them with the responsibility of administrador he found plenty to do in the working season, and now and then caught himself doing some of the same foolish things he had laughed at other bosses for doing.

He did his best to be reasonable in his demands, recalling how he had seen two bosses give up ignominiously on unreasonable demands. "One time the boss come along when there was a stubborn point of rams in the pen, and the men was all played out. He thought we was bein' too rough with 'em. 'That's no way. Let me show you,' he says. He gets into the pen. He had a little dog that belonged to his women folks. She had a featherbed in the house. He begins wavin' his arms and sayin', 'Hi-iii-p! hii-iii-iii-p! Come on boys.' The rams just looked at him and stomped. He called in his little dog. 'Come on, Nell. Speak up, Nell. Hi-ii-ii-p! Take a hold of 'em, Nell!' They wouldn't budge. Then he started bootin' 'em and one old ram butted Nell and she yapped. He cursed somethin' awful, thinkin' he'd killed her. He grabbed up an iron bar and come near brainin' a dozen rams with it. Then he picked up the dog—it wa'n't much hurt—and went off to the house and left the rams with us, worse than they was before."

Those big square broad-chested rams are stubborn brutes, and, if a man tries to force them beyond a certain point, they knock his dogs about, charge him, and maybe break his leg if they get him up against the side of a pen, or smash a sound inch plank if they miss him. Chace thinks a ram's head most appropriate for the end of a battering-ram.

One boss tried to entice a ram up an incline by putting a mirror at the top. It worked, but the ram in the mirror was smashed.

One of those big fellows will drag a green hand all over the shearing board, set the whole galpón laughing, and what with trying to hold him and wrestling with the big folds in his neck the fellow may be all day shearing him.

Another boss who thought he knew the value of being patient with rams came on some men trying to force a point up into the wool shed. "'I'll show you, boys,' he says. So he takes a ram by the horns, and begins backin'

up the incline, sayin' 'Baa baa' and pullin' the ram along like a plow. He was bent almost double and backin' along, little by little. There was another old ram in the door of the shed, watchin' and stompin'. We was all on the fence watchin' from below. The boss didn't hear him stomp. He went right on sayin', 'baa baa' and pullin' his ram by the horns. All of a sudden the old ram in the rear come chargin' down and butted the boss straight over his own ram, into the rest of them long curly horns."

Chace deported himself properly in everything that pertained to sheep on both his estancias, but when one winter was coming on he got himself into a "proper pickle" over an order to take out the horse cart. "It was just at the beginnin' of winter, June. The ground was froze, but there wa'n't no snow. Somebody had to go to the port for provisions, twenty-seven leagues it was, and I only had one horse that had ever been in a cart. None of the fellows I had workin' for me would take on the job on account of the wild horses and bein' afraid they'd be caught in a snow storm. They said it couldn't be done. I said it could. So I had to do it. I got all the horses into the corral and parted off the four fastest along with the tame shaft horse. Then with three peons helpin' me I got 'em tied on in an hour or so. I left the peons to hold their heads and started for the house to get my maletas, when I heard a racket. I whirled around and the team had got frightened and broke away and was off at full gallop. I jumped on a horse and started after. They went over bushes and holes. They was sheddin' a piece of the cart at every jump. I overhauled 'em after about a mile, tied up in all kinds of knots, and all the cart they had was the shafts.

"The peons come and we untangled 'em. I knew Platero had a cart. He was keepin' a small flock of sheep two leagues down the river. So the peons and I started for his place, leadin' the horses. Platero lent me his cart and I tied into that. This time I got into the cart as soon as they was made fast. The peons let

go, and away we went. My hat blew off. After a league or so they commenced to get winded and slow down, and I tied my pañuelo around my head. I kept 'em at a smart trot for another league. We did nineteen leagues that day, kept right on goin', up to ten o'clock at night. The next day we got into the port and I loaded up; the next day we left the port and got to Monte León, that was nine leagues; the next day I'd hitched up—everythin' lovely—horses gettin' used to me, and looks as if I was goin' to make a quick trip. I got one league up Dobray's cañadón, when bang! the axle broke. I put my saddle on one horse, tied the rest together and started for Maximo Clementi's—that was fourteen leagues off—to borrow another cart.

"I come back with that the next day, shifted the load and went on again. I'd only gone two leagues when the shaft horse steps on a sheet of ice, and falls and breaks a shaft. I let the horses go, hobbled, and went lookin' for somethin' to mend it. I found an iron post that had been left alongside a fence, and brought it back and lashed the shaft with wet raw-hide so it'd hold. The next day two horses was missin'. It took me until midday to find 'em stowed away out of the wind in some big bushes. Whenever you can't find your trupilla you get up on a hill and spot the biggest bunch of bushes and like as not they'll all be in the middle of it, if it's big enough. If it ain't, them that can't get in will be shiverin' outside as close as they can get. Well, I tied in and made a two-league march and let go just at dark. It started snowin', so I made my bed under the cart. At midnight more or less, it started to rain. I was sleepin' where the ground sloped in the center of the track that'd been wore down a foot deep by shaft-horses. The snow had packed, up above where I was, and made a dam, and the rain made a pool behind it, and then this here snow dam broke, and I woke up with water rushin' over me. I crawled out soaked to the skin. There wa'n't a thing I could start a fire with, and I had to set on the shaft till daylight, cursin'. If it

hadn't been that I didn't want them fellows to say, 'I told you so,' I'd have give up two or three times on gettin' them provisions in."

Chace saw to it that none of his men had occasion to say or sing the hard things about him that he had put into a song about a boss at the request of the men who were working with him under the fellow. Chace was fond of making songs to old tunes. We heard of his verse as often as of his pistol shooting.

"Men have done brave deeds
And bards have sung them well
But I of Trala Lalala
A tale to you will tell.

In Blanca Blanca sheep farm
A capataz was he
And like the nigger pilot
Would show his authority.

And when that little Teddy Betts
Gave him cheek one day
He knocked him down on the shearing board
And punched him as he lay,

And then he rose and strutted round
And boastingly did say,
'It's the way I always always fight.
I never give fair play.'

Now he always takes the parting gate
As the sheep are passing through
For by the eyelash he can tell
A wether from a ewe.

And when he's mixing up the dip
He never goes by rule,
For he says by the smell he can always tell
Within an ounce or two.

Now if he keeps on in this same old way
A secret to you I'll tell,
He'll be dipping alone in Monte León,
Or else he'll be dipping . . ."

If ladies are present, the song stops here.

THERE was not much to do winters away up there on the river and Chace put in an order for books with an English bookseller who advertised in *The Westminster Gazette*. "I told 'em that Mark Twain and Jack London was my favorite authors and I wanted six pounds' worth of that class of literature. They come out from England in a great big box and there wa'n't a bad book in the lot. I read 'em all, and passed 'em round, and they're knockin' round out there yet."

Now and then there was a dance at Wissendorf's across the river. The spurs of the Chilean peons when they danced the cueca sent the splinters flying over a man's head. It took Helmer's fiddle to drive the splinters as high as that. Helmer was a Russian Finn. "There wa'n't a thing that man couldn't do. He could build a house, make a boat, take an old shearin' blade and make a fancy knife, and play the violin by ear. He could keep books and he could take his pencil and draw every person here and you wouldn't have to look twice to know who it was. He was workin' for Wissendorf when I first knew him. He built his house for him, and his sheds and his dips and done all the blacksmithin'. He could make a wagon. The only thing I ever see he couldn't do was—I was down in the Hotel Bristol in Sandy Cruz and he come in and set down to the table. By and by he made a jump back and I says, 'What's the matter, Helmer?' He says, 'Some fool's sharpened these knives so I can't eat without cuttin' my mouth off.' That's the only time I ever see him stuck."

Wissendorf had a very fine old violin. They said he had been first violin in the Kaiser's orchestra. He did not know the old-fashioned tunes that Helmer played but he could drown out Helmer's loudest bowing. He would set the whole room vibrating. There was a little three-year-old girl there who used to shriek and hide in her mother's skirts at Wissendorf's first note, but when Helmer played she would cuddle up close to him on the floor and go to sleep.

Wissendorf was a sinister-looking fellow. Nobody

liked him. They were all glad when he left for Brazil. The police had dispossessed him of better camp on the Río La Leona in favor of a big French company. (The Río La Leona drains Viedma into Argentino.) He and his partner had got enough lumber together dismantling the buildings and fences to float the iron sheathing and all their stuff down river, but they had to take it to pieces several times to get by bad stretches. Bill Downer and Charlie Wilson were "shoved off" their good camp by that Company at about the same time. A few years later that Company yielded to Menendez. "Them Frenchmen'd spent a lot of money on gold-framed mirrors for their houses and fine breeds of sheep—and then they let 'em run—never dipped 'em." Chace thinks it is extravagance and stupid management and long runs of bad luck that make so many men sell out to Menendez-Behty and Maurice Braun "and the like o' that."

A Catalonian neighbor up the river, coming from a land where one uses what he finds at hand to build with, had stone dips and stone corrals and stone houses, materials of rather higher specific gravity than Wissendorf's rafted installations of imported stuff. His Spanish peons quarried big slabs four or five inches thick, of sandstone, Chace thinks it was. They used to set them on edge about eighteen inches apart, fill in the space with earth and pebbles, tie two vertical slabs with one laid horizontal and set more vertical slabs on that. Chace found this sort of building in other parts where there was slab rock on Spanish camp, and we found a Hollander in the foothills who had built his house of stone blocks, and a German not far off in a tidy house of red brick of his own burning. That Catalonian neighbor of Chace's burned bricks too, and made 'dobe brick—"beautiful bricks they was. They'd spade up a patch of clay and put a fence around it and spread manure on it and turn water in and then crowd in as many horses as they could get—a dozen or fifteen—and drive 'em until they'd got a thick kind o' porridge. They'd mould the bricks the next day."

They played guitars on that estancia, and down on Chace's camp the accordeon and jew's-harp were not the only instruments. "There was a Scotch fellow come along to my shanty one night and he was talkin' about some of the great pipers in Scotland. I says, 'Would you like a tune on the pipes?' 'Have you got pipes?' 'Sure,' I says, 'I'll get 'em.' I had a big tomcat outside the door. I picked him up and put his tail between my teeth and come in with him under my arm. He let out some awful yowls. This Scotch fellow got insulted and wanted to fight."

THE two sides of the river at Rincón Grande were very different. The fiddlers' side was higher, and there was lava spread out there that stored water and let it out in springs in the bottoms of gullies that cut through down to the pampa clays and gravels. There was no lava on the tomcat piper's side. The camp was dry there except where springs broke out, down toward the river. They had to bore half a dozen wells for the sheep which fed on the back camp. They struck water at thirty-five to thirty-seven meters every time. It came boiling up to the surface full of sand.

Chace never found an armadillo south of the Santa Cruz, and several attempts to plant families on that side failed. "Them armadillos is about a foot long. They have little ears and they hear you comin' along. They have very little eyes and I don't think they can see very far, but they can hear a long way off. You see one runnin' across a clay patch, and when he hears you he'll stiffen in his tracks lookin' just like a smooth rock. He won't move more'n if he was carved in stone. He's listenin' to find out if you're goin' by. Your dog can't get hold of him no more'n if he was a slippery rock.

"If he gets a chance he'll dig in right where he is and disappear under ground like a flash. If you try to pull him out when he's two-thirds under you'll find him pull awful hard. He sticks them little paws out both sides

and his shell opens up just like an accordeon. You can hear him gruntin' like a little pig and when you slack up a little he digs in some more. When you do get him out you turn him over and he puts his little paws up to hug his throat—he knows that's his weakest place. If you take a stick and pretend you're goin' to poke him in the throat he'll say 'oof-oof!' and hang on to it with his paws. You can't hardly straighten one of 'em out, they're so stiff.

"They're good eatin', but they're so rich and oily even the natives don't eat much. There was a German that et three and they called him 'Tres Pichis' always. When you cook him you take and rake the fire off the pebbles just before you go to bed and set him there just like he runs, and pile hot coals up on top of his shell. In the mornin' you can take him out like he was a hard-boiled egg."

Chace found big pieces of immensely thick bony shell, sticking out of the rocks at Monte León, that people told him belonged to a forebear of the armadillo, with a solid shell as big as a haycock, in the days when more than feet were big in Patagonia. He never found one of those spiked maces that some of that family carried on the ends of their tails.

He once spent several hours during two days watching a battle between red and black ants at the Rincón Grande. The head of the black column was deployed like a section through a saucer and the head of the red like a broad blunt wedge. The two never came into direct contact, being about six inches apart during all the four observations Chace had opportunity to make, but skirmishing went on continuously between them. The space was littered with the dead.

You could count on locusts once in seven years in December, wherever you lived. If you rode north or south a few leagues you would presently pass out of ruined pasture into unharmed, and then into a third strip as bad as the first. Chace never saw them flying—they always seemed to hop, travelling east or west. Before

a heavy wind they would pile up against a bush as high as a man's head in a squirming mass. The gulls would come in, each day of the locust season, thirty leagues from the coast, and gorge until you would find them lying on their backs clawing the air.

CHACE always had his galgos with him when he rode out in the Rincón Grande, Fly and Cravatto—"cravatto" is what they call a black dog with a white throat. They were gentle as could be with Chace and with children. One day a cart stopped on a hill, and Chace rode out with his dogs to see what was wrong. The carter jumped down. The dogs got his scent "and their eyes turned green, proper savage." They went for him on each side. Chace called them off, assuring the angry man that he had seen a little girl take bones out of their mouths when they were hungry, and generally play about them, "and never a snap." The only time they ever showed their teeth was at night if any one came near where Chace was sleeping. A month later Chace and the dogs came to Clementi's farm near by. Chace left the dogs outside, but Clementi urged him to bring them in, knowing them to be entirely gentle. "They'll not be in the way," he said, "They'll just lie under the table." Chace let them in. They ducked their heads to go under the table, and then suddenly whirled about and sprang at a fellow sitting near the door. It was that same carter. Chace barely saved his life that time. Clementi asked the man what the dogs knew about him. He denied ever having seen them except the other time when they had sprung at him, but Clementi doubted his word, and so did Chace.

"Sometimes when Fly and Cravatto was restin', the young one, Cravatto—he was Fly's son—he'd get hold of a bone and go and bury it. Old Fly he'd be layin' down and pretendin' to be sound asleep, but all the time he'd be watchin' the young one. Cravatto'd go off a ways and then he'd get suspicious, so he'd look round to see if Fly was watchin'. And Fly'd clap both eyes shut

and be pretendin' to be sound asleep again. By and by Cravatto'd find a place and dig his hole and be buryin' his bone and Fly'd sneak up slow and just when Cravatto'd got the bone buried, he'd rush up and knock him off, and dig up the bone and run off with it. Then he'd bring it back again, as much as to say, 'You can't fool your old daddy, young un, but here's your bone.'"

Chace used to run ostriches with Fly and Cravatto every time he got a chance on his round. There were wide stretches uninfested by sheep and plenty of ostriches on them. He had a good excuse, for the boss' little daughter had set her heart on taking piano lessons when she went down to the port the next year to start school, and used to beg him for ostrich feathers to pay the music teacher. "She used to come runnin' out to meet me whenever I come in, to see how many ostriches I had for her. I don't know how many kilos we got altogether."

There were Catholic schools then at the ports, but many of the estancieros sent their children to schools in Punta Arenas or in the home countries. We found many lonely-hearted mothers in those estancias. In earlier days there was an old Spanish schoolmaster who used to ride up and down the coast. He would spend three months at one estancia, teaching the children, and ride on to another.

Even to-day parents cannot lay the whole burden of their children's teaching on the schools. One friend of Chace's who, having deserted from the British Navy, was disinclined to send his boys to England for education, had to give them the rudiments of self-defence in order to get them safely to school and back. "He taught them kids to box, kneelin' in front of 'em. If one of 'em got wild, his father'd tap him here and tap him there till he went wild again. Then he'd spill him over and say, 'That's the first lesson in boxin'—the chap that goes wild gives the other chap the upper hand.' I've seen them kids goin' to school, carryin' their books, and some Argentine kid'd sing out 'Gringo' and them little fellows'd

lay down their books and plow right through a gang of natives."

WE got one of our rare dates in Chace's life in this region, thanks to Halley's comet. "When I was managin' at Rincón Grande, I had a Turk and a Spaniard workin' for me fencin'. I didn't have no carter. I had to go down to the port for material. We was runnin' the boundary for the sheep and I wanted to get the fencin' done as quick as possible. Down there in Sandy Cruz I heard that Halley's comet was comin' and it was goin' to destroy the world. People was scared to death. I come up on the Pampa Triste at four o'clock in the mornin'. I could just make out a tail. It got bigger every night, and the tail got long and streamin'. At last the comet would be below the horizon and the tail would reach mid-heaven like northern lights. They don't seem to have southern lights. I never see none anyway. The Turk and the Spaniard they got so scared, they sent down by some carter for a barrel of rum. There was a story that when the comet come nearest to the earth there'd be a poison gas give off by the tail, that would destroy the world. The day the comet was the biggest I went out to see how the fencin' was gettin' along. As I come along the pampa toward the tent, I see an animal knockin' round the bushes. It was too big for a dog. I hadn't never seen an animal like it. I rode close to see what it was. It was the Turk on all fours. He'd returned to an animal, like. I went inside the tent and there was the Spaniard, paralytic drunk. If the end of the world was comin' them two wasn't goin' to know about it."

Men off on lonely fencing jobs always had liquor with them, but it was not always as innocuous as that rum. A friend of Chace's once found his fencing gang all dead, among a battery of "Blank Blank" bottles. That was one of the synthetic liquors that a bolichero in the back country carried. There was an old Frenchman

living at Cabo Curioso near San Julián who made some of the most deadly. He had been driven out of Punta Arenas for poisoning men. A brothel on the track outside San Julián carried a stock of his concoctions with fancy labels. They all smelled like cologne. There was a concentrated rum that you used to have to mix seven parts of water with, that was pretty effective in keeping some men "feelin' good." Chace recognizes only two stages: "feelin' good" and "tight," which means "paralyzed."

Two of Chace's neighbors at Rincón Grande used to get up a barrel of that concentrated stuff, entertain all comers on it and stay "feelin' good" themselves, for three months. The wife of one was a Scotch woman who had married him, knowing his ways. One cold evening Chace dropped in about supper time and found the two men sitting so close to the stove that the housewife could not get at it. They were "feelin' too good" to move, but it would take another hour at the rate they were drinking to get "tight." She offered them coffee and they took it, draining their cups. "They was big cups, chockful of rum, only a spoonful of coffee on top. Old Maximo he wilted out of his chair on one side and the other chap he wilted out of his on the other and the old lady, she drug 'em out of the way and got me my supper."

You could get painter's colic on good French claret if you took enough of it. There was a Gayhead Indian ship's painter who proved that, on a job of painting the great house on one of the Menendez estancias. One of the family was planning to spend the summer in the house and had sent up a supply of claret. The Indian was all alone with the empty house. He made the job last as long as the claret did, and when he called for his accounts the administrador, congratulating him on his work, insisted on his drinking whiskey with him. He protested but had to yield, and went off, vomiting claret—explaining that he often had painter's colic after a long job like that.

Chace would sometimes help a man out of a boliche, if not for his own sake, for his horse's. "I come along by a boliche. There was an English fellow in there I knew that was shaky. I coaxed him to come along with me but he said he was too sick. 'You'll be sicker if you stay here,' I says. 'I'll take a bottle and we won't go far—only a couple of leagues where there's good grass. Have a little pity on your poor horse. He can't get nothin' to eat around here.' We got along to where there was some grass and made camp. The chap was sick with the ridin' and the drink. Several times on the way he'd asked me for a tot and I'd poured him out a tablespoonful. He'd keep beggin' for a tot. I let his horse go and got him into bed and made my own bed about six feet away from his. I kept the bottle with me. When I got into bed he kept askin' for a tot. I'd say, 'All right, here it is,' and hold it out towards him. He couldn't reach it. He'd beg for it and I'd say, 'Come and get it. Do you think I'm goin' to get up and wait on you?' Then he'd wail, 'When I get well I'll fix you, Chace. When I get through with you, you'll know there's a man been foul of you.' That chap used to have a peculiar way of havin' the rats. He used to have a little nigger boy settin' on his chest. He'd say, 'Chace, come and pull this nigger boy off my chest.' I'd say, 'All right,' and I'd go and pull it off and he'd feel better for a few minutes.

"I never see a barman refuse a drink. Everybody treats him, he takes it all day long. You can see it oozin' through their skin, it has no effect on 'em at all. I've often and often let some fellow have a horse to get away from one of them places and bought gear for him when he'd traded his own in for liquor but I'd have to take him away with me to make sure he didn't trade mine in."

THE big strike of 1922 gives us another date. After several years of taking sheep drives on contract while

the strike was brewing, Chace had come back, as administrador, to one of the estancias that he had started at the Rincón Grande, carrying twenty or thirty thousand sheep by that time. The Bolsheviki got the credit of organizing that strike in Patagonia. Bodies of armed strikers went about the country arresting owners and managers, forcing the men into their ranks—at the point of the bayonet if they stood by the boss—seizing horses, killing blooded stock for meat, wrecking farm property, looting stores. Chace got news that things had come to a head and sent all his men off to the port to get them out of harm's way. He stood guard by himself, with a rifle and two revolvers handy, but the strikers did not give him a chance to see how he could account for himself. They took the other side of the river. Perhaps they were gorged with loot for the time being or had been warned of a disagreeable reception. That Texas saddle of Chace's, just like the North American bandits' saddles, was a body guard in itself, to say nothing of his reputation as a marksman. All that he actually saw of the strike was skeletons of strikers left in the wake of the troops. The Government had been deaf to appeals for preventive action while the strike was brewing, but when things came to a head the consuls of all the different nations whose citizens were interned made such a fuss that the troops came down. There were so many bloody tales current after the soldiers left, and so many skeletons half buried and unburied, that Chace thought the troops had been over zealous—hearing the diary of a friend of his kept in Turkish script which the writer had learned from one of the peddlers. There was very little resistance on the part of the strikers. The killings are said to have been executions. Charley the Welshman helped the police round up strikers somewhere in the north, where he had taken out camp when he went up with one of the Aisén drives, but the affair seems to have turned his stomach so that he killed himself immediately afterward.

CHACE next took charge of those two sections for his friend Riddle at Estancia Anita on Lago Argentino. Riddle had a hundred and twenty thousand sheep, and a fourth of them grazed on Chace's sections. Chace's southern border was basalt mesa edge, high and rugged—good fence except where passes broke through into Chile. The Bandurria, that we had crossed the day we met the sergeant and first heard of Chace, was one of them. Had Chace and we come in earlier, by some thousands of years, we would have found that basalt stretching all the way north to Lago Argentino, high and bleak, but it is all gone now, back to the high edge, except for patches that hold up the mesas that we saw, and for big thumbs of dyke rock, remnants of frozen feeders for the basalt sheet. Down below all this high wasteland, smaller frozen feeders stretch like stone walls for miles across yellow ridges where Chace's sheep grazed—walls meeting almost at right angles sometimes.

His shepherds lived in shanties of his building high up in cozy valley bottoms. The stuff had to be packed in on horses, "horses clean out of sight under them big iron sheets, eh?" Firewood, too. We did not see a tree or a bush in there and Chace avers that there are none until you get well down the trunk valley that drains the region, and there there is nothing but low bush.

At gathering for the shears, Chace always had out a half dozen men from estancia headquarters with cargueros packed with bedding and provisions for a week. The gatherers picked up a shepherd from each of the three shanties and left his partner to "clean gather" after them. They rode out beyond the furthest sheep in the south-east corner, and drove slowly back northwest toward the galpón down in the lake basin, crossing one grassy tributary of the trunk after another. They might have driven a shorter and easier course down the trunk, but they would have brought in a hungry horde. The last lap was over a high block of upland, and a man, standing down in the lake basin and looking up the faldeo on the last day, would see a bit of white appear on the upland

edge and then another and another until there was a line of white miles long. Then a white drift would come billowing down and down till it was a mile deep. It would look feathery light and hardly seem to touch the ground.

The shearing shed and the pens, toward which the drift was billowing, stand on an ancient beach and the manor on a higher, a dozen miles from the shore. The pale blue lake filled a much wider basin once than it now fills. Superb fjords at the lakehead reach back into the UNEXPLORED, but of them Chace did not see much. A section boss has little time for exploring.

There were always condors circling above that drift of sheep looking for cripples which should fall behind. Chace never saw a condor attack a live sheep and peck out its eyes as caranchos do, but he has heard the rush of wings, seen a condor swoop low and a frightened sheep fall over a cliff edge to make carrion. In such a fall a sheep lands sometimes, unhurt, on a ledge from which he cannot escape and where you cannot get a rifle bullet to him. The condor may have to wait twenty days for that carrion and it will be lean meat when he gets it.

He is always hopeful. When we lay quietly on a high crag on one of Chace's sections a half dozen came swooping about us. We heard two whistling notes. One huge fellow hung motionless on the wind a little below us, seeming not fifty feet away. The wind ruffled soft feathers on his rear edge. His wide tail moved ever so slightly. He turned his bare head a little in his big white ruff to look at us. His legs hung stiff and straight. Then he gave himself to the wind and was off.

Chace has never seen a condor carry anything in his clumsy hen claws or in his beak. He has never seen a nest, but week in and week out, he has watched big ones and little ones perched on high ledges; seen the big ones fly off and come back and the little ones, though in full plumage, stay perched, always two and two. The Indians told him they did not fly the first year. He thinks the parent birds must feed the young with vomit.

He has watched them fly straight from a gorge to their young, but has never seen the feeding.

ONE of Chace's sections gave him a great deal of trouble. An Italian settler whose camp adjoined it thought he had as much right to it as Riddle had. He would run off Riddle's sheep and turn in his own, and Chace would reciprocate. They never came to blows or shots. They never met. This went on till the Company bought the Italian's animals.

Chace lived alone there through one hard winter with a pile of Haldemann-Julius' five-cent reprints of classics that Mrs. Riddle lent him, a tame shrike, a tame owl, and a tame calandria. The calandria is the one beautiful songbird of Patagonia, a kind of mocking bird. Darwin and Hudson both rank it with the nightingale. "There come a pretty deep snow, and these calandrias was round the house. It's a little Quaker gray bird, black on the wings, and rather a long tail. It's a fine singer and if it hears another bird it'll cock its head and sing too. And it'll whistle just like a man. Goin' along you'll hear one of them birds whistlin' and think it's a shepherd whistlin' to his dog. The natives say if you catch 'em to keep in a cage they'll die. I never see one in a cage. They was supposed to be awful shy. There was one of 'em always on a bush pretty close to the shanty, lookin' round to see if it could get somethin' to eat. One day I thought I'd see how near I could get to him; so I took my knife and cut off slivers of meat the size a worm might be, and went out and put three or four slivers of the meat on the arm of an old chair I had there. This calandria looked at it and then come down to eat the meat, and then he come again, and it wa'n't more'n two or three days before he was settin' on the arm of the chair, waitin' for me to come out. And by and by he wouldn't wait for me to cut worms, but he'd get on my hand, fasten on and pull at the sliver of meat. By and by another calandria come along, and

before a month was over, all I had to do was step out the door with a piece of meat and them calandrias'd be lightin' on my hat and arms and coat."

He caught the owl when it was sitting on the wheel of an old horse cart in the sun. "I walked round him with a pole and a long linen thread and a lookin'-glass. I threw the sun into his eyes and then I got a noose over his head and I got him and put him in a cage. He wouldn't eat. He was awful poor. I says, 'He's used to killin' his own meat. A mouse is about as big as he could lug,' I says. So I got some little meat—some kidneys—and het it, and he grabbed at it. He wa'n't used to cold meat. In the spring I give him to a young Argentine fellow on the farm. He fed him and this little fellow'd sit up and look straight at him with his eyes. The Argentine thought it was a brujo, that's a witch. It scared him so't he opened its cage and let him go. That kind of little owl looks like he had eyes on his back. The Tierra del Indians, if they go to make a camp in a place and see one of them owls there, they'll go and make their camp somewheres else.

"They had a tame parrakeet down at the big cookhouse that'd whistle and laugh and say a few words. Them parrakeets stop all winter in the forests.

"There was an awful lot of mice around my dip. We never used to take the sheep down to headquarters for dippin'—just for shearin'. There was thousands of them mice. There was a little orphan, that Riddle took off the Italian with the sheep, that used to catch 'em in a dip drum, a hundred at a time, but it didn't make 'em any less.

"We used to pile them drums on their sides, so the holes was in the ends. There was a pretty little swallow about half as big as ours that used to nest in 'em. She'd be comin' fast and fold her wings and dart straight into one of them little holes.

"Any spare time I got that winter I used to go huntin' them strikers' dogs. They told me they shot thirty of them fellows and threw 'em into a pit back of the galpón.

Their dogs was runnin' loose everywhere. Most of 'em took to killin'. They got 'em all but two pretty soon, but them two was runnin' two years and killin' sheep some-thin' awful. It was easy enough to get their pups in caves. By and by an Austrian caught the bitch in a trap and tied her up and put the trap close to her and got the dog. One of them pups a fellow saved and it grew up to be a clinkin' dog."

A SHEEP, Chace says, seems to know where a bunch of grass is, under the snow, and paws down to it, pawing toward himself and sidewise. A horse paws only toward himself, going round and round in a circle. You will find sheep feeding in horses' tracks, cropping close where the horse took only the upper part of a bunch. A stiff crust, that will not hold a sheep up, cuts his legs so badly after a while that he is very likely to lie down and die—a crust that would hold up a puma. After heavy snow-storms up there at Anita, sheep got marooned on spurs and ridge tops that the wind kept clear. They would eat all the grass and dig up the roots and finally die if they were not released. It took the mares to do that. Chace and his shepherds would round up several hundred and stampede them through the barricades. The leading mares got buried out of sight, but when the snow cloud cleared there were no bodies in the breach. The leaders got through somehow.

In the spring Chace put out poisoned meat to kill caranchos. He could not bear to see them pecking out the eyes of helpless sheep. Hoggets are apt to be poor and weak in the spring—they have only two teeth to feed with—and when a full-fleeced one lies down on a hillside with his legs up hill he cannot get up. The carancho will have his eyes out and he will die there if he is not found. Chace has turned over many a hogget that has lain a week so and found the wool all yellow on the underside and that pair of legs paralyzed. He would work the legs for a while to start the circulation, and stand

the sheep up, but the chances were that he would fall immediately and have to be worked over longer before he could trot off.

They used to put the rams on so as to get the lambs in September in that high camp. A ewe carries her lamb about a hundred and fifty-five days. She scratches a niche for herself on the lee side of a ridge where the sun strikes earliest. Sunny leesides in the lambing camp are all scalloped with niches. Chace thinks a ewe comes back to the same niche year by year and scratches it bigger and bigger. The sheep use those niches in the winter and their wool freezes down so that the niche edges are all fringed with it, pulled off when they tore loose. When the ewes are dropping their lambs, the guanacos, the rheas and the hoggets will have gone up into higher pasture, nearer the lions' dens, and the lions seem to feed on them, rarely entering the lambing camp. When a lion does come in, he makes a mess of it, leaving many dead and mismothered lambs behind him.

If a ewe is startled from her lamb before it is a day old she will never come back to it. Chace thinks the proportion of mismothered lambs in these big wild flocks is trifling, compared with that in the little tame flocks he has seen in New England. Every day the shepherd goes quietly among the ewes without his dog, on foot, or walking his horse. The ewes are as quiet as he is. There is no bleating among them unless they have been disturbed. Now and then he will find a young ewe, so heavy with her great fleece and her lamb that she cannot get up, and he will set her on her feet. He will see that one group is all right on one lying-in lee and, crossing windy ridges clear of sheep, hunt others.

It is not the lions that get the lambs so much, it is the cats. They kill up to a month old and drag their kills off into the bush. Chace has found forty or fifty lambs' carcasses about a cat's den which he has dragged there as a house cat would drag mice. They suck the blood. Chace has found a hogget all wet with saliva about the

throat, bled through fine tooth-punctures, but no blood showing.

"Them cats—bird cats—are savage. I had a young dog once about a year old. I was goin' along the edge of a cañadón. Up jumps a cat. He went after her and they hooked. He started singin' out. I galloped up to give the dog a hand. When I got close, the cat humped up his back and made a jump and started climbin' up the foreleg of my horse. He was a young one. If he'd been an old one he'd have jumped from the ground. I knocked him in the head with my rebenque."

The ewe offers no resistance though she will butt a dog, that she is afraid of at any other time. She can manage a couple of foxes. Chace once found one trying to keep off three from her new-born lamb. One would run in and bite off an ear. She would charge him. Another would run in. She would charge him. Then two would come at once. They had both ears and the nose bitten off when Chace rode up. He killed the lamb and put it up on a bush where they could not get at it.

"Just at lambin' time if it comes on rainy and cold and freezin' at nights, you lose a lot of lambs because the lamb don't get dry when he's born. The mother licks him dry and fluffs him out and then he'll stand a lot, but if it comes on rainy and cold enough to freeze, before he gets dry, then he's dead as sure as anythin'.

"It's fun to see three or four hundred lambs playin' tag. The old ewes 'll all be layin' down, dozin'. One lamb'll hop up on top of a big rock, and another'll hop up behind him and butt him off. He'll jump down and the other after him, and the whole lot'll leapfrog over that rock. They leapfrog over each other, jumpin', tails flyin', till they're all played out, and lay down to rest on a side of a hill."

The lambs have to be marked while they are still so young that they would lose their mothers if they were driven far. The markers take out wire netting or wide

meshed fishermen's nets into various parts of the camp, where posts have been set to receive them. At Anita they enclosed a shutting-in pen that would hold four or five thousand, ewes and lambs and whatever other sheep happened to be mixed with them; two smaller parting pens opening off this; a race; a very small pen at the end of the race for lambs to be marked; a big pen enclosing this for ewes and marked lambs; another big pen for dry sheep—rams, wethers and hoggets. They used no dogs in shifting sheep in those pens, but, instead, a sort of dragnet of bagging.

Men inside the little marking-pen picked up lambs and held them, back down, on the fence. Men outside nicked their ears and castrated them. As soon as a marker finished one lamb he passed on to another, and a man coming behind him cut off the finished lamb's tail. The man inside, holding him, let go, and the lamb ran off to hunt its mother. If only one testicle has come down, they leave the tail on for re-marking after shearing. The men mark very fast and sometimes the tail gets cut off and a lamb is released before he is ready, to trouble the flock when he grows up, until he is caught out. Tails are left on if the final castration is unsuccessful, to doom the lamb to butchering.

The estancia's earmark is good for a dozen leagues or so. The nicks below it show the sheep's age—the estancia has a cycle of five nicks. Chace has seen as many as twenty-three different earmarks on a farm that has bought sheep here and there.

When the lambs are finally parted from their mothers they graze away from the rest of the flock for two years, except in winter, when strong wethers are turned in among them to act as snowplows.

CHAPTER XV

SHEEP DRIVES AND SHEEP DOGS

DRIVING sheep on contract interested Chace. He did much of that on and off, taking surplus stock down to the freezers and new stock out to the camps. He would get from fifty centavos to a peso a head according to distance and difficulty, on a guaranty that he would not lose more than one per cent. The biggest drive he ever handled was nearly thirty thousand, a month on the track. He came out a thousand pesos in the hole on that one. A little drive, his smallest, though it paid him well in money, cost him dear. He was taking four hundred rams about seventy leagues from the Río Chico to San Martín in the height of summer, alone. It was a broiling hot February. There was no travelling after eight in the morning for the first week. The rams refused to budge after that hour. They stood close bunched, head to head, heads down, stamping at horse-flies all day till four or five o'clock when they were ready to go on. Chace would spread a canvas for himself when there was anything to prop it up on.

Usually a man has to call off his dogs at night and be very careful about his own movements. When he gets out of his capa he has to do it deliberately, getting very slowly to his feet. A very quick movement will stam-pede the point. Lighting a match will do it. On this drive Chace had a very sagacious dog, Bob, who moved about the rams more quietly than any man could, until they began to move, and then was more effective than a man at stopping them, but he always called Chace to assist him at such times. They had passed a number of wakeful nights when they got to a boliche where there was a paddock just big enough to hold the rams. The bolichero refused to let Chace have it, but his mind was so set on getting a night's sleep at that place that he took the night's sleep without the paddock, and apparently so did

Bob. When they got out, an hour before daylight, there was not a ram to be seen. Chace found they had made for the pampa and split there, part heading for San Martín and part heading for home.

He had set off on the back track leaning well out of the saddle, looking for hoof prints in the faint light, when his horse stepped on an armadillo and started jumping. This threw Chace so far out of the saddle that he could not get into it again and had to let go. He struck so hard on his back on one of those pampa pebbles that he lay paralyzed for a time, and when he got himself in hand, the horse was gone, gear and all. He went on following the track on all fours at first, it hurt him so to stand upright. The track led him to the edge of the pampa from where he saw the rams feeding on a terrace near the river nearly a thousand feet below him. Bob brought them back up onto the pampa for him and they got them started toward the boliche, meeting the other point coming back. An Argentine friend of Chace's happened by, driving a loaded pack horse. Seeing Chace's predicament he lashed the pack onto his saddle horse and told Chace to make what use he could of the carguero, and return him some day if opportunity offered. Chace managed to climb on, but riding hurt him worse than hobbling along on his own feet. The rams marched slowly enough, as slowly as oxen. They marched all day. It had turned cool enough for that. There had been a shower in the night, enough to start the rams, but not to wake Chace and Bob.

"That day we marched about four leagues, then the next day we marched another four leagues, and the next day I had about three leagues to get to a farm where I knew the English manager, Williams. I dragged along that day, and it was just all I could do to crawl, and when I got in sight of this farm and got through the last gate—the house was only a thousand yards away, but I couldn't go no farther and laid side of a fence about two hours, Bob keepin' the rams in the corner there. After about two hours I got so I could move, and I crawled down to

the house. When I told Williams what was wrong he took my rams and put 'em in a paddock with good grass and water, and he fed Bob, and took me in and stripped me. He said there was a bunch as big as his two fists on my backbone. Down there they use this Elliman's Embrocation, that's a white liniment, and the greatest stuff in the world for lameness in man or beast; and he got a bottle of that and started rubbin' it in. I dug my finger nails and grit my teeth, but I told him to keep on—and God! it was good for me. About every two hours he'd knock off work and rub that in, that night and the next day. I stopped with him two days and the soreness went, but the bunch was there over a month. If I didn't move too quick I could work all right. I had to take them rams fourteen leagues further before I turned 'em over." It was this affair that the Boston surgeon wormed out of Chace when he was prescribing for a troublesome leg. "He asked me if I'd ever hurt my back and I couldn't remember any accident, and he says, 'The X-rays show you broke it once.' I says, 'You must have got the pictures mixed.' But when he showed me where the break was I remembered that bunch Charley Williams found that he rubbed that Elliman's Embrocation into. That was good stuff."

Bob's feet began to give out after a few years, as they all do, and Chace was casting about for an easy berth for him. At the end of one hard drive of two or three weeks, Bob lay about, dead to the world, for two days, but on the third Chace found him down at the pens giving a hand to the pen man at the refrigerating plant, an Italian who was having a hard time with the sheep. "The Italian wanted to buy him at any price. I was watchin' this fellow and he was awful good to his dogs. He had little tins of water for 'em and as soon as it got warm, he changed it. I says, 'I see you're good to your dogs. You can have him for nothin'. If I take him out on a drive again I'll probably have to shoot him. He's goin' in the feet.' Two years after that I was passin' in a Ford up along the Sandy Cruz. A camion come by and

my driver knew the driver of the camion and wanted to tell him somethin', so he stopped. There was a man in the back of the camion with two or three dogs. I got out and was walkin' up and down, and all at once a dog catapulted out of the back of the camion. He come at me and almost knocked me over, and it was fifty yards away from the camion I was standin'. I didn't know who it was at first, but I looked again and it was old Bob. When the Italian got ready to go, he spoke to Bob and Bob he laid right on his belly and wouldn't budge. He had to pick him up and carry him to the camion and tie him. I could see him strainin' at the rope until they was out of sight."

ONE year when Chace set out from Chile at the end of the winter for the North to fetch down a big drive, he found hard going at the start in heavy snow. His horse gave out at Laguna Blanca, and when he failed to rally after a couple of weeks on Ross' hay they gave him one of the toughest horses he ever had. "No man ever treated me whiter in Patagonia than what Ross did that time." The horse of the Swiss he had with him had fared better. The snow was melting fast when they started. "There was carcasses of hundreds of sheep and horses and cattle that had died under the snow that you could see stickin' out. And when we crossed a Basco's camp, there was seven men skinnin' sheep on contract—all sheep that had been lost in the winter, thousands of 'em, and they was gettin' so much for every skin they took off. We stopped one night with them. Then we went on and crossed the Sandy Cruz River and begun to go across the meseta to Viedma, but the snow hadn't gone away there—there was over two foot. It'd thaw and freeze, thaw and freeze, until there was a top crust to it. I started and worked up, thinkin' we'd get across to the other side, but after a third of the way across, the wind come round and blew warm, and it begun to fog up with a drizzlin' rain, and the crust started to give

way under the horses' feet. And I says to the Swiss, 'We'll have to get out of this or we'll get our horses stuck and have to leave 'em.' So we turned round and worked back to where we come from, and just about half an hour before dark we got down in a cañadón where there wa'n't no snow, but a pourin' rain.

"We found a big shelvin' rock where it'd washed out, so we could get under for shelter, and we got in there with our saddles and beddin'. We hadn't had nothin' to eat since mornin', but I had a shoulder of mutton on the saddle, so I took it off and put salt on it. When I did that, this Swiss he spoke up and says, 'There ain't no firewood to cook that meat.' I says, 'I know that, but I'm goin' to eat some of it.' When he see me doin' it he cut off a chunk and et it, too. So we et the shoulder of mutton with salt, and set humped under this rock until daylight."

On the longest drive he ever made, from the Condor near Gallegos to Baron La Caze's Estancia La Rubia on the headwaters of the Shehuen, forty-seven days, he had to cross that same high basalt meseta for the first time with sheep. "That meseta's awful stony, you know, them sharp lava stones. We had to go slow. When we was on top and wanted to go down the other side, we didn't none of us know where the best places was to get down. It looked like it was all straight up and down cliffs. We camped up there, and I left the sheep with the chaps lookin' after 'em and I went on ahead to see about a place to get down. I found a good wide place, a break in the cliffs where there was a steep slope, but it was full of these big mata negra bushes. It was about midday when I found that slope and we couldn't get the sheep down because they'd get stuck in the bushes. So I says to myself, 'I'll start a fire down here at the bottom.' This mata negra burns like it was full of paraffin. So I started two or three fires and went back up. We got to the slope about midday, next day, and it was all cleaned up, only piles of ashes where the bushes was the biggest. We started the sheep and got two-thirds the way down,

and some of the roots that had got covered by ashes was holdin' the fire, and the first thing you know a sheep stepped in one of 'em and jumped in the air. Well, if we didn't have a job! We tried to get 'em out of there as quick as we could. Only one got his feet burned bad. We kept 'em on the run and I only had to kill one, and I had to kill one anyway for meat. Only one out of the ten thousand we lost. We went on then and handed the sheep over. Everything went fine. No trouble at all. We handed 'em over to the baron and he was absolutely pleased with 'em—all fat and no scab."

It was on another drive across that same meseta country that Chace came upon a ring of mares' skeletons around a camp fire site, Asuncio Brunelli's leavings they called them—a famous horse thief who had a reputation for living delicately on mares' tongues.

A DRIVE of five or six thousand, bunched toward camping time, is a curious thing to watch from above. We remember looking down, from basalt-covered pampa to the Paso de los Indios, from which Chace first saw Lago Viedma, and seeing the green slowly turn ivory in the fading light. A huge amoeba, ivory-colored, came oozing over the pass and down the slope, put out a pseudopodium that slowly lengthened and suddenly drew in, put out another and another that did the same. There was a man riding ahead, a man or two behind, a couple of pack horses grazing along the sides. We hardly saw these. It was that huge amoeba that we saw, but every time when the whole close-packed six thousand ivory backs would seem to be about to ooze out in one of those pseudopodia, we were aware of dogs about the edges. The horses plodded patiently at the slow pace of the amoeba's flow. It puzzled us to account for those galloping pingos, accommodating themselves to that slow pace so docilely, but Chace tells us that they never do unless they are pretty tired. They go weaving back and forth, ahead or behind the sheep, at their own

pace, often with the bits out of their mouths, grazing. Wise old horses do that work—less ambitious than the young ones.

Each shepherd has his own dogs, a wide dog who will not come within a hundred yards of a sheep until he gets ahead, and a couple of rough dogs, who will close up, barking, coming hard enough to knock a sheep down sometimes. But a good dog will never bite and spoil the meat, nor will he pull wool and make the shepherd think a sheep is scabby and the refrigerator butcher reject a spotted carcass.

A shepherd, no matter how urgent his need, or how unmistakable his signals, can very rarely get any help from another man's dogs. They will work for their master, though, even when his signals are accidental. Chace says he could not get nearly the work out of his dogs that a Scotchman could, but they seem to us to have been fairly responsive. One day he and they were standing idly by pens where sheep were being parted for the dip. Chace started a song he had heard the night before on the gramophone, with the refrain, "Oh and if they're afraid to go home in the dark, Fetch 'em along to me." His dogs sprang into the orderly pen and did their best to "fetch 'em," making wild confusion there. After that, whenever he started that tune, his dogs pricked up their ears, alert for the refrain.

Every shepherd is touchy about his dogs. A dog with a bad habit must be ruled out, for he corrupts other dogs, but if the capataz tells a man to call off his dog at the dip for pulling wool, he may throw up his job. He may quit if the boss merely criticizes his dogs. "They're as touchy about their dogs as the Fufu gang was about each other. If one of that gang got the sack on a job, the others that was workin' there'd all gear up and clear.

"Them Patagonian dogs started from a cross between the English sheep dog and the Scotch collie, and have got mixed up every which way. There's a lot of differ-

ence among 'em—there's just as much difference in trainin' dogs as children. One dog it'll be born in him to close up on 'em. I've seen pups not two months old have the instinct to work sheep. If you should go by the kennels with a point, these pups, that could just toddle and had never seen a sheep, would go to the front and work just like old dogs. A lot of pups won't look at a sheep until a year old, and you don't mean to let 'em neither; because if you let 'em start to work young, they work their feet out and get old quick, and they play out. The same as you put a boy in with pick and shovel when he's eight or nine years old and keep him at it, when he gets to be twenty-five he'll be an old man. So you don't mean to let a dog work until he's a year old and more or less of a good growth.

"Then you take him out with you where there's a small point of ewes or wethers—somethin' where there's no lambs—and let that pup follow you. Then you work your other dogs and he can see them work and he watches 'em. He might follow you a week or a month, and all at once one day when you put out your old dog, he'll go out too. And you watch to see what he'll do. He goes, and you whistle to stop him, and if he don't pay attention you whistle again. If he won't take notice then, you gallop after him and catch him and take hold of him and shake him and whistle right down in his ear—the same whistle you make when you want him to stop. Then you let him go away again, and you whistle again, but he don't stop. Then you catch him again and whistle in his ear again. It takes about three times to learn him. He hates that whistle right in his ear.

"If you see that it's born in him to be a biter or a wool-puller, but you think he may turn out a good dog later on, there's two or three ways of breakin' him of bitin' or pullin'. One way is to catch him and put a ring right through his nose. Sharpen out a wire and hold him, and pass it through his nose, lettin' it hang down, and twist it together under the jaw, so he can open his mouth to bark, but when he tries to open it far enough to bite a

sheep, his under jaw'll come up against the bottom of the ring, and he'll sing out. Keep that ring in, and then, when he comes home, take it out. Next time you take him out with you, you put it in again, and keep it up until you see that he don't bite. Another way, you take a strand of wire and double it and twist it up, leavin' a ring at each end, just like a straight bit for a horse, only you make a sharp spur at each end of the bit. Then you rig a bridle with a piece of string. When he wants to bite, he'll tip his head sideways to grab a hold of a sheep, and when he does that, this part of the bit with the spur'll fall into his mouth, and when he goes to shut down on the sheep he'll shut down on the spur, and he'll sing out. After he's bit that two or three times you can't get him near a sheep. He thinks he's goin' to get that stuck in his jaw, and you may find you've made a wide dog of him. He won't never go near a sheep.

"There's other dogs you couldn't force to bite an animal. You could tell 'em to take hold and they wouldn't. You might want to catch a sheep and such a dog won't hold him. He might knock the sheep down and lay on him, but he wouldn't touch his teeth to him. It's born in him not to, bred that way generation after generation. He won't even bite a fox when he runs right over him. Them little gray foxes was so thick in the early days that you'd sometimes see one run right over a dog that was layin' near your tent.

"When you're corrallin' your sheep, the wide dog's no good when you get close to the corral. God! I've had dogs I've sweat blood over. Maybe my close dog would be tired out, and I wanted to shut in a point and I've tried to get my wide dog to close up and he wouldn't come within a hundred yards. He's dependin' on the sight of him to frighten 'em, and they're more afraid of the gate than what they are of him."

A rough dog must be a barker. His business is to force the sheep through a paddock gate, or across a ford, or keep a drive within bounds, or act in any situation that calls for closing up.

"A wide dog is good stoppin' a wild point that's gettin' away from you. You put him out to stop 'em, and he'll run by on a wide circle and get a long way ahead, and then he'll slow up a little and he'll keep runnin' back and forth and cuttin' up didos in front of 'em. Now and then he may run up close, pretty savage, and jump off quick so they don't get ahead of him. And after a while he'll get 'em stopped. If they're big wethers and he's tired he'll never get 'em stopped. It'll be your rough dog that puts 'em where he thinks you want 'em after they're stopped.

"It's easier to stop a big point than it is a little one. A point of five or ten or fifteen are devils to stop. In a big point some'll always stop, and when a few stop they'll all stop. The smaller a point your dog can stop, the more money he's worth. It takes a clinkin' dog to bring in a single sheep. I've seen a dog work a half day over a single sheep gettin' ready for the tests down south. The sheep was a big wether. The dog'd get up too close when he was tryin' to break back, and the wether'd jump clean over him, but he hung to it till he got him where the man wanted him. I see a fellow get six pounds for a young dog once that wasn't worth one, by a trick. He was good with a small point, but the man asked to see him work a big point. Well, when you put that dog out after a big point he'd work 'em for a while, and then he'd decide he'd done enough and he'd come straight back to you, right through the middle of the point. And when the chap that wanted to buy him asked to see him work a big point, the chap that owned him put him out after one, and just before he knew the dog was goin' to break and come chargin' back through the point, he yelled, 'Split 'em!'

"There's a lot of dogs you can't speak to 'em. You got to work 'em altogether with the whistle. If you shout, they'll split the sheep all up and not know what to do. There was old Glen, that rough-coated dog that helped me get all them lions at Monroe's. He was good with sheep, too. One time there was fifteen sheep come

to San Julián from Monroe's for meat for one of them government transports. When the shepherd come with them, a lot of dogs run out barkin' and them wethers split all over the shop. The shepherd couldn't do a thing with 'em and give up. There was an English chap there. He asked me if I'd lend Glen to him. I says, 'Como no?' He went to the shepherd and says, 'I'll put them sheep in for you.' And he did it, one by one. They found one back of a house, and one in a henhouse—hidin' everywhere they could hide, and Glen he worked 'em out, one after one, and got 'em into a pen. They was wild as wild as could be and he put 'em in. Everybody in the port was standin' with their mouth open. He wouldn't have done that for me. I could work him on a small point, but not on a solo. I'd get excited and shout, and once you'd shout, Glen'd be all tore to pieces.

"I was at Frazier's once, and it was shearin' time. A point of sheep had got wet. Frazier wanted somebody to take 'em out and dry 'em. A peon says to me, 'Will you lend me your dog, Chace? Mine ain't very good.' I says, 'Como no? But don't you speak to him, just whistle.' The peon'd been used to shoutin'. Glen he was a steady dog, he was takin' his big cast out around. The peon thought he wa'n't goin' fast enough and shouted at him. Old Glen he made a bound in the air and he was in among 'em, scatterin' 'em all about, and the more the peon shouted the more crazy old Glen got. I had to go up and whistle him out."

CHACE has had headstrong dogs. One, Jack, a smooth-haired dog from Australian stock, he had to discipline regularly every morning before he started out. He would take him by the scruff of the neck and tap him with the rebenque, threatening to give him a hiding. After that Jack would work well for him all day long, but if he forgot it he would dash off on his own and bring up a point of sheep and then, deaf to commands, dash off

and bring up another and another until he had Chace smothered in sheep.

Chace knew one dog who used to discipline his master. "That was Black Jock's dog—nobody knew how Black Jock was killed. He disappeared one winter, and then next year they found what was supposed to be his bones in a lagoon alongside the track. He probably had money on him, and somebody killed him and threw him into the lagoon. He had three dogs and whenever he got drunk he'd start in to humbug 'em. He'd start in to give the smallest ones a lickin'. And then his biggest dog'd just go for him and catch him up—jump on him with his weight, and throw him down on the ground. And Black Jock'd try to get up and the dog'd lay across him and growl in his face, and Black Jock'd be cursin', 'I'll kill you if I ever get on my feet,' but the dog'd hold him down, layin' right across his chest, and Black Jock'd go off to sleep that way, with the dog layin' down on him. He liked that dog, though."

There are some dogs, Chace says, that hiding will spoil. Some of those old Scotchmen could tell a dog's character by just watching him a little. "I heard one of 'em warn a young fellow who had a clinkin' dog about beatin' him, but he got wild one day and done it and that dog was spoiled. Now and then you get a dog that's got to be praised. He'll put his foot on the threshold when he's done his work and twist his mouth—smilin' at you—and lay his head on your knee, waitin' for you to say, 'Good work!' If you forget to praise him, the next time he goes out to work he'll hold his tail between his legs and go out awful downhearted. Or a dog'll come in with a big point of sheep and set down on his haunches, with his tongue hangin' out, puffin', lookin' to you for praise. If a sheep moves, though, his tongue snaps in and he's off after 'em.

"I never see a good sheep dog that didn't like children. They was always playin' with 'em when they could. I had a good laugh over a young dog once that hadn't never seen no children, the time he seen 'em first. He

was good stock, that pup. His father cost sixty pounds and his mother about the same. This one pup I got before he'd got his eyes open. I was workin' out on the pampa fencin'. I took him out to my tent in my pocket. I brought him up on condensed milk out of a bottle. He lived just like one of us—there was two men of us in the tent. He liked tortas fritas. When he'd see us kneadin' tortas his tail'd begin to go, and when you'd give him one he'd stick his nose down cautious and if it was too hot, he'd leave it lay a while.

"We was always up at daylight and off to work. But come Sunday we'd lay in. He couldn't never understand that. He'd get up same as always and go out and wait for us and then he'd come to the door and make a runnin' jump and land on my stomach. Then he'd leap down and go on out and wait a bit. If that didn't work he'd nip in, get a hold of a corner of our capa and yank it off and be outside. We'd have to get up and get after him. We couldn't lay in bed.

"I went down to Charley Wilson's once, Watty with me, of course. Charley he was runnin' a boliche down on the Paso on the Río Sandy Cruz then, and he had two little kids, four and six years old they was. They'd been out playin' back of the house and they come round the corner one way just as the pup started round it the other. He fell straight back on his back and yowled and they fell back on theirs—scared as he was. He couldn't make out them queer little men.

"Charley he was very particular about not havin' dogs in the rooms, so I put a sheepskin outside for Watty and I went in. Watty he walked round outside. He see me through the window. He hadn't never seen a window before. He jumped straight for me, takin' the window-sash and all, and Charley he says, 'Well, Chace, you'd better keep him inside.'

"The kids'd ask his name and I'd say, 'When he's good I call him Watty, but when he's bad, I call him Walter,' and they'd run to their mother and say, 'Mother,

when he's good, Chace calls him Watty, but when he's bad he calls him Walter.' "

LESS skilful drivers than Chace have given us gloomy accounts of the drive to the freezer from the foothills, in dust and wind, a month of it, and no feed and no water and more dust the last week, the column dwindling the whole way, and all along the line of march caranchos pecking out the eyes of fallen stragglers, or riding on the backs of stragglers not yet fallen. The dogs will be worn out chasing the hard-pressed maddened sheep five times the necessary distance, their paws cracked and bleeding. And of the remnants such a driver brings in to the freezer, thirty-five per cent may be rejected.

Monroe taught Chace to soak his dogs' feet in brine every night when they were working hard. A greenhorn uses grease and makes them worse. Chace used to make the brine as strong as he could make it, and the old dogs who were vaqueano would sneak away when they saw him take out the salt tin. "It's funny to see 'em turn their head and look at you reproachful and crabbed-like when you're holdin' their paws into it.

"That mud around the Shehuen gets between a dog's toes and dries like a 'dobe brick. Then you got to break it out and it's a job. And snow cakes on their feet and tails. Quite often you have to get off and rake it out. These smooth-haired dogs will bite it out themselves. A hairy one balls up so bad he can't run. When I have one of them I clip him, clear up around the ankles. If it comes a rain the mud'll ball until it'll split the sheep's feet and they bleed. Many times you have to stop or you'll have the whole flock lamed." They have most trouble when the layer of mud is not so thick but that feet sink through it into dry dust. It is the mixing of wet and dry that makes the bricks. When the sun comes out and the bricks dry they crumble back to dust and the drive can go on.

The first two or three days out on a drive, Chace says,

the sheep try continually to break back. The whole band will suddenly face about, rhea guidons and all, and start for home, thousands of obstinate yellow eyes against a solitary horseman. They disregard the dogs, climb over them as if they were not there. The man rides fast, up and down his new front, giving ground slowly until at last his rough dog gets an end wether faced about. That sheep once turned, the whole band follows him, and proceeds peaceably in the right direction.

When the sheep have once settled down to the drive there will be no more determined breaking back, but if the driver tries to press them, they will travel a very crooked course and get to milling now and then. Hoggets are particularly bad about milling. They get worn out and bruised and lamed in the *mêlée*. You have to break into the center with your dogs and turn back half the mill to outface the other half. If you turn back too many, you start them milling the other way. They call that "windmilling." When wethers break back on you, one way to stop them is to start them milling. They are too tough to get hurt.

Chace was never driven to use his pistol in controlling sheep but once. He was left alone with a point of four or five thousand wethers and two dogs. His shepherds had gone after provisions and, when their pack horse ran away and scattered them all over the pampa they were so long catching him and reassembling the scattered galletas and rice and coffee and sugar and noodles and *farifia* and finding the way back to the sheep, that one dog got all tired out holding the wethers and lay down. "The other one's tongue was hangin' out and his eyes glazin' and them sheep keepin' on crowdin'. I had plenty of cartridges, so I started right around the head end at a gallop puttin' bullets in front of the sheep. That frightened the rear too and made them turn, and I kept it up until my cartridges was all gone, and then finally the other fellows come in with their saddlebags all tore and everythin' wasted."

A good driver with ten or fifteen thousand accepts

their pace and lets them spread out over miles of country until they are convinced that they are having their own way. A sheep wants about a yard on each side of him to fully convince his muttomy wits. The leading shepherd looks back from every rise for his tail man, checking the drive when he loses sight of him. The men on the sides ride at about a hundred yards from their half-mile wide column, with their dogs. The boss is everywhere with his. If a sheep falls out, a dog immediately puts him back, lest the whole column stream out behind that one. When two or three lie down, a canny driver checks the drive and they all lie down for a few minutes. When some get up, he has them all up. If there is a head wind they will travel three miles an hour. They are always wanting to head into the wind in the summer. Three miles is top speed. If they are marching on sharp lava that cuts their feet to bleeding "you might be half a day goin' a mile."

One man rides on, leagues ahead, warning estancieros to clear the track of their sheep, but the drive is sure to surprise some old ewe overlooked asleep under a bush, and now and then a big point that has been driven off the track will see the drive and come charging right into the middle of it, jumping over the backs of the dogs put out to stop them. If the estanciero is a reasonable man he may sell that whelmed point to the driver. If he is not, the whole drive will have to be passed through his race, rubbing scab off the sides. If it is only a few sheep the drive has picked up, the driver will not point them out to an anxious owner trying to distinguish earmarks at a distance, though after weeks of watching his own woolly backs he can tell a stranger at a glance by the look of the wool. The driver does not want those scabby sheep set jumping over his clean ones in the owner's attempt to separate them; neither does he want to face the comisario with them. What he does is to catch these strangers at favorable times, kill the toughest of them for dog meat, and the better-favored for his asado iron.

ON one big drive Chace encamped outside the fence of a French count whose camp lay across his track. The southern boundary was the Río Santa Cruz, some leagues away, at the Paso Charley Fuhr. He sent a man ahead to notify the count's nearest shepherd. The man came back late, reporting the shanty empty and the shepherd himself not to be found. There was no water where Chace was and poor feed. He sent the man back at daylight to hunt the count and started himself with the sheep. The man had orders to tell the count that Chace was crossing, would have his own men ahead to clear the track, and would hold the sheep in the count's lamb-marking pens on the river until his men could get there to look them over and see that none of his had got mixed in.

Chace got his sheep across that evening without having met anybody or collected any strangers. The next morning about nine the count came galloping up in a rage. The Frenchman was highly dramatic—if we may judge from Chace's rendering of him a dozen years later—Chace always acts out all the characters in a story—but all his menace had less effect on Chace than Chace's deprecating manner had on him. In the name of mercy to his suffering beasts Chace begged the count's pardon and offered to make any amends he might suggest. The count's chivalric side came suddenly uppermost and Chace was bidden shut his sheep into a rich well-watered paddock and send a man to the house for provisions. The man who kept the store at the ferry, the count said, was a robber.

When it came to dealing with the police at the border comisaría, where Chace arrived more than once in the wrong, he sometimes used guile, sometimes bravado. Once he came without a guía—an order permitting the passage of stock. A man may take his trupilla across at any time but must have a guía for more stock. The same applies to territorial boundaries within the Argentine—we learned that to our cost. The head of the drive was stopped by the police and the guía demanded. The

men, as instructed, said Chace had it. Chace arrived late at night, when the police had gone to bed, and got away with all his sheep long before they were up, leaving two men as a blind, to get up late and make coffee and set out to catch up their horses as if to hunt the sheep. About midday the lieutenant inquired of the man in camp, "When will the drive be leaving?" "They left at two a.m." said the man. The lieutenant blew his whistle at that and there was running about and catching up of police horses. Before starting, all hands went into the boliche for a drink where Chace's two men were throwing dice. One of them said to the lieutenant, "You know, I saw that guífa in Chace's hand when we left. He's an ugly customer when he's got the right on his side." The lieutenant said, "Oh well, what's the use? No vale la pena," and they turned the horses out again.

A DRIVE will often stall at a ford, and the crowding of rearward thousands up against a balking front makes a woolly platform that the rough dogs must run over to get at some ornery old ewe who has wet her foot and shaken it and faced about and roused suspicion in the whole front. It is easy enough for a dog to get out there and if he has luck he will bark a leader in, and they will all cross, but getting back, after the jam breaks and the mass begins to open out, and the strong wethers begin to rear and climb over each other, requires a steady head and a good balance and four nimble feet.

"Sheep are just pure cussed about fords sometimes. Come to a little stream they've crossed fifty times, they'll stop. I'll try to get 'em in. I'll pull one in up to his middle. Two strokes and he'll be back where he started. The dogs'll give up at last. We'll lazo a wether by the horns and drag him across. In a minute there he is into the water again, swimmin' for dear life, back to the first side. We've had to give up and camp there that night. Next day we'd get 'em down by the

river and one'll walk straight in and the rest'll follow. It never does no good to get crabbed with 'em. You're more likely to get 'em across if you go and set down and have a smoke and wait for one to take it into his head to go across." The British are the best at sitting down and having a smoke while the sheep are making up their minds. "You'll see an Argentine get that wild sometimes when he's stuck with a point that he'll throw up his hat and jump on it and sob and curse, or maybe he'll be prayin'. I never could tell which they was doin'. They sound so much alike. They use the same words in both of 'em.

"Sometimes when you cross sheep in a barge, the first load of two or three hundred that you get across'll start swimmin' back while you're bringin' the second load, and half of that load'll jump out into the water when they see 'em."

Chace has had a point stall at a gate and got them through by charging them from in front at the gallop as though he were trying to keep them from the gate. A Scotchman came up to Chace once when a point was stalling, and said, "Don't look at 'em. They know you're lookin' at 'em. Pretend you don't see 'em." And the fellow took the jam in hand and treated it that way, and had them through the gate in no time, but Chace never succeeded with that ruse.

Dry country sheep that have drunk all their lives at troughs pumped full from wells are very difficult on a drive. They will balk at a ditch five feet wide and the column will spread out in a long line beside it. Perhaps one wether will leap high in the air and land in the middle of the ditch and then there will be no getting any of them across for a long time. Perhaps he will clear the ditch and then all the sheep will come crowding toward his jumping-off place and each will jump exactly there and land exactly where he did—even if that was in a slough, and the only slough along the whole ditch—land right on top of him, perhaps, making such a mess that the crossing will have to be checked.

Sheep that have been brought up to drink from shallow lagoons, when you get them down beside a smooth flowing river that may be five hundred yards wide and very deep in the middle, will walk right into it just as if it were one of their lagoons, get over their depth for the first time in their lives and start desperately paddling for the other side. They will get there—a sheep does not have to be taught to swim—but the shepherds will be at the pains of putting them back again, which is another matter.

On one of those big drives when a point gets mixed at a ford the sheep will begin stringing out again in their old order on the further side. The strong wethers will forge ahead, the strongest two or three in the front of a wedge—the head end usually takes the shape of a wedge. There will be loud bleating of chums hunting each other, one weaving his way back and the other ahead until they meet. They will smell each other then and march along like soldiers, shoulder to shoulder. The point will gradually tail out, the weakest sheep bringing up the rear.

A SMALL mixed drive gives much more trouble than a big homogeneous one. Two men have their hands full with four or five thousand. The driver rides behind and his man rides on one flank or the other. The wethers push ahead and leave the ewes behind; the ewes leave the lambs tailing on. The intervals widen until the driver puts out his rough dogs to turn the wethers back and mix his elements again. But they will not stay mixed. The wethers are soon as far ahead as ever. The dogs get to be "as crabbed as what a man does" on such a drive. The rough dog sent up for the fifth time comes catapulting at the leading wether, and capsizes him.

You often have long-tailed lambs on a drive, for meat, and as they never get over being afraid of their tails they are always starting little stampedes. When they hear a dog bark they run, and the heavy tail goes swinging

round and round and whips them. "They think it's the tail that barks, and they can't never get away from it, and sometimes they keep runnin' till they die."

In thirty years Chace saw only one intelligent act on the part of a sheep. On one of his drives down to the freezer he had a sheep that had been blinded in the dip. They were crossing some very rough country. The dogs were useless with that wether. He did not know which way to run and went stumbling about, cutting his legs on sharp lava until another wether took him in tow and brought him through, without further mishap, to the butcher's knife.

There are difficulties without end on a big drive. Sometimes there will be corrals and water arranged for by a scout. Sometimes the drive must camp without corral or water or fuel.

They carried water for the dogs and themselves in botas or guanaco legskins. The horses and the sheep must depend on dew, and often go without that.

In much of the country there is no growing fuel, not even the maillote hummock so tough in the dry country that it takes an axe to break it, but in wet country easily pulled apart—not so good as fuel there. Chace would have to send men out a couple of hours before making camp to gather dung. They might find only enough to brew mate, or again they would come on a spot where cattle or horses had spent the night and get enough for a puchero or even an asado. The outsides of abandoned guanaco piles are dry and good. So is sheep dung where it is packed in a corral, but scattered sheep droppings are quickly blown away by the wind. 'Cow dung makes a good asado—it's a nice even heat. When I was goin' to go across a place where I knew there wouldn't be no fuel, I'd take strips of coarse sackin' about two inches wide and dip 'em in boilin' mutton grease and wind 'em tight round a stick and make a sort of a candle about two inches thick and two inches high, and put a half a dozen of 'em into my maletas. You stick

three of 'em in the ground, and light 'em, and hold your mate kettle over, and it'll heat the water quick. Then you blow 'em out, and put 'em back in your maletas."

A man picks out his camp an hour or two before sunset, and halts the drive as gently as possible. His men ride slowly round and round the sheep without their dogs and slowly bunch them. The weaker lie down rather promptly, and the folding, behind a fence of men and dogs, centers on them. The strongest wethers may keep moving about the edges up to sundown.

They will all be down by sunset, but not necessarily to stay. There is no telling of the Arabian Nights around the camp fire, nor any singing of stanzas from Martín Fierro, the gaucho poet, for there is only one man to two thousand, and sleeping time is short at the best. Everybody sleeps with his boots on, when he is not standing watch, pacing round the bunch beneath the Tres Marías, as they call Orion's belt, or the Avestruz or the Guanaco. The sheep are always timorous in the night. The scent of a puma prowling up and down on the hillside to windward, watching his chance, may stampede them.

If the stampede starts, the man on watch makes for the fire, jerks the nearest man awake, leaps into the saddle of the horse that is tethered there, and is off at a gallop on the home track, muted dogs about him. A long way out he dismounts and crouches, listening for bleating and watching for moving bulks against the sky. When he thinks he has got ahead of the leaders he puts out his dogs and fires a big bush to let the others know.

Other men on foot get out on the rear of the returning sheep whenever opportunity offers and build fires, and others still head them off when they reach camp with more fires. Fenced in thus with fires and men and dogs, they are held with difficulty till morning. As the lighting of a match in the dark will stampede a point, so the building of fires about it may help to hold it.

A great many sheep will inevitably get away in a night

stampede. When it is light enough to count, the driver makes a run between two men, holding pebbles in their hands for hundreds, and tells his tale. Then he notifies the estanciero whose camp he is crossing, of his losses, and if the estanciero has no sheep of his own running, and is a kindly fellow, he will have his men round the strays up. But if he has sheep running, the loser will have to come down after his sheep the next gathering, perhaps months later.

Some shepherds can make surprisingly accurate estimates of the number of sheep in a point up to eight or ten thousand. On an estancia a boss is continually giving orders to men to bring in points of sheep varying from five hundred to five thousand. "You get 'em by a kind of instinct and when you get 'em into the paddock, the other chaps'll be bettin' whether you've got two or three hundred too many or how much you're short."

On a dry drive, a lake, after many days without water, is a danger to be reckoned with. Should it have muddy shores it may cost the driver many hundreds. Chace once, after such a waterless spell, getting word of a lake some miles ahead, parcelled out his sheep in points of about three thousand, a mile or two apart, hoping to let the leading point get clear before the following point came on, but the first two were scarcely out of sight when some of those behind, where Chace was, got the smell of water, two leagues away, and stampeded for it. There was no stopping them. He galloped on to find the whole drive stampeding. The gravelly shore was a struggling mass of woolly bodies climbing over each other, to get at water which none of them could see, for the lake itself was woolly, with thousands crowded in and drinking as they swam. Thanks to the hard bottom he lost none. He used to credit sheep, raised on the coast in days before the fences, with instinctive knowledge of the blue lakes and the forest and the green grass on the flanks of the Cordillera, so persistently did they head that way whenever they got by the boundary riders.

ARRIVED at the frigorífico, the sheep are counted into a paddock with grass and water where they may have to wait a week before their turn comes. The driver will not be credited with the weights until his sheep are killed, and at the killing the inspector will be sure to dock him for carcasses bruised, or damaged by scab; or fat turned yellow from overheating in a stampede, or what not. If the sheep get scabby on the track you will have to dip them the first chance you get. Often a man who does not care, who never expects to take out a drive again, will overdrive, trying to make convenient camps where he will not have to stay on watch all night. He will bring in plenty of yellow fat. The caranchos will live high on fat carcasses in his wake.

In the early days, before the drives were confined to sheep streets between fences, Chace used to bring his mutton in fatter than he started with it. "And I've brought in more sheep than they counted out to me when I started, too. I'd took a contract once to bring down a lot of Menendez sheep from Tercera way up on Lago San Martín—to bring 'em all the way to the freezer at Sandy Cruz. I had about fourteen men hired. They'd all agreed to work for a pound a day. There was nearly thirty thousand and I thought I'd make six thousand pesos, but when we got out there, there was one of them labor agitators. They was travellin' all over a couple of years before the strike begun. My men wouldn't go for less'n two pounds and ten shillin's after they'd seen him. I knew I'd lose my work, but I'd passed my word and I thought I wouldn't lose any money, so I went ahead. When they was partin' the sheep out to me they kept runnin' in hoggets. I says to the boss, 'Them hoggets 'll starve on the way, with only two teeth,' but I see they kept on slippin' 'em in. The fellow that was checkin' my count was new at it and I could count a lot faster'n what he could. So I run in about two hundred, that he didn't count, for insurance against losses on the track. And then I didn't lose any. I handed over two hundred

more'n what my papers called for when I got to the freezer." The Yanqui still takes satisfaction in his trick and inclines to forget that he came out a thousand pesos in debt.

CHACE used to pick up a man here and a man there, wherever he could find one, rarely using the same man on more than one drive. There was one old fellow, however, who accompanied him on several drives or rather who was rescued from some boliche, much against his will, for the job now and then. "Old Fritzie was a little Dane. We used to call him the Old Dodger. When I knew him he said he was seventy-eight and he looked it. He'd been a gold miner more or less all his life. You'd think it must have been dry minin' he did. He'd always fill up all the pots and kettles and cups we had, even when we was campin' right on water. You'd see him comin' up from the stream with a full cup in each hand and every kettle was overflowin'. You couldn't break him of it. He was a little bantam—offered to fight Big Bill Rudd that weighed twice what he did. He'd been at a boliche once a long time and a Falkland Islander and I come along. We wanted to get him away. Them bolicheros didn't never like to see me comin'. They'll lose a fellow's horses for him so he can't get away. I used to feel awful sorry for some of them fellows. I says to Fritzi, 'We'll get your horse, Fritzi, come along.' And we got his horse. But Fritzi wouldn't come. He kept sayin', 'That's all right, boys. I'm all right. I'll come along in the mornin'.' 'No, come along with us,' we says, 'just for the company's sake.' 'All right, Chace, I'll come, only I'll have to have another tot.' At last, after two hours, we got away. Just before we started he whispers to me, 'Chace, have you got any money? There's no use for me to go away without a bottle of somethin' to straighten up on in the mornin'.' So I bought a bottle of rum and put it in his maletas. We was ridin' along, and pretty

soon we come near a shanty. He said he wanted to stop and see an old friend of his. We knew he wanted to drink that bottle and get back to the boliche, so we wouldn't let him go. We got a little further on and Fritzzi fell off his horse. We put him on again, and he fell off on the other side. We slung him on once more, and the Falkland Islander says, 'Fritzzi, if you fall off again I'm goin' to tie you on.' 'All right, all right, boys,' he says, 'I'll stick.' Then in a minute or two he calls to the Falkland Islander. 'Jack,' he says, 'I've lost my stirrup. Can you help me get it?' And Jack come over, innocent-like, and bent his head over the stirrup and Fritzzi he landed him a kick in the head. 'Tie me on to my horse, will you?' he says. I nearly died laughin'."

On the way back after a drive, when the dogs are tired and do not keep up well and the men are drunk, dogs get lost and become nuisances on some estancia and have to be shot. The dogs themselves get drunk sometimes on that return. "A good few fellows'll give their dogs and horses a drink of whisky out of a bottle and get 'em so they'll stagger around. A dog'll swig up beer or wine out of a man's hat when he's thirsty."

It was the dogs that handled Chace's drives for him, not their masters. It was a dog to whom it mattered most that Chace came away to the States. Most of his men friends had died. "My old dog Spring, the one that helped me gather that ten thousand, come from the Falkland Islands. He was a collie, only he wa'n't yellow. He was black and he had a fine pointed nose and little small feet like a fox. When I come to leave Anita, I shut him up in his kennel. I'd give him to a kind old fellow there was there on the farm. I had on just my ordinary clothes and I've shut him in hundreds of times before, when I was goin' on paseo for a few days. He see me packin' my maletas just the way I always done. I never said a word to him about goin'

away for good. But he twigged somehow. Just as I was startin' he give an awful howl and tore the door right out and come tearin' after me. I had to go and put him on the chain. A long way down the track, I could hear him howlin'."

THE END.

Glossary

	A
Alazán	Sorrel.
Alpargatas	Rope-soled canvas slippers.
Amarillo	Yellow.
Americano	North American
Angostura	Narrows.
Arena	Sand.
Arma blanca	Steel weapon.
Arroyo	Small stream. In U.S. also stream bed.
Asado	Roast.
Asador	Roasting-iron.
Avestrucero	Boleadoras for catching ostrich.
Avestruz	Ostrich.
Avutarda	Upland goose.
	B
Bajo	Depression.
Bandurria	Ibis.
Barranca	Cliff; precipice edge.
Basco	Basque.
Bastos	Argentine riding saddle.
Bayo	Dun-color.
Bola	Ball.
Bola perdida	Lost ball.
Boliche	Small store and drinking-place.
Bolichero	Keeper of a boliche.
Bombachas	Wide trousers
Bombilla	Tube through which mate is sucked.
Bota	Spanish drinking bottle.
Bozal	Halter.
Brazada	A measure, arms outspread.
Brazo	Arm.

Bruto	Rough.
Bueno	Good.
	C
Cabestro	Halter strap for leading.
Calafate	A kind of barberry.
Campamento	Camp.
Campanista	Man in charge of horses on an estancia.
Cañadón	Large canyon.
Capa	Blanket or robe.
Capatáz	Foreman.
Caramba	Exclamation of concern.
Carancho	Carrión hawk.
Carguero	Pack horse.
Carpincha	Capybara.
Cerro	Hill.
Chanchería	Pigsty.
Charol	Black patent leather.
Chata	Barge.
Chico	Small.
Chileno	Chilean.
Chilote	Native of the island of Chiloé.
China	Squaw.
Chúcaro	Unbroken.
Chunke	Indian buck.
Churiza	Wattle hut (spelled phonetically from Chace).
Coigue	Species of Antarctic beech.
Cola de pichi	Armadillo's tail.
Colmena	Bee hive.
Comisaría	Police station.
Comisario	Policeman.
Como no?	Why not? Of course.
Como Se llama?	What does—mean?

Compadre	Godfather.
Corto	Short.
Criollo	Native.
Cristiano	Christian; Spanish.
Cueca	A Chilean dance.
Cuiche	Cavy.
Cuidado	Take care.

D

Damajuana	Demijohn.
De	Of.
Del	Of the.
Diablo	Devil.
Domador	Horse tamer.

E

El	The.
Esos	Those.
Esperanza	Hope.
Estancia	Sheep farm; sheep station.
Estanciero	Sheep farmer.

F

Faldeo	Valley side.
Fariña	Mandioc.
Frita	Fried.
Fuego	Fire.

G

Galgo	Cross between stag-hound and grey-hound.
Galleta	Dry biscuit.
Galpón	Wool shed.
Gaucha	Argentine cowboy.
Gerente	Managing director.
Gracias	Thanks.
Gran, Grande	Big.
Gringo	Foreigner.
Guacho	Orphan.
Guanquito	Young guanaco.

Hablan	H	Speak.
Huemul		Guemul: small deer.

I

Incensio	Incense.
Inesplorado	Unexplored.
Inglés	English.
Intruso	Squatter.
Isla	Island.

L

León	Lion, puma.
Loco	Mad.

M

Madrina	Godmother; bell mare.
Maleta	Saddle bag.
Malo	Bad.
Manada	Band.
Manantial	Spring.
Manchado	Spotted.
Martinete	Pampa partridge.
Mata	Bush.
Mate	Gourd from which yerba mate, Paraguayan tea, is sucked; the leaf itself, an ilex leaf.

Media	Half.
Meseta	Basalt plateau.
Monte	Forest.
Muchas	Much, many.

N

Negro	Black.
No	Not.
Norte	North.
Nortero	Northerner.

P

Palapique	Stockade house (spelled phonetically from Chace).
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Palenque	Bar for hitching horses.	Río	River.
Paloma	Dove.	Roble	Antarctic beech.
Pañuelo	Neckerchief.	Rubio	Ruddy, blonde.
Paseo	Excursion for pleasure.		S
Paso	Mountain pass or river ford.	Sábado	Saturday.
Pasto	Pasture grass.	Salina	Salt mine.
Pata	Foot.	Seco	Dry.
Patagón	Big foot.	Señor	Sir; Mr.
Pecano	Rump.	Siete	Seven.
Pena	Trouble.	Subdelegado	Minor official.
Peon de pie	Man employed to work without riding.		T
Perro	Dog.	Tierra	Land.
Petiso	Short-legged horse.	Tiento	Strips of sinew.
Picazo	Black horse with white star.	Tirador	Broad belt.
Pichi	Armadillo.	Toldo	Tehuelche dwelling.
Piedra	Stone, rock.	Toro	Bull.
Pingo	Argentine word for horse.	Torta	Cake.
Planazo	Blow with flat of sword.	Tres	Three.
Plata	Silver; money.	Triste	Sad.
Poblador	Settler.	Trupilla	Band of horses, tamed together with a mare.
Por qué	Why?	Tuco-tuco	Small rodent.
Puchero	Stew.	Turco	Turk.
Puestero	Shepherd in outlying shanty.		U
Puesto	Shepherd's shanty.	Ultima	Last.
Punta	Point; flock.		V
	Q	Vale	Is worth.
Quebracho	Very hard wood; "axe-breaker."	Vaqueano	Skilful, knowing.
Quebrada	Deep valley, steep-sided.	Venenosos	Poisonous.
	R	Vigilante	Policeman.
Rancho	Hut.		Y
Rebenque	Loaded riding whip.	Y	And.
Rincón	Corner; bend.	Yegua	Mare.
		Yeguarista	Man in charge of the mares.
		Yerba	Herb; short for yerba mate.

Index

A

Accidents 13, 311
 Accordeons 148, 163, 173, 294
 Accuracy 6, 20
 Agouti 105
 Alfalfa 27, 191, 253
 American Geographical Society 32
 Americans 1, 34, 250, 268
 Amusements 133, 145 ff.
 Andes, *see* Cordillera
 Angostura 166, 206
 Angus 115, 264, 267
 Anita 302 ff.
 Antarctic 31
 Antonio 240
 Ants 295
 Arabian Nights 187, 331
 Arctic 10
 Argentines 35, 42, 121, 247,
 328
 Armadillo 294-5
 Armour 158, 251
 Arturo 107, 115
 Arrow-heads 92-3
 Artillery 36, 136
 Ass 205
 Austrians 80, 150, 205, 229, 284
 Avestrucero 20
 Avutarda 62, 168

B

Back broken 12, 311-12
 Bagpipes 148, 150, 209, 294
 Bajo Grande de San Julian 48, 139
 Baker 114
 Baling 73, 158
 Bandurria Pass 2, 302
 Bank robbers 249
 Barometer 167
 Basalt 31, 46, 166, 175, 261-2
 Basins 46, 168, 169, 175
 Beaches 48

Beagle 112, 192
 Beetles 256
 Belgian hares 142, 268
 Belgians 79, 106, 115, 173
 Benn 116-7
 Benson 260
 Berries 171, 177
 Betts 18-19, 20
 Bianchi 275
 Big Bend Chapter XIV
 Bilchi 23
 Blackbirds 189
 Blacksmithing 115, 255, 292
 Blake 60, 139
 Blood 59
 Blumgren 128
 Boats 165, 174 ff.
 Bolas perdidas 89, 92, 167
 Boleadoras 81-2, 92
 Boliches 26, 37-43, 57, 135, 138,
 145, 163, 300, 334
 Bombilla 41, 51, 58, 274
 Books 60-1, 100, 116, 292, 304
 Boots 123, 273
 Borax 168
 Boston Jack 88
 Boundaries 2, 36, 143, 167, 175,
 178, 258, 261-2
 Boundary Commission 30, 36,
 165, 182
 Braxton 178
 Brazilians 143, 285
 Bread 113 ff.
 Bricks 293
 Bricktop 128, 260, 264
 Brothels 24, 44, 143, 299
 Brunelli 315
 Buckham 266
 Bullocks 56, 57, 110, 115, 122,
 132, 260
 Bulls 218 ff., 240
 Bushes 16, 17, 171, 191
 Butchering 115

INDEX

C

Calafate 27, 80, 171
 Calandria 304
 Camions 159
 Canals 210, 258 ff.
 Capture of drainage 168, 201
 Carancho 63, 80, 109, 303, 306
 Cards 146
 Carpentering 26, 37, 101, 143
 Carr 149, 151 ff.
 Carrier pigeons 151
 Cartridges 35, 235, 245
 Carts, carters carting 39, 56, 70,
 136, 142, 162, 289
 Casey 45
 Castrating, *see* Lamb-marking
 Cats 188-9, 267, 294
 Cats, wild 307, 308
 Cattle 31, 183, Chapter X, 213 ff.
 Caves 105, 232
 Cavy 221
 Chacabuco 170
 Charley the Welshman 133-5,
 147, 163, 301
 Checks 25-6
 Cheese 178
 Cherries 29
 Cheviot 158
 Children 23, 113, 208, 297
 Chile, Old 122, 136-7
 Chilotes 55, 160
 Chiripa 33, 214
 Christmas pudding 152
 Clark 29
 Climate 167, 251, 258
 Clothes 33, 59, 106, 123, 133,
 214
 Clouds 31-2
 Colmena, La 54
 Colombian 286
 Comet 298
 Comisario Chico 80, 135-7, 151,
 171
 Condor 67, 169, 272, 278, 303
 Constellation 331
 Continental divide 2, 167, 168,
 262

Cooks 20, 28, 113, 119, 286
 Cordillera 2, 31, 32, 45, 49, 107,
 204, 258, 263-4
 Coronado 74-6
 Coronation 150
 Corriedales 158
 Crew 10, 27
 Crossowen 21, 32, 35, 37, 111
 Cuban 170
 Cuiche 221

D

Dancing 33, 150, 163, 292
 Danes 37, 140, 178, 260, 334
 Darwin 192, 200, 271, 278
 Deer, *see* Huemul
 Deseado 11, 13
 Dentistry 236
 Dinosaur 201
 Dip 126, 127, 130-2, 159
 Dogs Chapter XV
 avenged 238
 biting sheep 318
 Black Jock's 321
 Bob 310 ff.
 bursting 197
 called off at night 64
 cattle 216
 Chingue 239
 Cuzco 127
 defending Buckham 266
 defending other dogs 321
 drinking beer 335
 feet 118, 312, 323
 Fly and Cravatto 296
 foxes and 142
 galgos 78, 117, 142, 168, 272
 gathering sheep 50-1, 126
 Glen 102-5, 118, 319, 320
 guarding gear 111
 guarding owner 267
 hairless 79
 herding pigs and hens 118
 Indians' 78
 Jack 127, 321
 kennels 117
 killers 117, 306

Dogs—*cont.*

- Laird 62, 66
- lion 102, 238
- need of water 252
- on drive, *see* Drive
- one man 118
- ostrich hunts, *see* Ostrich
- pensioners 118
- praising 321
- rough 318
- Rover 239
- Roy 118
- signals 51, 127,
- spring 335
- stopping sheep 319
- strays 305
- tests 319
- training 317-8
- Watty 322
- whipping 118, 321
- white 124
- wide 316, 318, 319
- Downer 206 ff., 211, 223, 293
- Drives Chapter XV
 - Aisén 55, 301
 - arrival at freezer 333
 - bitter view of 323
 - breaking back 324
 - burning bushes 314
 - chums 329
 - clearing track 325
 - contract 283, 310
 - counting 332
 - crossing borders 326
 - dogs Chapter XV
 - folding 331
 - fords, ditches, lakes 327-9, 332
 - from Condor to La Rubia 314
 - from North 54
 - from San Martín to Sta Cruz 333
 - from the Chico to San Martín 310
 - fuel 330
 - horses 315
 - lambs 329
 - men 334
 - milling 324

- mixed 329
- night 331
- pace 325
- rams 13, 310 ff.
- snow 313
- stampedes 331
- stopping by shots 324
- through French count's camp 326
- view of, from above 315
- Ducks 19, 168, 177, 255, 260
- Dunham 211
- Dye 83
- Dykes 263, 302

E

- Earmarks 129, 309
- Eberhard 257
- Education 297
- Edward, King 150
- Eels 190
- Estuaries 11, 20, 27, 48, 247
- Eunuchs 205
- Ewes 110, 188, 307-8
- Explotadora 1, 264-6, 283
- Eyes 3, 12

F

- Falkland Islands 52, 60, 158, 215-6
- Fall River Line 11
- Fences 7, 49, 101, 126, 140, 229, 240, 241 ff., 251, 261
- Ferries 27, 229
- Fights
 - Beer bottles 247
 - Benn 116
 - Bilchi 23
 - Chace and lineman 163
 - Downer 207
 - fist 150
 - Ginger-Pop 151
 - Indian 87, 120
 - knife 150
 - Ledesma 98
 - Paraguay 51
 - Pedraluca 225

Fights—*cont.*

- Peralto 217
- Pirate 285
- Sandy 149
- Seven and a Half 146
- Tucuman 120
- Finns 292
- Fire 172
- Fish 25, 142, 248
- Fitzroy 31
- Fjords 31, 48, 258, 303
- Flamingoes 63, 270
- Flies 71, 107, 174
- Flowers 7, 132, 180-1
- Ford 191, 209, 265, 281
- Fords 44, 81, 166, 213, 327
- Forests 31, 126, 157, 170, 181, 263, 264
- Fortunes 282
- Foxes
 - Antonio and 240
 - barking 58, 140
 - catching 141
 - chewing gear 39, 141
 - decrease 142
 - general 109, 141
 - imitating to get ducks' eggs 256
 - lions' caches 68
 - nibbling live lambs 308
 - Old Dick and 222
 - red 189, 190
 - running over dogs 318
 - scab 142
 - skins 142
 - stabbing with needles 141
- Frazier 48, 52, 54, 139, 149, 172
- Frenchmen 166, 176, 275, 293, 326
- Fritzie 334
- Fuel 2, 132, 182, 330
- Fufu gang 119, 167, 206 ff.

G

- Galgos 78, 142, 168, 272, 296
- Gallegos 36, 247 ff.
- Galletas 114
- Gambling 145, 147

- Gap 48, 151
- Gardens 27, 191
- Gathering 126-7, 302-3
- Gauchos 7, 14, 33, 35, 36, 97, 98, 121, 214 ff., 257
- Gear 39, 40, 81, 214, 217, 260
- Geese 19, 62, 142, 168-9, 257
- Germans 52, 123, 138, 169, 170, 203, 265, 275, 293, 295
- Ginger-Pop 151
- Glaciers 30, 31, 46, 176, 179, 181, 204, 258, 263
- Glass substitutes 37
- Glock 52-3, 105, 112
- Gnats 257
- Gold 31, 165, 180, 229, 260
- Gondille 25, 45
- Grease 79
- Grebe 190
- Gregoria, Dona 37, 39, 40, 42-3, 138
- Guanacos Chapter XIII
 - bachelors 271, 276
 - bulls 271, 276
 - calls 270, 276
 - capas 57, 82, 273
 - curiosity 278
 - description 17, 270
 - dogs and 272
 - drinking 277
 - feet 279
 - fighting 276
 - fossil 279
 - graveyards 47, 276
 - hide 81, 273, 274
 - hunting, 168, 274, 279
 - lions and 278
 - migrating 275, 279
 - on ice 259
 - scab 276
 - sinew 8, 82
 - skinning 272
 - tame 174, 275
 - tracks 17
- Guitars 8, 33, 133, 294
- Gulls 25, 109, 118, 296
- Gus 148, 165, 173, 201

H

Heysen 37, 56, 58, 73
 Hares, Belgian 142, 268
 Hatcher 22, 34, 143-5
 Hatchet 72
 Hazleup 81
 Helmer 292
 Hens 49, 79, 118
 Hidalgo 2, 227
 Hilliard 119, 209, 248
 Hollanders 293
 Hope 54, 142, 148
 Hornos 166
 Horsehair 81
 Horses
 blue-eyed 223
 breaking 121-2
 buying 44, 75
 carts 70, 162
 caught up for day 109
 criollo 83, 162, 252 ff.
 dancing 148
 distance 253
 duns 254
 eating wool 259
 finding way home 100-1
 fording 44
 grass-fed 39
 gray 106
 guarding owner 241
 hoofs 255
 Indian tamed 66
 lions killing 86, 109, 110
 Long Jack's 204
 not hurting drunkards 148
 on ice 260
 petiso 147
 picazo 4, 210 ff.
 poison 172
 racing 146-7
 riding 253, 257
 runaway 66, 255
 stealing 135, 147
 taming 121, 122, 287
 trupillas 39, 122, 281, 290
 unused to grain or hay 253
 walking 254

wet country 253
 without water 252
 zaino 66
 Hospitality 1, 4, 114, 115, 286
 Houses 22, 37, 110, 111, 171
 203, 204, 247, 293
 Huemul 172, 173-4
 Humming-birds 181
 Hungarians 16
 Hurons 58, 144
 Hymns 12, 207
 I
 Ibis 256
 Ibis Pass 2
 Ice 46, 260
 Icebergs 179-180
 Igloo 54
 Incensio 27, 58, 66, 171
 Inesplorado 2, 32, 46, 303
 Indians Chapter V
 antiguos 89-92
 at Heysen's 72 ff.
 at Monroe's 105, 160
 boleadoras 81-2
 bow and arrow 89
 burial 89
 camps 77, 90-92
 chewing salt 74
 Chicago Exposition 85
 clothes 69
 cooking 80, 84
 Coronado 74-6
 cruelty 96-7
 dancing 86
 dirty 73, 93
 drinking liquor 29, 86, 225
 drinking blood 80
 Ferrero 65
 fighting 87-8
 foot trail 83, 90
 gentleness 94-6
 hair 70, 78-9
 hardy 87
 hunting 20, 84-5
 Jim and John 53
 Juan Acosta 98
 Ledesma 97-8

Indians—*cont.*

- locating tucó-tucó 222
- making bolas and gear 81-2
- marriage 83, 93
- medicine 80, 274
- old men 29
- Paraguay 50-51
- Platero 94-6
- Rodríguez 29
- shearing 72, 160
- shepherds 35, 69
- singing 81
- smoking 78
- spying 169
- superstitions 75
- Tierra del 53, 88
- toldos 77, 90
- trails 90
- weaving 80
- white men killing 81, 88
- white men living with 79, 93
- women 79, 81
- Italians 35, 119, 137, 160, 169, 304

J

- Jack, Long 79, 173, 201
- Jails 136, 150, 246
- Jerky 80
- Jews 170
- Jimmison 54
- Johnson, Gus 165
- Judges 22, 139, 150

K

- Kachaik 169
- Kidneys 51, 186
- Knitting 111
- Knives 34, 38, 41, 97-8, 119, 150, 163, 292
- Kyle 48, 52

L

- Lagos
 - Argentino 3, 117, 169, 268, 293
 - Buenos Aires 55, 160

- Cardiel 213
- San Martín 31, 83, Chapter VIII, 281
- Tar 168
- Viedma 173, 201, 202, 206, 293
- Laguna Blanca 261
- Lakes in general 30, 31
- Lambs
 - black 161
 - dipping 159
 - guachos 159
 - hoggets in snow 306
 - hunting mothers 159
 - killed by cats and lions and pigs 144, 307
 - lambing 131, 307
 - lamb-marking 74, 309
 - mismothering 159
 - playing tag 308
 - seasoned alive 97
 - white dogs 124

- Lamps 61, 116
- Land surveys and tenure 61-2, 107, 283, 293
- Landslide 65, 202-3
- Language 3, 4, 18, 21, 28, 265
- Larson 165, 169
- Lazos 14, 81
- Ledesma 97-8, 119
- Legends 9, 186 ff.
- Leña dura 191
- Leopard 138
- Lewis, Mrs. 207
- Lice 73
- Lions Chapter XI
 - asses and 205
 - bullocks and 220
 - caches 67-8
 - catching one alive 244
 - claw 68
 - color 104
 - condors and 67
 - dangerous to men 30, 238
 - dogs and 102, 238
 - eating matches 233
 - eating hares and skunks 240

- Lions—*cont.*
 feet 232
 force 104
 foxes and 68
 hide 81, 102, 239
 horses and 86
 killing foals and horses 109,
 110
 killing sheep 102, 307
 meat 104
 poisoning 67, 101, 243
 red 220, 240
 sheltering in bushes 66
 size 103, 104
 speed 239
 stalking 67
 teaching cubs to kill 240
 teeth 30, 69
 young 104, 240
 Liquor 21, 22, 25, 29, 40, 42,
 55, 87, 111, 112, 150, 152,
 250, 298-300
 Lizards 256
 Llama 271
 Loco Andrew 140
 Locusts 295

M

- Magellan 17
 Maps 32, 62, 178
 Mares
 balling at water holes 84-5
 blood 80
 breeding 97, 109
 fording 44, 213
 Fufu men's 210
 madrinas 44, 121, 241, 281
 meat 80
 price 44, 83, 86
 riding 121
 snowbreaking 306
 tongues 315
 trading 83
 wild 109
 Mark Twain 60, 292
 Martinete 142

- McIntosh 54, 61, 65, 102, 111,
 112
 McKay 54
 McLean 243
 Meadows 227, 251
 Mean men 114, 115, 140
 Measles 89
 Medicine 80-89, 236, 274, 312
 Memory 5
 Menendez 4, 275, 283, 293
 Meteor 184
 Meyers 268
 Mice 142, 268, 305
 Miller 59, 60
 Money 25, 34
 Monroe 49, 52-5, 57, 100,
 106 ff., 139, 160
 Monsters 29
 Monte León 229 ff.
 Montenegro 93
 Moraines 167, 168, 170, 182,
 226, 261, 263
 Murders 19, 23, 34-6, 137, 142
 Music 148, 292-4
 Musters 29, 36, 92, 104
 Mutiny 25, 36
 Mutton 19, 158
 Mylodon 30, 265

N

- Nelson 140
 Negro Diaz 285
 Newfoundland 207
 Nicknames 121
 Norwegians 30, 165

O

- Oats 191
 O'Keefe 209, 230
 Ostriches Chapter IX
 chasing 20
 cooking 195, 198
 dancing 192
 Darwin and 192
 description 192
 dodging 21

Ostriches—*cont.*

- drifting 20
- eggs 192, 194, 195
- feathers 200, 246, 276, 297
- fox and 194
- freezing 193
- hunting 20, 196
- kidneys 51, 198
- lions and 194
- Monroe's 110
- necks 200
- nests 193
- pepsin 199
- running 18, 20
- size 20, 192
- speed 20, 197
- swimming 199
- worms 198

Outlaws 35, 93, 315

Owl 305

P

- Paddocks 108, 110
- Paint 83, 299
- Pampa 31, 47
- Pampa Central 74
- Pampa Triste 16, 39, 45, 167
- Pantomine 4, 6, 8, 21
- Paraguay 49, 50-1
- Parasites 125
- Parrakeets 268, 270, 305
- Parting 128, 129, 130
- Paso Ibañez 26, 37
- Passes 2, 202, 302
- Pasture 31, 107, 110, 268
- Patterson 128, 139
- Peaks 30-1, 264
- Pearls 105
- Pebbles 45
- Peddlers 29, 155
- Pedraluca 14, 18, 215 ff., 224, 248
- Penguins 15
- Peralto 216
- Perkins 111, 113, 137
- Phantom 19
- Phororhacos 143

- Pigs 118, 144, 262, 267
- Pirates 19, 284
- Platero 94-6
- Plover 256
- Plüschow 32
- Poetry 148
- Poison 67, 171
- Poker 145
- Police 1, 36, 80, 116, 135-7, 150, 227, 231, 266, 285, 326
- Poole 19
- Porpoise 19
- Portuguese 11, 13, 25
- Prichard 30
- Profanity 5, 24, 207
- Pumas, *see* Lions

Q

Quail 69, 260

R

- Rabbits 269
- Racing 146, 155
- Radboon 93, 177
- Rain 160, 180, 182, 248
- Rams 110, 288 ff
- Ransome 20, 119
- Rape 265, 287
- Rats 179
- Raw meat 51
- Reed 57, 112
- Richmond 28, 281
- Riddle 302
- Rincón Grande Chapter XIV
- Rippling Wave 18, 52-3, 60, 139
- Rivers
 - Chico 27, 45, 49, 97, 163, 165, 213, 251
 - Coyle 54, 117, 251
 - de la Meseta 201
 - Gallegos 251, 255, 259, 261
 - Guanaco 225-7
 - La Leona 293
 - Mayer 183, 213
 - Negro 23, 45, 54, 74, 83, 97, 213

Rivers—*cont.*

- Pascua 165, 167, 175, 181
 Santa Cruz 11, 19, 27, 38,
 213, 268
 Shehuen 165, 168
 Tar 168, 169
 Turbio 261
 Ventisquero 181
 Roasts 7, 28, 41, 50
 Robbers 249
 Rodríguez 29, 83
 Romera 44, 48
 Roosters 79
 Ross 246
 Rounsville 10, 11, 26, 33, 100
 Rule Britannia 248
 Russians 265, 292

S

- Saddles 40, 257
 Sailors 248
 Saint John 186 ff.
 Salt 74, 183
 Salters 98, 119
 San Julián 36, 48, 143 ff.
 Santa Cruz 22, 34, 37
 Sardines 25, 128-9
 Scab 124, 130, 159, 276, 297
 Schools 11
 Scotchmen 35, 52, 54, 124, 150,
 238
 Sea lions 13-15, 29, 230, 236
 Seals 19, 29
 Settlers 18, 22, 203, 205, 265,
 304
 Shanties 123, 302
 Sharpshooters 246
 Shearing 72, 153 ff.
 Sheep
 accidents 159, 251
 black 124, 161
 breeds 52, 55, 158
 dip 129-132
 drinking salt water 252
 drowning 49
 drives, *see* Drives

- dumb 154
 feeding 306
 folding 64, 331
 freezing 159, 160
 herding 63-4, 124
 intelligence 330
 lambing 108
 milling 324
 Monroe's teaching 124
 number 1, 55
 pouring over cliffs 303
 scab 124 ff.
 shearing 72, 153 ff.
 smell 64
 snow 132, 306
 stampedes 64
 stubbornness 324, 327
 teeth 110, 188
 travelling 64, 108
 wild 18, 109
 see also Dip, Dogs, Drive,
 Ewes, Gathering, Lambs,
 Rams, Scab, Shearing, Shep-
 herds, Wethers, Wool
 Shepherds 35, 123 ff., 259, 302
 Shrike 12, 304
 Simmons 230
 Skeletons 176, 301
 Skulls 17, 34, 39
 Skunks 144
 Sloper 229
 Snipe 69
 Snoring 43
 Snow 3, 74, 132-4, 259, 290
 Snow, Jack 207
 Sodomy 143
 Soldiers 36, 75, 246, 249
 Songs 7, 8, 139, 148, 291, 331
 Sourdough bread 113
 Spaniards 34, 79
 Spurs 214
 Stewart 229, 236
 Stores 112
 Stimuli 8
 Straits 34, 36, 45, 48, 261
 Strike 36, 301, 305
 Studs 85-6

Superstition 75, 184
 Surgeon and surgery 12, 13, 54,
 284, 312
 Sutherland 222, 267
 Swain 284
 Swallow 305
 Swankey 54
 Swans 63
 Swedes 128, 140, 148, 284, 286
 Swino 128, 133-4
 Swiss 122, 175, 183 ff.
 Sword 137

T

Tailor 160
 Temper 12, 28
 Tides 38, 247
 Tools 37, 52
 Tracks 17, 278
 Traders 22, 29, 87
 Trails 90
 Tres Hermanos 259
 Tucuman 121
 Tuco-tuco 142, 171, 221-2
 Turks 155, 298, 301

U

Ultima Esperanza 258, 262
 Ushuaia 110

V

Valentino 26
 Vestris 173
 Vicuna 271
 Violin 292
 Vizcacha 175

Volcanoes and Necks 169, 175,
 176, 251
 Voyage 10 ff.

W

Wachikai 87, 224
 Wallace, Fatty 43, 48, 52
 War 34, 246, 281
 Water 11, 15, 18, 19, 46-7, 54,
 139, 251-2, 294, 329, 330
 Watershed, *see* Continental Divide
 Weather 31
 Weaving 80, 161
 Weddell Point 19
 Wells 294
 Welsh 133-5
 Wethers 126, 158, 309, 329
 Whales 10
 Whitter 183 ff.
 Williams, Charley 312
 Judge 22, 139
 Rocky 161
 Wilson, Charlie 213, 248, 293
 Wind 2, 3, 31, 32, 37, 39, 71, 77,
 109, 125, 171, 176-7, 182,
 191, 247, 261
 Wissendorf 292
 Withers 113
 Women 23-4, 44, 116-7, 177,
 257-8
 Wool 73, 80, 132, 153, 156 ff.

Y

Yerba mate 8, 41, 51, 59, 74,
 112
 Yodelling 183

Z

Zeppelin clouds 31-2

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